

The Times

XVIIITH YEAR.

FOUR PARTS AND WEEKLY MAGAZINE

LOS ANGELES

SUNDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 26, 1899.

FIVE CENTS

THEATERS—

For Theatrical Announcements See Page 1, Part III.

A MUSEMENTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS—

With Dates of Events.

INDOOR BICYCLE RACES—

**NEW SAUCER TRACK,
MAIN AND TENTH STREETS.**

Thanksgiving Night,

NOVEMBER 30—8:15 P.M.

Fastest and Costliest 8-Lap Track in the World.

**The Most Thrilling and Spectacular
Contests ever Seen on the Pacific Coast.**

They go like the wind. They ride always right under your eyes.

The "Saucer" track, while scientifically correct in principle, is yet so marvelous in design and construction, and the results produced are so startling and exciting, that cycle races under old conditions fade into oblivion.

SIX BIG EVENTS.

**CRACK EASTERN AND LOCAL PROFESSIONALS.
MATCH RACES, HANDICAPS AND OPEN RACES.**

Santa Catalina Marine Band will render favorite selections during the entire evening.

ADMISSION 25 CENTS.

Next meet Saturday Evening, Dec. 2.

SIMPSON AUDITORIUM—TUESDAY EVENING, NOV. 28.

HAYDN'S CREATION...

Management J. T. FITZGERALD.

F. A. BACON, Conductor—150 people in chorus—35 in orchestra. Arnold Krauss, Concert Master; Mme. Genes Johnston-Bishop, soprano; A. Miller, tenor; H. S. Williams, bass.

Special suburban trains, and special street car service provided.

Reserved seats at Fitzgerald's, 113 S. Spring. Prices 25c, 50c, 75c and \$1.00.

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE—

Lecture on "IMPERIALISM." Elks' Hall, Sunday, 8 p.m. FREE.

BASEBALL—MERCHANTS vs. SAN FERNANDINO, Sunday, 2:30.

FIESTA PARK.

SUPERB ROUTES OF TRAVEL—

CALIFORNIA LIMITED—

SANTA FE ROUTE.

Lv. Los Angeles 6:00 p.m., Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, Sunday
Lv. Pasadena 6:25 p.m., Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, Sunday
Ar. Denver 5:00 p.m., Thursday, Saturday, Monday, Tuesday
Ar. Kansas City 8:30 a.m., Friday, Sunday, Tuesday, Wednesday
Ar. Chicago 3:15 p.m., Saturday, Monday, Wed'day, Thursday, Wednesday
Ar. New York 6:30 p.m., Saturday, Monday, Wed'day, Thursday, Wednesday
Entirely new and luxurious equipment. Electric lighted throughout. Everything to make you comfortable and the fastest time ever made.

TO SEE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA—

You must go around The Kite-Shaped Track

The principal points of interest are on this famous line. See a new country every mile. Leave Los Angeles 6:30 a.m.; returning arrives Los Angeles 5:47 p.m.; giving ample time at Redlands and Riverside for drives and sightseeing.

EXCURSIONS MT. LOWE RAILWAY—

SATURDAY AND SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 25 and 26.

\$1.75 From Los Angeles to Alpine Tavern and return, (including all points on Mount Lowe Railway.) "FIFTY CENTS TO RUBIO CANYON" and return. Pasadena Electric Cars connecting leave 8, 9, 10 a.m. and 4 p.m. All the a.m. and p.m. make entire trip and return same day. Evening special will leave Echo Mountain after operation of World's Fair Search Light and large Telescope, arriving at 10:45. To make your trip complete remain over night or longer at "Echo Mountain House," strictly first class. Rates \$2.50 and up per day. \$12.50 and up per week.

Tickets and full information at office, 214 S. Spring St. Tel. Main 960.

"Special Note." These are perfect days for the grandest trip on earth, the clear atmosphere after the rain allowing a most comprehensive and perfect view. The mountains, valleys, cities, ocean and islands stand out most perfect and clear and "NOW" is the time to make the trip while this special low rate is in effect.

STEAMSHIP ALAMEDA—

Sails Nov. 29, for HONOLULU, Samoa, New Zealand, Australia. For rates and future sailings apply to HUGH B. RICE, Agt. Oceanic S.S. Co., 230 S. Spring St. Phone Main 392.

TIMELY SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS—

HOLIDAY PHOTOGRAPHS—

**H IN CARBONS AND PLATINOTYPES
...NEW EFFECTS...**

Make Appointments Now.

Cloudy Weather No Detriment.

16--Medals--Medals--16.

STUDIO--220½ S. Spring St.

OPPOSITE

HOLLENBECK

HOTEL.

Hockett

CORN-FED TURKEYS FOR THANKSGIVING—

Leave your order now for one of these fine California Turkeys, then you will know what you are getting. Alive or dressed. No Eastern turkeys.

Eagle Brand Fresh Eastern Oysters. New Crop California Olives—something fine. Apples AS IS Apples.

WE LEAD IN EVERYTHING THAT IS GOOD TO EAT.

Tel. M. 1426. We Ship Everywhere.

RIVERS BROS.,

Temple St.

PEACH TREES—

Early Crawford, Sugachanah, Alberta, St. Johns and other leading varieties.

50,000 Pacific Coast grown trees for sale by

MESERVE FLORAL AND NURSERY CO. 633-635 South Broadway.

TURKISH AND OTHER BATHS—

Electric, Massage, Rubs.

25c to \$1.00

210 South Broadway.

[THE PHILIPPINES]

**LIKE A HOUSE
OF CARDS.**

**The Filipino Republic is
Crumbling.**

**Aguinaldo Abandoned by the
Politicians and Army.**

**Fugitive in the Mountains With
Small Following.**

**His Secretary of State Now a
Prisoner in Manila.**

**Early Capture of the Dictator Believed
to Be Inevitable—Lieut. Thayer's
Gallant Dash—An Appeal
to Congress.**

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

MANILA, Nov. 25.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Señor Buencamino, former member of Aguinaldo's so-called cabinet, who has been captured, admitted today that the rebellion has gone to pieces.

He says Aguinaldo has gone to Bayombong, and it is now merely a matter of persistent chasing in order to catch him. The whole trouble, he said, would soon be ended.

Buencamino had \$2000 in gold when he was captured, but had no clothing. He came to Manila wearing borrowed garments.

Buencamino, who was Aguinaldo's secretary of state, says that when his party was attacked, Aguinaldo's mother, with her four-year-old grandson, got into the brush. Buencamino thought they had been killed. Gen. Wheaton, however, has Aguinaldo's son, but his mother has not been found. Our cavalry is pushing toward Bayombong, where Aguinaldo is likely to meet them, if he gets away from Gen. Young.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

END OF THE WAR IS VERY NEAR.

[A. P. NIGHT REPORT.]

MANILA, Nov. 25. 4:50 p.m.—[By Manila Cable.] The news which the steamship Brutus brings from Dagupan dispels all doubts that the so-called Filipino republic is crumbling like a house of cards. Aguinaldo is deserted and the army, which a fortnight ago were entrenched at Tarlac and exercised a de facto government over nineteen-tenths of the people of Luzon, while he is a fugitive in the mountains with small hope of re-establishing the machine. The army is scattered in the hills on both sides of the railroad and widely separated detachments are within the cordon which Gen. Lawton and Wheaton have cemented.

Gen. Wheaton kept the woman and child, and sent Buencamino to Manila on the transport Brutus, in charge of Capt. L. H. Hart, commanding the third division of the 1st Provisional Brigade. The village of Mangana. After communicating with Gen. Wheaton, Gen. Marcus Cronin's battalion surrounded the village November 21. Buencamino's guard had taken their rifles and uniforms and Buencamino surrendered without resistance. He had only a few clothes and \$2000 in gold.

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The ruling spirit of the cabinet is a prisoner in Manila—a white elephant on the hands of the authorities and the small fry are tumbling over one another to get to Manila.

Three provincial governors have arrived in Manila to request Gen. Otis to install them to their old offices under the new régime. Dr. Luna, a brother of Gen. Luna and a prominent insurrectionist, has arrived here, and his friends and many others are applying to Gen. Otis for permission to enjoy the luxuries of Manila, after months of separation from civilization.

There were no demonstrations over the victory here. The flags are flying at half-mast, out of respect for Vice-President Hobart. The natives appear to be unmoved, and business is unruled.

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Gen. Otis then summoned Provost Marshal Williston, who previous to driving away with Buencamino, received instructions to lock him up in comfortable surroundings, and no person shall see him. Buencamino is still chief author of the Filippino constitution, and most of the state documents.

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HOBART LAID TO REST

EARTHLY REMAINS IN CEDAR LAWN CEMETERY.

President McKinley, Cabinet Officers, Senators, Congressmen and Supreme Court Justices Attended Services.

Eulogistic Funeral Sermon Preached by Rev. Dr. Magie—Brief and Simple Ceremonies—Floral Decorations.

Residences and Business Houses of Paterson Display Emblems of Mourning—Military Act as Escort.

(A. P. DAY REPORT)
PATERSON (N. J.) Nov. 25.—The earthly remains of the late Vice-President, Garret A. Hobart, were consigned to a temporary resting place in the receiving vault at Cedar Lawn Cemetery, near this city, today. A brief funeral service was held at the late residence of the deceased, the officiating clergyman being the Rev. Dr. Magie.

President McKinley and his Cabinet officers and over sixty members of the Senate and a great many Congressmen, who came on special trains, attended the services at the house.

After the house services the body, enclosed in an oaken casket, with silver ornaments, and almost hidden with flowers, was taken from the house, and the President and his party went to the Church of the Redeemer, about two blocks from Carroll Hall. An immense crowd was in the vicinity of the church.

The casket was carried by eight members of the Capitol police in uniform under command of A. P. Garden.

The church was beautifully decorated with flowers. President McKinley sat in the front pew on the right of the aisle, accompanied by the Secretary of State and Secretary of the Treasury. On the left of the aisle on the front pew were Mrs. Hobart and son, Garret Hobart and Hobart Tuttle. Immediately behind Mrs. Hobart was David Hobart and family. Behind them Presidents, Dr. Long, Secretary of War; John D. Long, Secretary of the Navy, and E. A. Hitchcock, Secretary of the Interior. Then followed the Senators and Congressmen. The Hobart pew, which is the ninth on the right side, was filled with floral offerings.

The services at the church lasted an hour, and were conducted by Rev. Dr. Magie. They began with an organ prelude, and reading of scriptures by the Rev. Charles H. Shaw, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Paterson. Then followed the singing of the hymn "Nearer, My God, to Thee," by the Orpheus Club. Dr. Magie then preached the funeral sermon, and offered prayer. This was followed by the anthem "Weary Hands," sung by the Orpheus Club, after which the benediction was pronounced by Dr. Magie.

DR. MAGIE'S EULOGY.

(A. P. DAY REPORT)
PATERSON, Nov. 25.—Because of the funeral of Garret A. Hobart, Vice-President of the United States, today, business houses with few exceptions were closed, and many private residences had flags at half-mast, besides other mourning emblems. The early trains brought many to attend the funeral services. The bells of the churches and government buildings at 12 o'clock all the bells of the city began marking the minutes. In anticipation of the arrival of the Presidential party and the military escort, crowds gathered around the Broadway depot.

The military lined the streets between Carroll Hall and the Church of the Redeemer. The general decorations were magnificent. A band of sashax over three feet wide and thick enough to hide the wall, ran around both sides and the front of the main auditorium. Above the windows the wreath ran unbroken and before the pipes of the great organ. At the windows giant palms were erected, and festoons around the windows were laden with white flowers, principally lilies of the valley, orchids and chrysanthemums. Around the organ and pulpits were strewn in lavish profusion. The tents before the pulpit were covered with crimson beauty roses to the height of nine feet. A large space before the pulpit was left undecorated. Here the casket rested, and many of the floral tributes were laid.

Seats had been reserved in the church for relatives and intimate friends of the late Vice-President and Mrs. Hobart, President McKinley and members of his Cabinet; Chief Justice Fuller and associate justices of the Supreme Court, members of the United States Senate and members of the House of Representatives; Messrs. Alger, Bliss and Gary, former members of President McKinley's Cabinet, the Governor and State officers of New Jersey, the representatives of the city and county governments; A. Justin Scott of Rutlin College; Henry W. Green, trustee, representing Princeton University; representatives of the Republican organizations of New Jersey and Passaic county and various manufacturing and financial institutions, all of which Mr. Hobart had been identified.

There were thirty-two pallbearers, eight representing the United States Senate, eight representing the House of Representatives, and eight personal pallbearers selected by Mr. Hobart two months before his death, and eight Senate police, who carried the casket.

The personal pallbearers were: Atty.-Gen. Griggs, Edward T. Bell, Franklin Murphy, Gen. Joseph W. Congdon, Judge J. Franklin Fort, Gen. E. L. Parker, E. A. Walton, Col. William Barber. The pallbearers were: William P. Frye of Maine, M. R. Hanna of Ohio, William J. Sewell and John Keam of New Jersey, C. W. Fairbanks of Indiana, James McMillan of Michigan, John W. Davis of Virginia, and W. Cookroll of Missouri. The pallbearers were: D. J. Henderson of Iowa, John Gardner and B. Wayne Parker of New Jersey, Charles F. Joy of Missouri, William Herburn of Iowa, John Dill of Pennsylvania, George B. McClellan of New York, and John F. Riley of Virginia.

A special train brought two companies of artillery from Governor's Island, in command of Capt. Luigi and Capt. T. R. Adams. The batteries were received by J. D. Hopper of the Engineers, and escorted to the armory, where the casket was lowered. The companies lined the short route of the funeral cortège from Carroll Hall to the Church of the Redeemer, and later acted as escort to the President and Cabinet.

President McKinley and his party, and the congressional and other government representatives arrived at 1 o'clock p.m. They were immediately driven to Carroll Hall.

The services at the house were brief

THE SUDAN OPENED.

BRITISH SCORE A VICTORY OVER THE DERVISHES.

Wyngate's Force Gives Battle to the Army of the Khalifa and Rout it With Great Slaughter.

The Khalifa Among the Slain and All His Chief Emirs, Except Osman Digna, are Killed or Captured.

Two Brothers of the Khalifa and Son of the Mahdi also Dead. Thousands of Dervishes Surrendered.

(A. P. DAY REPORT)

CAIRO, Nov. 25.—(By Atlantic Cable.) Lord Cromer, the British Minister here, has received the following dispatch from Gen. Kitchener:

"Wyngate's force caught up with the Khalifa's force seven miles southeast of Godid and attacked it. After a sharp fight he took his position. The Khalifa, who was surrounded by a bodyguard of Emirs, was killed, and all the principal Emirs were killed or captured, except Osman Digna, who escaped."

"The dervishes were utterly defeated, their whole camp was taken and thousands surrendered. A large number of women, children, and cattle also fell into our hands."

From the experience and training of many official duties in his native State he entered on the high duties of the Vice-President of the United States. The office was to him no sinecure, much less a mere waiting on Providence, but the trust which he had received from the nation in which he must be found faithful became evident at once, not merely that he possessed the dignity and the capacity to preside over the deliberations of the Senate, but that he intended to do his duty with fairness and with a sense of responsibility to him the respect and friendship of the whole Senate, irrespective of section or party, and gave to the office he filled increased honor and influence.

"To the President of the United States he gave true affection, unchanged, and fidelity, and I may be permitted to say even in this presence, that in private interviews, speaking of the President, the words he most frequently used were: 'He is a good man, and I may be permitted to add, outside of this bereaved home, who far more than is more sincere now, than the President of the United States.'

"Gen. Kitchener also wired: 'Wyngate's armed scouts located the Khalifa's position at Omdurman. Our force marched from Gedid in the morning and frequently had to ride in the narrow paths in which he must be found faithful. It became evident at once, not merely that he possessed the dignity and the capacity to preside over the deliberations of the Senate, but that he intended to do his duty with fairness and with a sense of responsibility to him the respect and friendship of the whole Senate, irrespective of section or party, and gave to the office he filled increased honor and influence.'

"The mounted troops pursued and captured most of the fugitives. The Khalifa with most of his men and the Emir bodyguard, made a gallant stand. Among the Emirs killed were the Khalifa, his son, and the Emir of Khartoum, Osman Digna, left immediately after the firing began, and is probably concealed somewhere in the vicinity. I hope eventually to get him. We took the entire dervish camp. All the dervishes attacked. Our guns opened fire, and soon the action became general, and soon after the whole line advanced, and swept through the dervish position for over two miles, until the camp was reached."

Col. Berry stated that the Seventh Regiment would be present at the Armory next Monday evening, when full arrangements will be completed for the presentation of the medals.

Communications were also read from F. W. Wood of the Los Angeles Railway Company and W. S. H. of the Mountain Company, offering a baird to the men in the service.

A communication was read from La Esperanza Parlor, No. 24, N.D.G.W., stating that a committee had been appointed to assist in the distribution of medals.

A communication from Gov. Gage, acknowledging receipt of an application and expressing regret that he cannot be present, was read.

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GERMANY.
WANDERING WILLIAM
EMPEROR'S VISIT TO ENGLAND ABSORBS INTEREST.

Even Rabid Anglophobes Find No Fault With His Majesty's Reception in Great Britain.

German People and Press, However, Remain Hostile to England and Disapprove of the Visit.

Boer War Comment Tinctured With Ill-will for the British—Details of the Czar's Visit to Potsdam.

(A. P. NIGHT REPORT.)

BERLIN, Nov. 25.—[Special Cable Letter, Copyright, 1899.] The visit of Emperor William to England, although more or less discounted beforehand, has occupied public opinion this week above all else. Even the most rabid Anglophobes found little fault with the reports of His Majesty's reception. Some of the papers commented, in a friendly way, on the evidences of good will and sympathy shown the Emperor even by the lower classes of English and argued well therefrom a firmer and better understanding between the two countries.

It is significant that one of Germany's noted professors published a strong argument in favor of a German-British alliance, while Herr Bartho does the same. In the nation, however, there is no doubt that the vast majority of the people and the press continue hostile to Great Britain and disapprove of the imperial visit. A well-known poet in the Pan-German Deutsche Zeitung has written a poetic warning to the Emperor, beginning: "Nach England Kaiser Gehe Nicht."

OPINION VEERING.

While scores of papers have vented their anti-British feeling, signs are discernible that opinion begins to turn. Not only the Anglophobes, which has been friendly to Great Britain from the start, but even the influential Kreuz Zeitung, often the barometer of court weather, and the leading Center organ, the Cologne Volks Zeitung, have articles this week condemning the senseless rage Anglophobia.

The Kreuz Zeitung says: "Opinion in Germany does not survive against the reestablishment of better political and commercial relations with England. On the contrary, it favors both and believes there is room enough on the globe for both nations without either standing in the light of the other."

The Cologne Volks Zeitung ridicules the "unreasonable Pan-Germans," saying they would have jubilated if the Emperor had gone to St. Petersburg instead of England.

BOER WAR COMMENT.

The comment on the South African war generally is tintured with ill-will for Great Britain. The Deutsche Zeitung assumes the success of the Boers and advises President Kruger to insist on the terms of peace. In the session of Delagoa Bay, to the Transvaal, which it adds, will "lead to a new and better German policy in South Africa."

The Deutsche Tages Zeitung says: "If the English press continues its efforts to represent England as the paramount power and Germany as the vassal in South Africa, an increase, if possible, of the dislike felt here for our trans-channel cousins will be the consequence."

EMPEROR'S LEANINGS.

Regarding the Emperor's present feeling about the Boer war, the Associated Press correspondent learns from the same authority that his natural sympathies are altogether on the British side. He clearly realizes that the complete wiping out of the Boers as an independent political element in South Africa would not subserve German interests. He also disapproves of what he terms Mr. Chamberlain's "insincere and provocative policy."

THE CZAR'S VISIT.

Details of the Czar's visit to Potsdam are leaking out. The correspondent here of the Associated Press learns from the same authority that the Czar was cool and reserved at first. This was due not only to his natural disposition and abhorrence of scenes and painful explanations, but also to the fact that for some time past stories have been circulated by go-betweens and courtiers of bitter remarks of the Emperor to the effect that the Czar was a "panoplist," and held to be adverse to every thing military about his "splendid Hague conference," all of which was reported to the Czar, disturbed him greatly. Owing to the meeting was suspended, put off, and only finally took place through the influence of the Czarina. However, the Emperor's explanations were irresistible and the amiability which he knows so well how to display when it suits him, had the desired effect, and the czarina participated in a friendly mood. He was not angry nor astonished at the Samoan agreement, and a better understanding between Great Britain and Germany.

CAMEROONS SCANDAL.

The Cameroons scandal is to be overshadowed by the Reichstag during the discussion of the budget in December.

GERMAN CABLES.

The movement in favor of German cables is growing. The correspondent of the Associated Press learns that besides a direct cable to New York, now under way, the government proposes soon to lay one to German colonies in Africa and Asia. Agreed with a minister at Swakopmund. Thence the line will cross German East Africa, touching at Togo, in the Cameroons.

FRUIT EXCLUSION.

The government is on the point of making another attempt to exclude foreign fruit wholly, or in part, from Germany, and is collecting information from dealers as to whether such exclusion is feasible without causing a stringency in the market.

RESPECT FOR HOBART.

In deference to Vice-President Hobart, the flags of the United States embassy and consulate and many residences of Americans were half-masted until after the funeral.

SCHEY SAILS.

FLAGSHIP CHICAGO STARTS FOR HER STATION.

(A. P. DAY REPORT.)

NEW YORK, Nov. 25.—The United States cruiser Chicago, flagship of the South Atlantic squadron, under Rear-Admiral Schley, passed out by the quarantine, bound for her station. Her first stop will be at St. Lucia, and thence she goes to Bahia, and after that to Buenos Ayres.

LIKE A HOUSE

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

south. Reports from Negros indicate that the island is less north of Island Samar considerably. More planting being done. More sugar mills at work than at any time since revolution against Spain began. Officers report people are apparently healthy and hopeful; that form of government in operation well suited to conditions and working smoothly.

A RUNNING FIGHT.

MANILA, Nov. 25, 10:30 p.m.—The Third Infantry, reconnoitering from Baling, met the insurgents on the main road and had a running fight to San Ildefonso, where they defeated Filipinos from an old Spanish redoubt. Proceeding toward San Miguel the Americans found the insurgents in a series of strong works two miles south of the town, probably Gen. Pio del Pilar's old command, number 730 men. An officer and a private were killed. The insurgents lost four men killed and ten wounded. Nine Filipinos were captured. This is probably the largest band of insurgents north of the Pasig River.

TRYING TO SAVE AG.

(A. P. NIGHT REPORT.)

WASHINGTON, Nov. 25.—The War Department officials are disposed to account for the sudden activity developed by the insurgents south of Manila on the assumption that the insurgent general in command there, believed to be Pio del Pilar, had sent his men to the opposite straits of Aguinaldo and is manifestly trying to create a diversion in his favor by attacking the American force from the rear. He occupies strong defensive ground, and Cavite province, the home of Aguinaldo, has not been visited by the Spaniards since the first hostilities.

Gen. Schwan, assisted by the marines from the naval station at Cavite, made an excursion through the territory last summer, but it was during the rainy season and nothing substantial was achieved. The country was abandoned to the insurgents. Now, however, with the advent of the dry season, the time is ripe for the execution of the plans of Gen. Otis, to clear out this country permanently, and carry out his favorite project for the establishment of a chain of municipal governments, and Gen. Grant's command there, is being reinforced with that special object.

MOVEMENT IN PANAY.

(A. P. DAY REPORT.)

MANILA, Nov. 25, 10:30 p.m.—The movement against the insurgents in the island of Panay has resulted in driving them to the mountains, twenty miles inward. The troops engaged were two battalions of the Fourteenth Regiment, a battalion of the Twenty-sixth Regiment, the Eighteen Regiments, the 12th Artillery, and the Sixth Artillery's Battery of the Sixth Artillery. The Americans in all lost five men wounded and had thirty-eight men wounded. One was killed. The Spaniards and Col. Edmund Rice commanded during the various fights. Thirty-two insurgents were killed in the engagements, and the natives reported that nineteen carloads of wounded were taken away.

The Americans killed were a lieutenant and a sergeant. Twelve obsolete cannotons, captured at San Jacinto, and Massin arsenals were destroyed before the Americans arrived.

The insurgents seeing it was impossible to resist the movement, retired with most of their stores.

BUENCAMINO'S APPEAL.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

WASHINGTON, Nov. 25.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Felipe Buenamino, Secretary of State of the so-called Filipino republic, who was captured today, has written an appeal to the American Congress on behalf of the alien governed. The appeal reached here today, and every member of Congress got a copy. It is not really an appeal, but an argument attempting to show that the United States had, previous to the breaking out of hostilities, recognized by various ways the existence of the Filipino republic.

The appendix, which is printed correspondence between the American consular representatives and American officers, who had been stationed from time to time at Manila, begins by telling of cooperation offered by United States Consuls and of Commodore Dewey, getting Aguinaldo from Hong Kong to Cavite, and states that the only reason he had for going was to continue the revolutionary war waged by the Filipinos against Spain in 1896 and 1897, up to the time when hostilities were suspended by compact. The memorial states that headquarters of the Filipino government were established May 24, 1898, at Cavite, and the functions of government had been exercised since it was claimed that government had replaced the alien Spanish government, which fell definitely August 13.

"Now, it is indisputable that we Filipinos," says the plea, "defeated the Spaniards, captured 900 prisoners, and set up a government. It is also beyond question that these accomplished facts have been recognized in a practical manner by high officers representing the United States.

DEAD FROM NAGASAKI.

(A. P. NIGHT REPORT.)

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 25.—The bodies of five soldiers who died in the hospital at Nagasaki were also brought over. Their names follow: Leslie B. Waterman, First North Dakota Regiment; Richard H. Ralph, Utah Battery; Thomas Olson, Wyoming Artillery; F. W. Tucker, Twenty-third Infantry; Alexander Lundstrum, Third Artillery.

WAS SHOT IN THE NECK.

DEATH OF LIEUT. WILLIAMS.

(A. P. DAY REPORT.)

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 25.—Lieut. W. W. Williams of Asheville, N. C., died in the Medico-Chirurgical Hospital here today from shock consequent upon an operation. Lieut. Williams was a volunteer in the Philippines, and was shot in the neck during an engagement. The army surgeons, fearing to probe for the bullet, sent him to this city and yesterday an operation was performed.

PLANTED TO STAY.

OUR FLAG IN THE PHILIPPINES.

(A. P. NIGHT REPORT.)

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 25.—The Union League celebrated the thirty-sixth anniversary of its founding by a banquet at the clubhouse tonight. John D. Long, Secretary of the Navy, and Jacob Gould Schurman, president of Cornell University and president of the Philippine Commission, were the guests of honor, and the principal speakers.

Fourthly, Admiral Dewey submitted for disposition by Aguinaldo, the protest lodged by the French Consul in respect to the capture of the steamer Compania de Filipinos, which had been seized by us. The admiral stated positively that his forces had nothing to do with the affair, and had no jurisdiction.

"In the light of this correspondence, it is readily understood how Gens. Anderson and Merritt came to address telegrams to Gen. Aguinaldo requesting him to evacuate Manila suburbs, in order to avoid the dangers of dual military occupation and offering to negotiate afterward.

"Lastly, Gen. Otis recognized the sovereign power of the Philippine government when he appealed for the release of the friars."

The plea calls attention to the proclamations of Merritt and Anderson setting forth that the Americans were come to make conquests, much less wage war against the natives, but to

free the people from the galling yoke of Spain.

The appendix contains letters from Consuls Wildman and Pratt, congratulating His Excellency Gen. Aguinaldo, on his safe arrival and on the brilliant success of his military achievements.

Mr. Pratt says: "All is coming to pass as I hoped and predicted, and now it is being shown that I was right in arranging for your cooperation with Admiral Dewey, and equally right that you were given support and trusted with the confidence of the American government."

Consul Pratt, writing to Aguinaldo, says: "I am sorry Mr. Evans has not been able to get more arms to you."

The above is but a small part of what the plea contains. The conclusion forces itself that American anti-cessionists were the real instigators of this plea, which appears this day in such a manner as to renew in Congress political discussion of the Philippine question.

LIEUT. THAYER'S GALLANT DASH.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

MANILA, Nov. 25.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Wheaton's report relieves anxiety concerning the safety of Lieut. Arthur Thayer, Troop A, Third Cavalry, who, with thirteen men, undertook to cross thirty-three miles of the enemy's country and communicate with Gen. Wheaton. On the morning of November 12 he left Gen. Young, who was then at Tayug, and with his troop started for Asingan. Wheaton was supposed to be at Dagupan. Thayer met with heavy resistance at Asingan, but finally drove off the insurgents and reported to Wessells of the Third Cavalry, who sent Maj. Swigert with Troop G to support him.

On the morning of November 13 Swigert sent Thayer's troop on to Binanlon, where the natives told the Lieutenant that Americans were at San Jacinto. Thayer took thirteen men and started for Mansaga, sending the remainder of his troop back to Asingan. He found the Americans had withdrawn from San Jacinto and were then at San Fabian. In the afternoon he continued on to San Jacinto, arriving there at 4 o'clock, and thence to Mangaldan. After crossing the wide river within 120 yards of this point, he saw that there were intrenchments across the road. Thayer deployed five men on either side of the road and, taking the other three, advanced slowly to within 500 yards of the intrenchments, where he saw natives standing on the parapet waving their hats. Then one of the natives left the trench and walked toward Thayer's men. He spoke in Spanish to a guide who had accompanied the Lieutenant from San Jacinto and said the troops in the trenches were Macabees.

At the sound of Thayer's voice a native jumped onto the parapet and shouted in plain English: "Come on we are Macabees."

Thayer cautioned his men and was advancing slowly, when suddenly he received a volley from the front and left. Thayer ordered his men to mount and retire on the gallop. Four men were missing, but one man and a sergeant finally came in and said the others who were left on the road had disappeared after the volleying began. Thayer waited a while and then started for San Fabian on a compass course. He camped in a cornfield that night and reached San Fabian unmolested. The missing men succeeded in returning to Lawton's lines.

SHERMAN BACK AGAIN.

EIGHT DEATHS ON VOYAGE.

(A. P. DAY REPORT.)

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 25.—The United States transport Sherman arrived from the Philippines today, after a quick trip, the vessel occupying but twenty-five days on the voyage from Manila. There were eighteen cabin passengers and 194 discharged and sick men on board.

Of the sick men, eight died on the voyage, as follows: Walter H. Guthrie, Twelfth Infantry; Peter Dougherty, Sixteenth Infantry; Wm. W. Bainbridge, James F. McLanahan, James C. Harrington, Joseph Quinn, William L. Donwart, John Burnes.

McClanahan was suffering from a complication of diseases, and did not die until after the vessel entered the San Francisco harbor. The bodies of those who died on the voyage were placed in sealed caskets and brought to this city.

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SECONDLY, Dewey asked Aguinaldo for passports for a gentleman recommended by the British Consul.

Thirdly, Gen. Anderson asked Aguinaldo for quarters and camping ground for the forces under his command, and other assistance and cooperation in the campaign against our common enemy. These letters were to the general commanding the forces of the revolutionary army. American commanders asked for positions in our trenches for their troops, and we fought side by side in the siege of Manila.

Fourthly, Admiral Dewey submitted for disposition by Aguinaldo, the protest lodged by the French Consul in respect to the capture of the steamer Compania de Filipinos, which had been seized by us. The admiral stated positively that his forces had nothing to do with the affair, and had no jurisdiction.

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DON'T NEGLECT YOUR KIDNEYS.

Weak Kidneys Caused by Overwork, By Lifting or a Strain.



To Prove What Swamp-Root, the Wonderful New Discovery, Will Do for You, Every Reader of The Times May Have a Sample Bottle Sent Free by Mail.

It used to be considered that only urinary troubles were to be traced to the kidneys, but now modern science proves that nearly all diseases have their beginning in the disorder of these most important organs.

Now, by this is not meant that you should overlook all the other organs and merely look after the kidneys.

Your other organs may need attention—but your kidneys most, because they do most.

If you are sick, do not neglect your kidneys, because as soon as they are well, they will help

CHINA'S OPEN DOOR.

IMPORTANT INTERNATIONAL AGREEMENT MOOTED.

United States Said to Have Taken the Initiative in Negotiations Regarding Politics in the Orient.

Great Britain, Russia, Germany and Japan the Other Parties to the Treaty—Russia and France in Doubt.

Tremendous Possibilities Involved in the Deal—Emperor William and Ambassador Choate—London Cable Gossip....

(A. P. NIGHT'S REPORT)
LONDON, Nov. 25.—[Special Cable Letter. Copyright, 1899.] As a result of the United States request to the powers for assurances regarding the maintenance of the "open door" in China, the Associated Press is able to say that negotiations have been entered into looking to a more permanent and important international agreement than yet mooted. Though the greatest official reliance is observed at all the capitals regarding the secret movement, there is good ground for believing that negotiations have reached a hopeful state.

According to reports current here, in consequence of Russia and France failing to respond satisfactorily to Washington's request, the United States declined to take up the Chinese question still more vigorously. The recognition of Great Britain to this end, it is asserted, was secured, and it is said that the initiative of the United States efforts were set on foot to secure not only the assurances to the United States, but a definite agreement between the European powers themselves. Such an understanding to the average European statesman has long seemed Utopian, yet, today the Associated Press is informed on good authority there are fair chances of Great Britain, Russia, Germany and Japan, in conjunction with the United States, becoming signatories to a treaty delimitating the spheres of political influence in China and determining their fiscal policy in that quarter of the globe, based on the "open-door" principle.

Such is the scope of the negotiations. The projected arrangement may be retroactive as regards territory; in other words, districts not controlled by France, for instance, may change hands in return for other privileges. France apparently has exhibited the greatest opposition to this plan so far, but assurances have been received from Russia, and her apparent willingness to enter into an agreement, as the United States as the leading fact, has given rise to the belief that France is not necessarily a stumbling block, for if Russia entered into the agreement, France, it is asserted, is almost bound to follow, or render herself powerless in the Far East. It is understood that the United States, Great Britain and Japan have already arrived at a perfect understanding.

Germany's decision was greatly influenced by the Emperor, who had frequent conferences on this far eastern problem, while in England, with Joseph H. Choate, United States Ambassador. At the Queen's banquet Mr. Choate conversed at length with the Emperor, and, it is said, chiefly confined himself to the question of China. It is scarcely possible that any official semi-official reference will be made to this important undercurrent which progresses publicly under the guise of merely giving assurances to the United States until it has assumed such shape that no hitch is possible. In the event of failure, however, through the refusal of Russia or Germany, France is likely the world will never know how near the great powers came to settling the greatest problem of the century.

TERMINOUS POSSIBILITIES.

The Transvaal war becomes a matter of momentary interest compared with the tremendous possibilities dependent on these exertions which are now occupying the diplomats of Europe, and the war itself has reached a stage where even British interest somewhat fags.

The entrance of the troops to the realm of Ladysmith, Kimberley and Mafeking has apparently put an end to secrecy, which is only broken by the occasional desultory engagements. The past week seems to have altered but little the conditions described in these dispatches. Even if Gen. White holds out a picturesque phase of the campaign, it will not mean that it will hasten its speedy end. The Boers, it is claimed, are not likely to risk the deciding battle of the war until they have gotten Buller's invading force into a position believed to be favorable to them, or until they are driven into a corner which promises to be a matter of months.

The criticism of the methods of the British army organization has led several writers to again seriously consider the possibility of adopting some form of conscription, without a preponderance of military experts making such a step, the British nation has not yet reached that stage where it could submit to such militarism.

WILLIAM'S VISIT.

So far the private nature of Emperor William's visit to England has prevented it attracting much public attention, though any number of rumors are current about its diplomatic result. That it will seriously affect, if not decide, the Chinese negotiations must be seen highly improbable, while it is more than likely that it will be followed by further British-German agreements regarding Nigeria, which topic Mr. Chamberlain doubtless discussed during his audience.

QUEEN'S RETURN VISIT.

It is said that the Queen has promised to visit her grandson at Potsdam in the spring, after staying at the Italian Riviera. According to a dispatch to the Lancet from Rome the Italians are hugely delighted at Her Majesty's determination not to go to France, as change in her usual programme as an intended and deliberate rebuke of France's anti-British press utterances.

DEWEY'S DIFFICULTY.

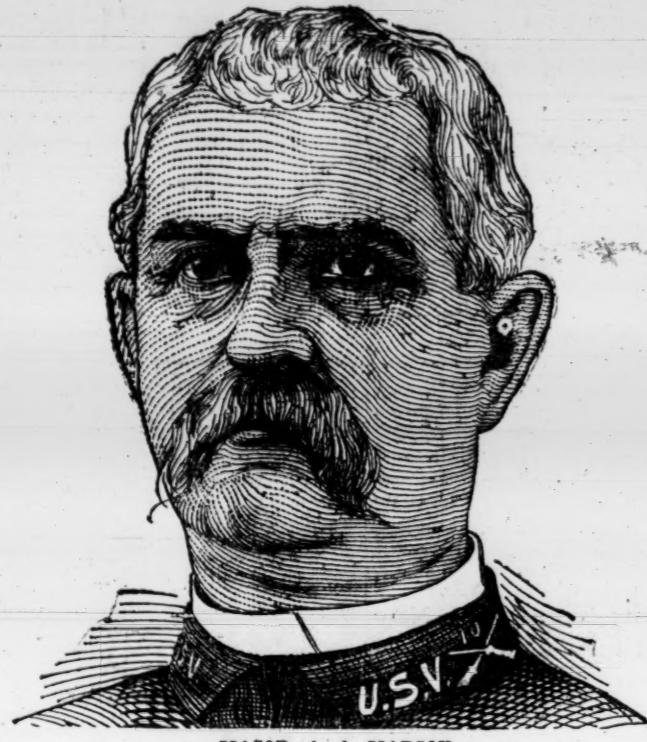
Commenting on Admiral Dewey's difficulty with his home, the Saturday Review says: "His period of apoplexy has been shorter than usual with a darling of the democracy."

CHOATE'S SLIP UP.

Mr. Choate's slip at the Edinburgh Mercury dinner, in a speech extolling Milton's "Peace hath her victories to an American orator," continues to be the source of comment and amusement. A writer in this week's Speaker says: "It is not surprising that Mr. Choate failed to give the orator's name, while it is very surprising that

A WAR VETERAN

Pronounces Pe-ru-na the Greatest Catarrah Remedy Ever Prepared.

OTHER PROMINENT MEN SPEAK

MAJOR A. A. MABSON

Major Algernon A. Mabson, of the Ninth Volunteer regiment, stationed at Macon (Ga.), in a recent letter to Dr. Hartman (see page 14, D. C., sun), says: "There is no better medicine on earth than your Pe-ru-na for catarrah. It has surely cured me. It would take a volume to tell you all the good it has done for me. Pe-ru-na is the greatest remedy ever prepared. I think I have tried them all."

Mr. J. W. Griffis, postmaster, Birmingham (Miss.), writes the following in regard to his wife. Mr. Griffis says: "My wife suffered with catarrah of the head for four years. She tried several different doctors, and many kinds of medicine recommended for such troubles as she was afflicted with. She had an disagreeable headache, with an ache in the eye, and a sharp pain in the nose. Breathing was very difficult. After having my medicine through your circulars, and decided to give it a trial. After she had taken only one bottle she began to feel so much better that she continued taking it, and after three or two weeks of half a bottle each day, was entirely cured. She recommends Pe-ru-na to all women, believing it to be especially beneficial to them."



Hon. B. H. Harrah.

Hon. B. H. Harrah, chief law clerk in office of Auditor of Interior, in a letter from Washington (D. C.) says:

"The use of Pe-ru-na is excellent and family physicians will be made to the important undercurrent which progresses publicly under the guise of merely giving assurances to the United States until it has assumed such shape that no hitch is possible. In the event of failure, however, through the refusal of Russia or Germany, France is likely the world will never know how near the great powers came to settling the greatest problem of the century."

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a cultivated man should make such a mistake."

A FRENCH SCANDAL.

A scandal has arisen over the old age retreat, Malakoff, near Paris, founded by an ex-Franciscan monk. Many wealthy old ladies were sent there and are said to have been beaten, tortured, and robbed. Even murder is now alleged to have been committed. One woman, 60 years of age, is said to have been found hanging in an attendant 25 years old, to give up £2,000, and was then forced to marry him. Several of the residents were found dead, as it accidentally, and padded cells were discovered in the building by a magistrate, no charge being laid. Investigation of the institution. Two of the attendants have been imprisoned.

VISITING MAJESTIES.**GUESTS OF PRINCE OF WALES.**

[A. P. NIGHT'S REPORT.]

LONDON, Nov. 25.—[By Atlantic Cable.] The Princess of Wales and the Duke of York met the Emperor and Empress of Germany on the occasion of their departure for Sandringham to visit the Prince of Wales. There was an affectionate parting at the castle between the Queen and her imperial visitors.

FAREWELL TO THE QUEEN.

[A. P. DAY'S REPORT.]

[WINDSOR (Eng.) Nov. 25.—Thousands of people lined the route from the castle to the station today to bid farewell to the Emperor and Empress of Germany on the occasion of their departure for Sandringham to visit the Prince of Wales. There was an affectionate parting at the castle between the Queen and her imperial visitors.

Said People Were Chasing Her.

Mrs. Clair McDermott, widow of Billy McDermott, who formerly conducted a livery stable on East First street, applied for lodgings last night at the City Jail. Mrs. McDermott was at the corner of Third and Main streets, when she hailed a passing gurney and ordered the abman to drive her to the Police Station, saying that people were chasing her on the street. On arrival at the jail she asked for lodgings, and was accommodated, but she did not design to pay cabin fare, and he left the station, looking like a man who had seen a ghost. It is thought that the woman is slightly unbalanced.

LADY SALISBURY'S FUNERAL.

LARGE ATTENDANCE OF ROYALTY

[A. P. DAY'S REPORT.]

LONDON, Nov. 25.—[By Atlantic Cable.] The funeral of Lady Salisbury, who died November 20, was held today. Lord Salisbury was not present at the public services owing to illness, but he attended the services in the house. All the Premier's children now in England followed the body to the grave. The cortège also included A. J. Balfour and other relatives.

The Earl of Pembroke, Lord Stewart, of the household, attended with the Queen. The Secretary of State, the German Embassy also carried a wreath sent in behalf of the Emperor and Empress. The Prince and Princess of Wales, and other royalties were represented, while the first peers of the realm, the Duke of York, and other high nobilities,

paid tribute in being present personally.

The church was crowded with the terrier.

[A. P. DAY'S REPORT.]

BOSTON, Nov. 25.—A threatening fire broke out in the Charlestown navy yard this morning. The fire started in the vending shed, a large building near the equipment plant, and for a time it was feared heavy damage would result.

Two alarms from a box in the yard captain's house were sounded, and in response the engines were sent from the city, and the firebrand steamed up to the navy dock yards.

The vending shed, one of the oldest structures in the yards, was destroyed,

entailing a loss estimated at between \$5,000 and \$10,000. The marines to yards, and the sailors of the Machias and Wabash assisted in fighting the flames, and adjoining property, which was threatened, was saved.

NAVY YARD FIRE.

[A. P. DAY'S REPORT.]

BOSTON, Nov. 25.—A threatening fire broke out in the Charlestown navy yard this morning. The fire started in the vending shed, a large building near the equipment plant, and for a time it was feared heavy damage would result.

Two alarms from a box in the yard captain's house were sounded, and in response the engines were sent from the city, and the firebrand steamed up to the navy dock yards.

The vending shed, one of the oldest structures in the yards, was destroyed,

entailing a loss estimated at between \$5,000 and \$10,000. The marines to yards, and the sailors of the Machias and Wabash assisted in fighting the flames, and adjoining property, which was threatened, was saved.

A Missing Man.

Dan J. Grant wandered away from the Walton House, No. 609 East Second street, on October 4, and has not been seen since. His relatives fear that he has met with foul play, or that he is sick. He may have died from exposure. Yesterday his brother, John Grant, of Norwalk, Cal., applied to the police for assistance in locating the missing man. He is 29 years old, 5 feet 6 inches in height, has dark eyes, hair and mustache, and weighs 150 pounds.

Don't Neglect Your Eyes.

CARLYLE (Ill.) Nov. 25.—Abraham Brown charged with leading one of the most dangerous and thoroughly organized gangs of thieves in this part of the country, has been convicted by a Clinton county jury and will soon be incarcerated in the Southern Illinois penitentiary at Chester.

Dangerous Criminal Convicted.

CARLYLE (Ill.) Nov. 25.—Abraham

Los Angeles Sunday Times.

(L) SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1899.

Prof. James Copeland of New York Gives

Happy Christmas Thoughts.

By thousands are scattered over our five floors of Furniture Wonderland. The stock is simply marvelous, not only for style, fine construction and genuine goodness throughout, but is priced as only such an enormous furniture store can price. Heavy demands never increases prices at Barker's.

Sideboards

Here's a popular holiday gift—and we're selling lots of them. Every possible want is immediately met. Prices range from \$12 to \$225, and from the lowest prices the kaleidoscope changes with every dollar advance. All woods and finishes are represented. No dining room too large or too small for us to perfectly fit. The lowest in price is rich in beauty. But you should see them.

We will store and deliver goods bought now, at any time desired.



A handsome Bird Eye Maple Desk with French legs, highly polished and gracefully and artistically designed. Our very low price, but.....\$7

Buffets

and Side Tables. Very appropriate and useful pieces to add to the homes' comfort just now, just before Thanksgiving; for anything that will enhance the pleasure and enjoyment of this occasion ought to receive your attention this week. We can show you 91 distinct styles, embracing all prices between \$12 and \$225, of either golden oak mahogany or Flemish oak, from the plainest to the most elaborately inlaid.

Call or send for our pamphlet "Holiday Suggestions."

SPIRITUAL READER

Prof. James Copeland of New York Gives

PSYCHIC DEMONSTRATION.

ATTENTION! BEHOLD! OBSERVE!



PROF. JAMES COPELAND,
419½ South Main St.

THE GREATEST OF ALL MEN-GIFTED WITH SECOND SIGHT—WILL GIVE YOU VALUABLE INFORMATION ON ALL AFFAIRS—GOLD MINES AND BURIED TREASURES.

Are you in trouble, bad health, business worry, family calamities, legal complications, or under evil influences? Prof. Copeland will help.

He is consulted on all affairs and never fails, because he gives a plain statement of facts.

He shows you the way to safety, prosperity, Try him and see.

He depends upon the results obtained by investigation

HOURS: 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. rather than by Sundays: any sensational advertisements.

Recognized by Press and Everywhere.

Tells you completely all love cases, what you should do to avoid trouble or disappointment, how to recover lost or stolen property; he changes misfortune into good luck, tells you how your business transactions will turn out and how to make them successful; he predicts important events long before they happen; in fact, there are no hidden mysteries so deep that he cannot fathom.

Comes all who suffer and are healed; come all spiritualists to be advised; come all lovers and win your ideal; come all broken-hearted wives;

Southern California by Towns and Counties.

PASADENA.

PHILADELPHIA PUBLISHER SUES PROMINENT FAMILY.

HE SOLD THEM A VALUABLE SET OF BOOKS, WITH WHICH THEY WERE DIS-SATISFIED—SUPPOSED DEAD MAN COMES TO LIFE—WOMEN PASS RESOLUTIONS ON BRUTE Z. WILLIAMS.

PASADENA, Nov. 25.—[Regular Correspondence.] The over-persuasive book agent is responsible for a lawsuit begun in Justice Merriam's court, in which prominent Pasadenaans are interested. George Barrie, a Philadelphia publisher, has brought an action against Mr. and Mrs. Charles Burton Scoville, who are social leaders here, to recover \$260, which he alleges to be due him as balance on a big and interesting book sale. He avers that the defendants bought of him a set of forty-six volumes of Balkac's "Comedie Humaine," printed in the original Japanese paper, crown, 8vo., superbly bound, at the price of \$10 per volume, with \$30 off on the whole set. After receiving payment of the books and paying for them, Mr. and Mrs. Scoville declined to take or pay for the same, on the ground that they were not what they had been represented. They answer to the publisher's complaint that the print, binding, etc., are not so elegant as the publisher promised and that what went to his claim. R. Metcalfe is their attorney. The suit was brought by Lawyer J. A. Goodrich of this city. It is proposed to bring to town a number of college professors and other experts to testify as to the merits of the edition de luxe in question, and the trial promises to be a cause celebre.

SHAKESPEARE CLUB.

In almost all the matters pertaining to the public welfare of Pasadena, the Shakespeare Club makes itself felt nowadays. At this afternoon's business meeting the club passed a resolution expressing regret that Z. Williams was allowed to go off without being arraigned in court and punished.

Two interesting gifts were received by the club. One was a stone from the fireplace of Shakespeare's house at Stratford-on-Avon, presented in a neat frame by Hon. Donald Arnold. Another gift was a framed piece of ivy and pressed flowers from places connected with the immortal bard, including the house, the abbey and the well from which he used to drink. These relics came from Mrs. M. Rosenbaum.

A new feature of the business meetings was introduced today, which taking up the music of a nation for study fortnightly. This afternoon Jewish music was considered. A paper was read by Mrs. D. W. Gordon on the subject and it was illustrated by the singing of the Song of Miriam, by Miss Helen Clegg, solo from "Elijah," by Mrs. J. G. Rosenthal and "Hear Ye, O Israel," by Miss Marie Johnson.

THE DEAD ALIVE.

A happy surprise came to A. W. Gilmore of No. 291 Winona avenue, and his wife last night. They were mourning the death of a favorite cousin of Mr. Gilmore's, Dr. Albert Rogers, who had gone with the soldier boys to Manila. A report recently came from the front that the doctor had been killed by a Philip bullet. Last evening, he walked into the Gilmores, as large and lively as life, and twice as handsome. The report of his death arose from a confusion of his name with another Rogers. The doctor has many interesting stories to tell of relations with the troops in the Philippines.

LOS ANGELES PLAYERS WON.

The whist tournament of the Southern California Association ended at 2:30 o'clock this morning in the victory of the Los Angeles team, whose score was 477. Pasadena stood second with a score of 471; Ventura third, with the San Barbara fourth, with 466. The individual medals were won by Judge Hendricks and James Ford, of Los Angeles, playing north and south; and H. R. Hertel and B. O. Kendall of Pasadena playing east and west. A collation was served early this morning at the Hotel Club. Thanks to President Hertel, the tournament was carried out faithfully from first to last, the visitors had a most enjoyable time, and all the players are looking forward with pleasant anticipations to the next meeting. One of Pasadena's strongest players was incapacitated by illness from participating. An unlucky revoke cost Pasadena two points.

CHAMBER CONCERT.

About three hundred people attended the chamber concert for the benefit of the hospital at the Auditorium this evening. It was a musical and fashionable audience. The attraction was the Krauss Sing Quartette, whose performance was very satisfactory. The programme included the four movements of Haydn's "Quartette, 8 in D Major;" Schubert's "Death and the Maiden;" a sonata for violin and piano in G minor, by Tartin, four movements performed by Mr. Krauss and Mr. Stoen, and Max Bruns' "Quartette, No. 1, C Minor," five movements. The Haydn was particularly appreciated, but all the work of the quartette was replete with artistic charm. The only encore was the repetition of the violin solo by Mr. Straus, and the piano solo too, had to insist on more. The concert was given under the management of a new Pasadena organization, "The Music League," and the arrangements were complete, including a dressing maid for the ladies.

THAT PEDDLING ORDINANCE.

Officers of the Merchants' Protective Association say the nature of their proposed amendment to the city ordinance, to regulate peddlers was not correctly interpreted by the City Council. They did not mean to prohibit the peddling of Chinese vegetables, peddlers who are the employees of growers, they say, and their amendment expressly excepted growers from its provisions. They were aiming at dagoes, who come in here from Long Beach, peddling articles of doubtful quality, and the children of that class, and had no intention of prohibiting the sale of products of the soil from the growers' carts. The City Trustees, however, believe that the amendment as offered would impose a prohibitory tax on the Chinese distributors, of whom almost everybody buys.

PASADENA BREVIETIES.

It is expected that arrests for the murder at the Chinese temple will soon be made. It is an open secret that certain men are suspected and have been watched. The police here today received a telephone message from the City Marshal at Santa Ana, who had arrested a highly-looking character, with a revolver, who, it was thought, might be the one stolen from Moy Jungs by his murderers; but the description did not tally.

The Americas Club will have a regular jollification, on the evening of December 1, when they will hold their annual

annual meeting, elect a major and other officers, and then celebrate with speeches, music, a pow-wow and eighteenth-round.

Walter Brown, captain of the Throop football team, came from the Los Angeles side tonight with a song side. The Throop performers are a bunch, and Throop will have to play a new captain in the Santa Barbara game.

The Pasadena High School football eleven played a game with the second eleven of the Los Angeles High School here today, and the Los Angeles boys won, 12 to 0.

The sacred concert at the Universalist Church Sunday afternoon will be devoted to the old familiar songs. It will be the last address by Rev. W. M. Jones.

Judge H. W. Magee, ex-State Bank Examiner, has been appointed manager of the Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company for California and Oregon.

Mrs. Dr. Page, West California street, will be the guest of the Nineteenth Century Club next Monday evening.

The Tabernacle Male Quartette has been reengaged by the First Methodist Church, and will sing on Sunday.

Gen. Barrett, State Bank Examiner, has been in the city this week, examining the San Gabriel Valley Bank.

Miss Aileen Jacobs will spend the winter in Shreveport, La., leaving for that city next Tuesday.

The physical director of the Y.M.C.A. will address the gospel meeting Sunday afternoon.

A cup of tea was served at the Country Club this afternoon, with music by an orchestra.

Another big drive will be going on all the week at the Boston Cash Dry Goods House, North Fair Oaks avenue, under City Hall. Prices have been cut to the lowest point, and there will be crowds in the store. Special values will be given on blankets and comforters. Now is the chance to stock up. See the windows.

If you wish to be in the swim or shine as a society favorite you must dress well. Always be prepared for any event by having your wardrobe neatly cleaned, dyed or renovated by American Dye Works, Booth of 21 Colorado street, Pasadena.

For rent, a fine, large storeroom; most prominent business location in Pasadena, No. 21 E. Colorado street, under Carlton Hotel. Very low rent to good tenant. Inquiries on premises or American Dye Works, 210 South Spring street.

Miss Eby announces the opening of an art department and display of an exquisite line of decorative needlework and Japanese embroidery. The public invited. Tuesday, December 5. Wooster Block, corner Green and Fair Oaks ave., Pasadena.

What a rush was to Glasscock's this morning! Not even a minute left to go to around! Mr. Glasscock will receive another lot by the middle of the week and all those who failed to get pictures today will be supplied at the same price.

The ladies of the Christian Church will have good things for Thanksgiving dinner for sale, Wednesday, November 29, at \$1.00 a set of plates announced later.

Young tenor-turk in all sizes; scallop, East India bulk oysters, the best in the market, at Halsted's Union Market, 18 S. Fair Oaks.

Dr. Sammann, the artist and interior decorator, has opened studio in Byrne building, Broadway and Third street, Los Angeles.

You save money, time and worry by having your packages and freight sent from Los Angeles by Electric Express.

Find lot of thoroughbred Belgian horses for sale; prices way down. They must go at once. No. 346 Galena ave.

Your Thanksgiving dinner will be a big success if you order pie, plum pudding and ice cream of McCament.

Safe and cheapest freight and parcel transportation is by Los Angeles and Pasadena Electric Express.

Diamonds, opals, Rockwood-ware, gold, silver, 18-karat gold jewelry, optical goods, Annin & Hall.

Dry wood, all sizes and grades. Clean Wellington black diamond and antrachite coal. J. A. Jacobs.

Glasscock's opening will continue on Monday, when he will show many beautiful art novelties.

Ask Thomas Nelmes (opposite post-office) to figure on your electrical contract.

The leading meat market in Pasadena—Breiner's City Market, 33 East Colorado.

You can't beat the Thanksgiving turkeys and chickens at Vlier's Excelsior Market.

Watches, clocks, jewelry for all. Natural History Store, G. F. Rand.

Dorman's mill and factory sale attracts big crowds daily. See ad.

We are headquarters for Thanksgiving eatables. Martin & Booker.

You will give thanks indeed if you order your turkey of Newby.

20 per cent discount on all stamped items at Gardner's Monday.

For plumbing repairs go to P. P. Benham.

Join Prof. Earley's next Pasadena Class.

The leading grocer, W. J. Kelly, S. S. S., 45 South Raymond ave.

Sams at 45 South Raymond.

New gloves at Gardner's.

Sams have move.

RIVERA.

GOOD TEMPLARS' MEETING.

RIVERA, Nov. 25.—[Regular Correspondence.] The regular quarterly session of the district lodge, L.O.G.T., was held here today, beginning at 10 a.m., and was presided over by D.C.T. G. W. Tedford. There was a good representation from ten of the lodges of the county, and a large number of visiting members. The official reports showed a small net gain of membership in the county during the past three months, and the organization of one new lodge. The work of organization is to be pushed in Orange county and some parts of this county. Various lodge topics were discussed by the delegates, and Los Angeles chosen as the place for the next meeting, and February 22 the date. Among the features adopted for next quarter's work was that of lodge correspondence, to be accomplished through the district secretary.

Rivera Lodge entertained all the visitors at dinner and supper. The session closed with an open meeting, which tested the seating capacity of Burk's Hall. A pleasing programme was rendered.

SOLDIERS' HOME BREVIETIES.

Evidence that with the growth of the home the increased duties of the chief surgeon is not unrecognized, is afforded in the fact that at the last meeting of the board of managers, N.H.D.V.S., the salary of chief surgeon was increased from \$3000 to \$3200 per annum.

Extra duty men and civilian employees were paid Wednesday for the months of September and October.

Lieut. J. S. Clark, in charge of the general dining hall, will resign that position December 1, in order to accept the office of hospital steward, vice F.

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City Briefs.

BISHOP'S

You'll get
What's best
If you call for

Bishop's

SODA CRACKERS



Premier
Brand'

BEST
WINE

and can be had at all first-class
hotels, restaurants and wine
merchants.

CHARLES STERN & SONS

1901-931 Main St.

City Deposits.

JOS. MELCZER & CO.,

149 and 149½ Main Street,

ELLINGTON DRUG CO.,

Fourth and Spring Streets,

THOMAS DRUG CO.,

Temple and Spring Streets.

Ellington's

25c

1-oz strong Violet Scent Powder

40c

Sanitas Oil, for Belgian Hares

40c

Reel & Cornick Food in glass

15c

Lister's Tooth Paste, antiseptic.

25c

Large Jar Theatrical Cold Cream

See our Perfumery and Manner Goods, Fine

Line Sterling Silver Jewelry

ELLINGTON DRUG CO.

Prescription Druggists, N.W. cor. Fourth and

Spring Sts. Ring up main 1218.

Every lady gets a fresh bunch of violets free from 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. at the Royal Restaurant where a special Sunday dish of fare was prepared, including oysters, mussels, green peas, oysters, sweetbreads and in fact everything in the market served to perfection at reduced prices. A fine string orchestra plays during dinner.

Artistic decoration is the life of the home. You can always find many novelties in art needlework, sofa pillows and holiday goods at Reed's. Her dyes are ready to decide what to get the little ones when you go there, as they have the largest stock and best quality. 310 S. Broadway, Bradbury building.

Just received, new line of Turkish rugs, all kinds of Turkish embroidery, special sale this week. Turkish cutters, 40 cents. We handle only the best grades of goods. We guarantee all our goods. Beware of imitations. Turkish goods sent on approval. N. G. Baida & Bros., 122 West Fourth street.

Mrs. Weaver-Jackson of 318 South Spring street has just opened a branch hair dressing establishment in Pasadena corner of Fair Oaks and Green street. Pasadena ladies who have formerly been obliged to come to Los Angeles for hair dressing now have a first-class establishment in their own town.

Don't buy a sewing machine until you see the absolutely perfect Davis-Adams, with its wonderful patented labor-saving attachments. Buy direct, save peddlers' profits, our big bargain offer for Monday is a first-class, up-to-date guaranteed machine with ball-bearing stand, \$25. 435 S. Broadway.

We carry an attractive line of fine shoes that are fine shoes. It is only the strictly first class portions of the calf skin that are used in our finest grade work, and only the best workmen do the making. Therefore when you pay \$5.00, \$6.00, \$7.00 for the famous Cummings Shoe you are getting full value to the last cent.

Ladies, is your Thanksgiving costume complete, even to your shoes?

WE CAMPING
Foot-Form Shoes.

Everything going at any price. Hats, veils, wings, birds, etc. Dosch, 303 S. Broadway.

Furs! Furs! Ladies, for fine fur garments, also for fine trimming, call and see Straus, the New York fur house, 95 S. Spring street.

Ladies, those desiring to see the latest in plaid skirts call and see J. Kora, ladies' and gentlemen's tailor, 348 S. Broadway.

Largest stock, lowest prices, drawn work, opals, Indian baskets and blankets. Campbell's Curio Store, 325 S. Spring street.

Get prices from Dunlop Bros. on Loganberry plants. We can please you with services and plants. P.O. box 77, Spring A.

The annual memorial services of Los Angeles Lodge of Elks will be held at the Alameda street and F. M. Allen last night from First street, both on charges of disturbing the peace.

The Natick House will serve chicken dinner today, 4:45 to 7:30 p.m. They will serve their Thanksgiving turkey dinner next Thursday from 11 to 2 p.m. Meals at regular price, 25 cents; twenty-one meals \$4.50.

Brose Flew Seed and Plant Company, 115 W. Fourth street, are up-to-date. They have the first pansy plants in market and have received of new crop a full collection of choice seasonal flowers from Europe. Our experienced men are pleased to give information.

Allie, dear, you look beautiful in that handsome brown suit I've so become. Where did you get it? "Goodness alive, Frank, that's my old dress I had colored at the American Dye Works, 210½ S. Spring street. Their work has all the luster of new goods."

Miss A. Clarke will for the next thirty days sell her trimmed and untrimmed millinery at greatly reduced prices, in order to make room for early spring goods. Swell hats as low as \$5. Maison Nouvelle, 222 W. Third street.

The Times business office is open all night, 10 p.m. to 6 a.m. etc. will be received up to 1:30 a.m. Small display announcements may be sent in up to that hour, but large display ads. cannot be attractively set if brought in later than 8:30 p.m. Telephone main 29.

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Ladies, bring your old ostrich feathers, capes and boas; we dye a glossy black, or any shade, by new process, and make over like new. New plumes and tips, \$60 up. Deste, 533 S. Broadway.

As we are contemplating a change in business, we offer our entire stock of trimmed and untrimmed millinery at greatly reduced prices. Mme. D. Gottschall, No. 121 South Spring street.

Woodham the furniture man is going to move from 524 S. Broadway to 102½ W. Third street, and is giving special inducements on goods to see him.

Hazard's Pavilion, November 30, Big Thanksgiving Concert, 1500 musicians, 75 in orchestra; seats now on sale at J. B. Brown's, 313 South Broadway. Price 15c, reserved seats, 25c.

A representative from Robert Wallace, the Furrier, of San Francisco, will be in Los Angeles Friday and Saturday at Van Ness Avenue with a line of elegant fur garments for inspection.

Hotel Gladstone, under new management, Dr. W. J. Verge, proprietor, corner Main and Fifth street, city, newly furnished throughout, and strictly first-class.

Ladies, get your Thanksgiving hat of me. I will be in Klondike next year;

"The Holiday Fair" is open. If you're thinking of spending a dollar, here's the place; 25c and 50c Christmas suggestions to interest you.

Brass Curtain Rods	3c ea	Solid Brass Rods	14-½ in. 3½ ft
extend 21 to 44 in....			
Pole End Sets	10c set	Cottage Curtain Poles	4 ft. long. Complete with trimmings. 15c
Brass or silver, 1 or 1½ inches....			

Let's go to
Hales
107-109 North Spring St

Holland Window Shades

El Captain roller shades complete 10c

Red, All-wool

Flannel wide, 27 in.

bordered, reduced 3½c

Wood Curtain Poles. 1 and ¾ in. 2½ ft.

Cotton Huck Toweling

colored bordered, reduced from 6½c to

3½c

Great Special Silk Sale Tomorrow Morning at 65c Yard.

There are 100 part pieces plain and fancy silks in taffeta, satins, peau de soie, checks, plaids and stripes, also plain colors; \$1.00 and \$1.25 were the price of them, they're assorted lengths, 2 to 15 yard pieces, all pure silk, high quality and exceptional value.

Christmas Handkerchiefs.

You've no idea how many people are buying holiday things now, w. w. haven't, but find it out one in a white, particularly when a rush is made in this lively section.

Box Handkerchiefs, 1/2 dozen initials, 40c. Box Handkerchiefs, 1/2 dozen initials, 50c. Jap. Silk ones, for men, initials, 50c.

Children's little hemstitched all initials at..... 5c

Gents' Ramie Handkerchiefs, H. S. silk initials at..... 12c

Ladies' linen applique Handkerchiefs, the newest patterns 25c

Ladies' all linen fine embroidered Handkerchiefs, beautiful patterns, 50c values at 3 for..... \$1.00

Christmas Never so varied an assortment; the quality is higher, too, than you'd expect to get at these prices.

Genuine Foster French Kid Gloves, in staple shades, perfect fitting, and excellent wearing, regular \$1.25. \$1.65 value at.....

Children's French Mocha Gloves, a 1-class pair, \$1.25. \$1.75 value at.....

Children's French Kid Gloves in beautiful colors, embroidered backs, the best glove in the city..... \$1.00

Ladies' overseas Kid Gloves in beautiful colors, embroidered backs, the best glove in the city..... \$1.00

Ladies' and Children's Underwear

No one should be wearing anything but winter garments now; these cool and crisp evenings make heavy underclothing comfortable.

BOYS' Fine Jaeger Shirts for Boys, ribbed, fine lined cotton, all sizes, 25c

CHILD'S Nazareth Waists for Children, ribbed cotton, tape with buttons, all sizes from 3 to 12 years. Special..... 20c

ONEITA Union Suits, Children's Oneita UNION grey ribbed cotton, all sizes, 50c

CHILD'S Vests, pants or drawers, CHILD'S pure white wool, off lot of sizes and WOOL styles, Regular \$1.00. Special..... 50c

CHILD'S Pants or drawers, Children's NATURAL natural wool, off lot of sizes and WOOL styles, Regular 35c

ABDOMINAL Abdominal Bands, LADIES' natural, white and wool, off lot of colors, Regular \$1.00. Special..... 50c

LADIES' Vests or pants, Ladies' wool WOOL color, heavy weight, Regular 75c

MUNSING Union Suits, Munsing Plated UNION wool and silk, off lot of sizes, Open down from Regular \$2.50. Special..... 1.50

SILK Union Suits, pure natural wool, Fibred and shaped, SUITS Regular \$4.50.

LADIES' Union Suits, Ladies' heavy UNION ribbed cotton, SUITS off lot of sizes, Special..... 1.00

LADIES' Union Suits, Ladies' heavy UNION ribbed cotton, SUITS off lot of sizes, Special..... 25c

ART DENIM All Colors and Patterns 36 IN.

12c

Boys' Hose

Boys' heavy weight braid hose, wide or narrow ribbed, double ribbed, double sole, seamless and fast black, heel and toe, very elastic, black, only 12c

25c

Lace Grenadine Fancy Stripes and Figures 36 IN.

5c yd.

Capes.

Ladies' best Seal Plush Cape, 20 in. long, edges with thibet fur, nicely embroidered and mer-lined..... \$2.98

Push Cape of best seal plush edged with thibet fur, nicely embroidered and mer-lined..... \$5.00

Ladies' Gown Capes finished bottom with plough of Plaid and also hood of Plaid..... \$6.00

Golf Cape made of Steamer rugs in assort. colors, fastened in front with strap, hood with fancy stitching..... \$10.50

Ladies' Vests or pants, Ladies' wool WOOL color, heavy weight, Regular 75c

Special..... 50c

MUNSING Union Suits, Munsing Plated UNION wool and silk, off lot of sizes, Open down from Regular \$2.50. Special..... 1.50

SILK Union Suits, pure natural wool, Fibred and shaped, SUITS Regular \$4.50.

LADIES' Union Suits, Ladies' heavy UNION ribbed cotton, SUITS off lot of sizes, Special..... 1.00

LADIES' Union Suits, Ladies' heavy UNION ribbed cotton, SUITS off lot of sizes, Special..... 25c

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25c

Lace Grenadine Fancy Stripes and Figures 36 IN.

5c yd.

Jackets.

All-wool Kersey cloth jacket, in castor black and tan Venetian black, 6 buttons, notched front, tailor stitched seams, half silk lined..... \$6.00

"Liner" Sheet.

City News.

XVIII YEAR.

Los Angeles Sunday Times

SUNDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 26, 1899.

IN FOUR PARTS.

Part II—8 Pages.

PRICE 5 CENTS

Copeland's

Sale of Sample Jackets at One-Third to
One-Half off regular prices.

We purchased for spot cash the entire Sample
line of Jackets from Benjamin & Caspary, New
York's largest makers of high grade ready-to-
wear garments for women. Hundreds of Jackets
and no two alike. Every color; every style; every
size, all priced at $\frac{1}{3}$ and $\frac{1}{2}$ less than regular prices.
On sale Monday morning. Our great sale of Sample
Furs is the talk of all Los Angeles. If you buy your
Furs at Copeland's you may be sure they are right
in every way.

**Copeland's Exclusive Cloak, Suit
and Fur House,**
Third and Broadway.

I Make Trusses . . .

I am not advertising some great ready-made truss
to fit all cases. I make a truss to suit each case.
This must appeal to your reason as the sensible
way to get a fit. I may add that it is the only way
to get such fits as I am giving—to get such results
as I get. Trusses that are properly made and
skillfully applied accomplish all that can be done
for rupture. They are also cheaper in the end be-
cause they never wear out. I never promise cures,
never charge for cures, but I guarantee comfort
and benefit. I hold any rupture that can be re-
duced, with a light, easy and cleanly truss. No
steel springs to rust, no elastic webbing, no straps
between the limbs. Special materials devised by
myself for the purpose—the result of fifteen years
continuous experience in truss making and truss
fitting. You can have the benefit of my experience
at a moderate cost.

W. W. SWEENEY,
ONLY MAKER IN THE CITY.
Trusses, Elastic Hosiery, Etc.,
LADY ATTENDANT.

213 West Fourth St.



Best Values in
Los Angeles In
\$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00,
\$2.50 and \$3.00 . . .

HATS

Special
Underwear
Sale now
going on.

Yale Bicycles

Are not in any trust. You will
find who can serve you best in 1900.
Wait for Yales—they have radical
changes. NOT redressed and called
1900.

Avery Cyclery,
State Agents.
408 and 410 S. Broadway.

Drinking Vessels

For Rabbits and Poultry. A large stock just re-
ceived. Wire Netting, the best grade made.
Incubators and Poultry Supplies of all kinds at the
POULTRY SUPPLY STORE,

315 South Main.

Catalogue Free.

315 South Main.

Liners**WANTED—Help, Female.**

WANTED—SITUATION BY STENOGRAPHER AND TYPEWRITER; moderate salary; references given. Address box 27, ANAHUAC.

WANTED—WOMEN AND GIRLS TO SEW ON SEWING MACHINES; steady work and good pay to those who can do it well. Apply to 26 N. MAIN ST.

WANTED—APPRENTICES IN OUR DRESSMAKING DEPARTMENT. Apply to 26 N. MAIN ST.

MISS KINNEY, Boston Dry Goods Store.

WANTED—25 SKIRT CLOTHERS MUST be rapid workers. Apply after 5 p.m. NEW YORK FRIKT CO., 305 W. Spring st.

WANTED—GIRL GERMAN OR SWEDISH preferred; good wages; room and board. Address, full particulars. A. H. A. SMITH, Forest Grove, Pa.

WANTED—TRAVELING REPRESENTATIVE OF eastern manufacturer would change residence. Address, full particulars. A. H. A. SMITH, Forest Grove, Pa.

WANTED—A GIRL TO SCHOOL, 70c. a week, in home, room and board. Address, full particulars. A. H. A. SMITH, Forest Grove, Pa.

WANTED—WOMAN TO COME IN DAILEY and do light housework. Apply 70c. a week. Box 10, MONDAY 10 a.m.

WANTED—HOT STUDY, PRESCOTT, ARIZ. and fare free. HUMMER BROS. EMPLOYMENT OFFICE, in the Second Floor.

WANTED—LADY LIEUT. OFFICE WORK wanted. Apply to 26 N. Main St.

WANTED—A CHAMBERLAIN, ONE CAPABLE of waiting on table. Apply to the WILLOW GROVE, c/o FREDERIC H. STONE.

WANTED—DRESSMAKER WILL GIVE 25c. exchange for some. Address, full particulars. A. H. A. SMITH, Forest Grove, Pa.

WANTED—EXPERIENCED CHOCOLATE AND BISCUIT BAKER Apply at ORTRELL'S, 125 S. Spring St.

WANTED—JOUNG IN YOUR HAIR AND WE WILL MAKE YOU ALL A WIN VAGY STEER, hair store, 24 W. Fourth St.

WANTED—YOUNG LADY TO LEARN shorthand. Address, full particulars. A. H. A. SMITH, Forest Grove, Pa.

WANTED—GIRL TO WOMAN TO WASH dishes, wash on table, 5 hours daily; must sleep here. \$2.50. OLIVE.

WANTED—A LADY TO TAKE CHARGE OF THE HOME OF A COUPLE. Apply at 26 N. Main St.

WANTED—EVERY ONE THAT IS USING MRS. WEIR'S soap, write to her. Box 20, ANAHUAC.

WANTED—A FIRST-CLASS TAILORRESS ON Room, 205 S. HELLMAN BLOCK, corner Second and Broadway.

WANTED—BY A WIDOWER, A HOUSEKEEPER IN THE CITY, town. Address, full particulars. A. H. A. SMITH, Forest Grove, Pa.

WANTED—A COLORED GIRL TO LIGHT housework; moderate wages and easy place. Call 125 W. ADAMS.

WANTED—COOK FOR COOKING AND washing, full references. Apply 150 S. HOPE ST. mornings.

WANTED—GIRL FOR GENERAL HOUSEWORK must be good cook, references required. Box 20, ANAHUAC.

WANTED—THOROUGHLY EXPERIENCED cook and maid. Address, A. H. A. SMITH, Forest Grove, Pa.

WANTED—HOUSEKEEPER DANISH OR Scandinavian preferred. Address, A. H. A. SMITH, Forest Grove, Pa.

WANTED—A GIRL FOR COOKING AND washing. German preferred. \$24 SOUTH FLOWER ST.

WANTED—TWO EXPERIENCED HOTEL waiters at once. DEVON ST., both and boarders.

WANTED—2 FIRST-CLASS WAIST BANDS and skirt bands. Apply BYRNE BLDG., Room 207.

WANTED—GIRL ABOUT 18 TO ASSIST IN COOKING AND care of children. Apply 150 S. HOPE ST.

WANTED—YOUNG GERMAN GIRL TO ASSIST in general housework. \$21 W. E. THIRD ST.

WANTED—COOKING AND ASSIST IN GEN- eral housework; German preferred. \$21 W. E. THIRD ST.

WANTED—EXPERIENCED GIRL TO HELP in custom costs. \$2 E. FOURTH ST.

WANTED—GIRL TO COOK AND GENERAL housework; \$1 per month. \$21 VERNON AVE.

WANTED—GIRL TO DO HOUSEWORK 2 hours each morning. Apply 208 W. 31ST ST.

WANTED—10 APPAREL GIRLS APPLY NEW YORK SKIRT CO., 201 S. Spring st.

WANTED—THEATRICAL COMPANY HOFFMANN'S MINIATURE, 2 S. Broadway.

WANTED—DRESSMAKER AT 50 CENTS per day. 316 S. SPRING ST.

WANTED—GIRL TO ASSIST WITH HOUSE- work. 202 S. GRAND AVE.

WANTED—

Help, Male and Female.

WANTED—3 AGENTS, LADY OR GENTLE- man, city or country; good terms; easy to profit if you are out of employment; have a situation that does not pay you, don't fail to investigate; experience not necessary. Address, box 28, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—YOU OWE OUT OF WORK and cash? If so, why not? Join those who have been helped; we will help you; particulars call or address SIMMONS & CROMWELL, manufacturers, 135 S. Spring Street.

WANTED—TWO LADIES AND GENTLE- men for a theatrical combination; none but hard-working people need apply; good profits. Address, A. H. A. SMITH, Forest Grove, Pa.

WANTED—EXPERIENCED MAN, willing to work, finds first job. Address, box 26, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—BY MAN WITH YEARS OF EX-perience in dealing with the public, a position as clerk in clothing stores; furnishings to suit; good references; good wages; no ability will merit; best of city references as to honesty and sobriety. Address, M. or C. or D. or R. or COCKER, ST. 26.

WANTED—SITUATION BY FIRST-CLASS German, all-around cook; good baker. Address, X. box 61, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—GIRL OR BOY TO WASH dishes. Apply 109 SAN PEDRO.

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Liners.

FOR SALE—
City Lots and Lands.

FOR SALE—EVERY ONE A BARGAIN— \$2000. Magnificent corner, close in on Flower, 100x150, to alley, for residence or flats. \$1250. 50x150, alley, Alvarado, near Ninth. \$1250. 50x150, alley, Westlake ave., between Eighth and Ninth; bargain. \$1250. 50x150, alley, Alvarado, near Ninth. \$1250. 50x150, alley, Alvarado, near Ninth. \$1250. 50x150, alley, Beacon, near Eighth. \$1000. 50x150, Lovelace, near Washington. \$1750. 50x150, Georgia, near Eighth. \$1250. 50x150, Lake, near Ninth; bargain. \$850. 50x150, 10th, near Alvarado. \$850. 50x150, San Pedro, near Sixth; snap. \$250. 50x150, San Pedro, near Sixth; snap. \$250. Beautiful lot, 320, close to Figueroa, and a bona-fide bargain. \$250. 50x150, close to 11th and Bush. \$650. 45x feet, close to 11th and Georgia. \$575. 45x50, corner 20th and Tberman. \$575. 45x50, 10th, close to 11th. \$575. 45x50, Lot 11th, close to Sentous; bargain. \$450. 45x120, to alley, 20th, 1/2 block San Pedro. \$300. 45x120, New England near Washington.

JUST CONSIDER— 80 feet (whole or part) San Pedro st. near Sixth, \$32.50 per foot; two years may be worth \$150 per foot. F. G. CALKINS & CO., 26 Tel. main 922. 304 Laughlin Bldg.

FOR SALE— N. P. BAILEY,
208-5 Frost Block.

A snap; lot 55x173, on 10th st., near Tberman; price \$650.

Rooms house and land. Both ave., between Sixth and Seventh sts.; price \$1800.

2 1/2 acres with house, barn, well, fruit trees, inc. Colegrave; price \$1000.

A fine piece of improved property on Broadway for sale at a bargain, or will exchange equity for good country property.

183 acres 3 miles from the city, pro- bounded by a prominent oil man to be the best oil prospect in that locality, at \$150 per acre, for oil rights, or \$1000 per acre, to be used for fruit or alfalfa, as it is a fine level piece with house, barn, well, etc., and only 1000 ft. from the city. 26

N. R. BAILEY, 208-5 Frost Block.

FOR SALE—DIRTY CIRT— 50x150, 10th st. \$250. Lot on Gilard near Burlington. \$100. Lot on Union near Eighth st. \$150. 1450 buys 5 lots near 10th near Hoover, fronts 2 streets. \$150. 1450 lot on 10th st., between Tberman and Figueroa. \$700 each buys 5 lots near Sixth and Pur- dinger. \$500. Lot on west side Flower near 19th. \$3500. N.W. corne 20th and Severance; lot 26x166.

Lot 100, Grand ave., near 12th. \$1600. Lot 60x140, Grand ave., close in. \$300. Lot on 10th of Flower, between Broadway and 2nd. LEE A. MCDOUGAL, 16 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE— INVESTORS—
HOME BUYERS—

25, 50 or 75 feet on west side of San Pedro st., near Sixth st., at the exceedingly low price of \$100 per foot; lot opposite sold at \$85 per foot.

This street will be the main thoroughfare to a great harbor. It is rapidly coming into business and trade. Many store buildings have been erected during past few months, notably Metal Co. building.

It is not unreasonable to believe this prop- erty will be worth \$100 to \$150 per foot inside of two years. F. G. CALKINS & CO., Tel. main 922. 304 Laughlin Bldg.

FOR SALE— 1000 FEET ON WEST SIDE OF SAN PEDRO ST., NEAR SIXTH ST., AT THE EXCEEDINGLY LOW PRICE OF \$100 PER FOOT; LOT OPPOSITE SOLD AT \$85 PER FOOT.

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FOR SALE— 1000 FEET ON WEST SIDE OF SAN PEDRO ST., NEAR SIXTH ST., AT THE EXCEEDINGLY LOW PRICE OF \$100 PER FOOT; LOT OPPOSITE SOLD AT \$85 PER FOOT.

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Liners.**FOR SALE—Houses.**

FOR SALE—NICE ELEGANT RESIDENCE just finished, seven feet, 5 rooms; pine finish, closet, pantry, porcelain bath, pattern water-closet, sink, back bay front, extra shed back bay; second shed, well, windmill, tank, many fine drapes, abundance of good furniture. \$1,400 per month, \$100 down, 10% interest, 12 months to pay, 10% extra. Address: Avenue 41, 2 blocks east of Pasadena ave., corner Avenue 41, 2 blocks east of Pasadena ave. (see terms, partly cash, balance on time, 6 per cent, interest); a nice home. Inquire of ADAMS-PHILLIPS COMPANY, San Broad-

way. **KLING & KLING,** 202½ S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—A FEW GOOD BARGAINS 8 rooms, modern, Adams st. \$1,200.

8 rooms, modern, 22½ st. \$1,000.

4 rooms, modern, 23d st. \$100.

We will sell houses in good condition; we have some choice lots in S.W. on which we will build houses to suit and sell on easy terms.

W. J. SCHERER CO., 25 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—

FORCED SALE
MUST BE SOLD
AT ONCE!

One of the handsomest 2-room modern residences in the city, known as the Adams ave. near Adams st. fine barn. This property will be sold at \$1,000. The owner is non-resident and has no time to care for it. Take next st. car to Eighty and Adams.

FOR SALE—EAST NEW MEXICO 8 rooms, house, polished floors, porcelain bath, lot fenced, etc. \$1,000. Address: A. W. MILLINGSWORTH & CO., 34-36½ W. First st.

FOR SALE—

want the cheapest place on S. Flower st. between Sixth and Seventh st. 8-room house, very good, for sale.

GEO. A. CORTELYOU, 26 22½ Douglas Blvd., Third and Spring.

FOR SALE—HOUSES—

DO YOU WANT A HOME?
ARE YOU GOING TO BUILD?

If you don't own a lot, I have a few nice lots southwest that are cheap.

I will build you a home on one of my lots and sell it on easy terms.

J. A. KEENEY,

305 S. Second st.

FOR SALE—

ON TEN YEARS' CREDIT.

One of the best lots in St. James's Park, Oliver King, 28 137 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—OR EXCHANGE: MODERN 6-room cottage, elegantly finished, best of materials, polished floor, central heating, lawn, gas and electricity. \$23 st. bet. Tberman and Union ave. Within 1 minute's walk, 100 ft. from school. Address: G. E. STATION, 218½ W. First st.

FOR SALE—

DO YOU WANT A HOME?

ARE YOU GOING TO BUILD?

I can build a thoroughly good modern up-to-date 8-room house for \$1,200.

If you don't own a lot, I have a few nice lots southwest that are cheap.

I will build you a home on one of my lots and sell it on easy terms.

J. A. KEENEY,

305 S. Second st.

FOR SALE—

NEW CONVENIENT COTTAGE.

WOLFSKILL TRACT
near
SEVENTH-ST. POWER-HOUSE.

Easy terms to car man.

Address: Z. box 18, TIMES OFFICE.

FOR SALE—HOUSE AND LOTS: HOUSE OF 7 rooms; hall and closets; good and cold water, gas, Gray ave., near 11th st.; price \$200.

Modern cottage of 8 rooms, hall, bath and pantries, gas, barn, lawn and flowers. 2½ st. bet. 11th and 12th, 1½ blocks from school. \$1,000.

8-room modern house, on 24th st. near Main. Want offer for non-resident.

W. H. HAY & CO.,
26 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—

SNAP—
House and lot cheap.

ON LOVELACE AVE.
Want an offer.

W. L. HOLLINGSWORTH & CO.,
26 Sole Agents, 34½ Wilcox Blvd.

FOR SALE—GOOD BUSINESS STAND—

5-ROOM HOUSE FOR \$600.

A good location for sale of soda, cigars, confectionery, etc. Located in one of the most respectable and popular places of resort in or near the city. No better. Address: 200, DOUGLAS BUILDING, cor. Spring and 2nd Street.

FOR SALE—NEW FIVE-ROOM COTTAGE: fully furnished complete, lot 45x100; cement walks, marble washstands, chimes, closets, large screen porch, polished bath, and laundry, two fireplaces, two light fixtures, new lawn, poultry yard, house and run; ½ block from cars. 3 blocks from school. \$1,000.

8-room modern house, on 24th st. near Main. Want offer for non-resident.

W. H. HAY & CO.,
26 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—

FOR genuine bargains in all kinds of real estate, go to W. H. NEISWENDER, 106 S. Broadway. Tel. main 595.

FOR SALE—GILT-EDGED BARGAINS—

\$300—10 rooms, modern, handsome, fine, beautiful lot; between Main and Grand ave.

\$150—7-room, 2-story, 5 lots (4½ acre) house cost \$1,000; room lot on front on avenue in the city, 100 feet deep.

S. J. OLIVER,

218 S. Broadway, room 411.

FOR SALE—ON EASY INSTALLMENTS—

7½-room, cheap home, 202½ W. First st.

11½-W. Jefferson.

1½-W. Jefferson, 21st st. San Pedro.

8½-W. 8 rooms, room lot on front on avenue in the city, 100 feet deep.

CONGR. & MARTIN, 26 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—

2-HO. MODERN

residence on beautiful Menlo ave., near Adams st. front, cheap at \$800, but can be had for \$600.

Modern residence, southwest, 6 rooms, electric light, 2½ st. bet. Adams and Grand ave., close to location, will sell at a bargain. E. D. CRIBB, 208 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—A CO. NEW TWO-STORY house, 9 rooms, modern, handsome, fine, beautiful lot; between Main and Grand ave.

\$240—7-room, 2-story, 5 lots (4½ acre) house cost \$1,000; room lot on front on avenue in the city, 100 feet deep.

EDWARD C. CRIBB,

208 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—

WE HAVE INSTRUCTIONS

from non-resident owner to sell that beauti-

ful corner 2-story house, W. 11th st. for \$200.

12½-S. Santa st., 8 rooms, and barn, fine, close to location, will sell at a bargain. E. D. CRIBB, 208 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—

CITY NEW TWO-STORY

house, lot 45x100, situated on W. 11th st. near Union Ave.; interior finished white pine, all rooms, hall, kitchen, dining room, living room, 2 fireplaces, 2½ st. bet. Adams and Grand ave., close to location, will sell for less than \$600.

GEORGE VAN DERWERK, 106½ W. First st.

FOR SALE—

ONE STORY, 6 ROOMS

house, lot 45x100, situated on W. 11th st. near Union Ave.; interior finished white pine, all rooms, hall, kitchen, dining room, living room, 2 fireplaces, 2½ st. bet. Adams and Grand ave., close to location, will sell for less than \$600.

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Liners

FOR SALE—

Miscellaneous.

FOR SALE — INCUBATOR, BROODER, green bone-setter, No. 7 store house 12x16 to move. Call Room 201, 26½ S. Broadway. 26

FOR SALE — ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING school, 12½ S. Broadway. Address correspondence School cheap. P. O. Box 45. 26

FOR SALE — CHEAP, A COMPLETE ODEURLESS evaporating apparatus, pump, pipe tank and cart. Address 1222 VALENCIA ST. 26

FOR SALE — SEATS FOR THE CYCLE races, indoor, sailor suit, Thanksgiving night, 25c each. 10TH AND MAIN ST. 26

FOR SALE — LARGE IMPORTATION OF hats, 1000 pieces. Address 12½ S. Broadway. R. W. PIERCE & CO. S. Spring. 26

FOR SALE — 1000 NICELY PRINTED business cards; other printing in proportion. FOX & ELSON, 12½ S. South Broadway. 26

FOR SALE — SNAP, 4-SEATED CONVEYANCE, leather, can be had for \$100 if taken at once. Inquire 902 S. Hill St. 26

FOR SALE — BEAUTIFUL NEW HIGH-grade piano, taken at debt \$150 less than cost. 12½ S. Clark. 26

FOR SALE — EGGS FROM PERE-BRED Muscovy ducks, weighing 2½ lbs. 3 months old. 15½ W. SEVENTH ST. 26

FOR SALE — LADY'S WHEEL. On will rent for a few months to reliable person at 15½ W. SEVENTH ST. 26

FOR SALE — CHEAP, PHYSICIAN'S OFFICE furniture and appliances; low rent; central. Address Z. box 52. TIMES OFFICE. 26

FOR SALE — BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS presents: 1899 model Rambler bicycles. K. COWAN, 26½ and 29½ W. Fifth st. 26

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FOR SALE — MAHOGANY FURNITURE 100 years old; tables and stands. Address 12½ S. TUESDAY ONE. 26

FOR SALE — CHRISTMAS presents: 1899 model Rambler bicycles. K. COWAN, 26½ and 29½ W. Fifth st. 26

FOR SALE — 1000 MODEL RAMBLER Bicycles are already here; price \$60. K. COWAN, 26½ and 29½ W. Fifth st. 26

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Liners.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Miscellaneous.

ONE OR TWO PAIRS OF AUTH FROM each to show who wants to join in a new business enterprise to be started in Los Angeles that will pay a profit at least, more than \$1000 per month. Good legitimate, safe and a complete monopoly. Parties who can take active salaries paid will appeal to and be induced by any conservative experienced business man who may be engaged for by addressing Z, box 25, TIMES OFFICE. 26

BUSINESS INTERESTED ELSEWHERE WILL sell well-established business, the chance to step into good business on small investment; nothing asked for good will, will sell for part or part of business man who may be engaged for by addressing Z, box 25, TIMES OFFICE. 26

FOR SALE—A BUSINESS OF SEVEN years' standing; good profits can be realized. Address A, box 26, TIMES OFFICE. 26

GOOD MONEY-MAKING PROPOSITION FOR \$100, nearly full amount in contracts already secured. Address A, box 27, TIMES OFFICE. 26

CHANCE TO GET \$100 OF REVENUE FOR REAL ESTATE, for 25c at the indoor saucer cycle race Thanksgiving night. TENTH AND MAIN STS. 26

LOS ANGELES BUSINESS EXCHANGE— 26

COR. SECOND AND SPRING STS. 26

A GENTLEMAN HAVING THE AGENCY for the United States and Canada, immediate sale and pays big profits, positive party to take half interest and open main office. 26

FOR SALE—A BUSINESS OF SEVEN years' standing; good profits can be realized. Address A, box 28, TIMES OFFICE. 26

\$1000—A TRUSTEEN LODGING-HOUSE, close in Spring st., current all the year round, with furnished, moderate rooms \$75 per month. 26

HARBER SHOP FOR SALE FOR \$100, excellent business; fixtures now, 3 doors from post-office. Address A, box 29, TIMES OFFICE. 26

FOR SALE—EGG-CRACKING STEAM CANDY, big truck, good bargain, going away. 26

FOR SALE—GROCERY, FEED AND FUEL business; old, paying off, good. 26

ELEGANT CANDY STORE AND FACTORY, prominent street, close in bargain. 26

SPRING-ST. CIGAR STAND AND INVOICE, 2 years old, good, paying off, away. 26

CHICKEN RANCH AND 16 ACRES LAND for \$500, part cash; house, horse wagon etc. 26

VALUABLE PATENT RIGHT FOR LOS ANGELES COUNTY, a very good one. 26

FOR SALE—A MEDICAL ELECTRICAL business; cost \$3000, big sacrifice; only \$600. 26

FOR SALE—AN OLD HEAVY BAKERY, makes 1000 loaves a day, 2nd floor, 26

FOR SALE—INTEREST IN POPULAR CLUB business, pleasant and profitable. 26

A GENTLEMAN HAVING THE AGENCY ON NEW ENGLAND AVENUE, first-class, a selected lady or gent; first-class. 26

FOR SALE—OLD CASH MEAT MARKET, large, paying trade; positive bargain. 26

FOR SALE—A VERY OLD, POPULAR DELI- 26

CERY store, making big money; price \$500. 26

FOR SALE—A LIVE ENTHUSIATIC AND UP-TO-DATE businessman who has \$200 cash ready for investment. I will present opportunity seldom found in this country. Write me direct, no sums, must have executive ability, be able to handle men. Address Z, box 22, TIMES OFFICE. 26

ARE YOU LOOKING FOR A CHICKEN BUSINESS? Have the largest, finest equipped brooder-houses and chicken yards in Southern California, ready, strung up, and can come attend to all calls. Call attorney or write POULTRY, 28 S. Raymond, Pasadena. 26

DO YOU WANT TO MAKE BIG MONEY with an investment of about \$1000? Do you catch on to a good thing when you see it? You may be interested in a legitimate business, no scheme; no fear; answer this ad. Box 30, TIMES OFFICE. 26

SHOOTING GALLERIE FOR SALE—VIEH 26

SHOOTING, gunning outfit, adjoining will involve far more than \$1000. Address A, box 31, TIMES OFFICE. 26

THE OPPORTUNITY IS PRESENTED WHEREBY good men or two men as partners can make a fortune in a business that will pay more than \$200 net profit monthly; particulars only at interview. Address A, box 32, TIMES OFFICE. 26

DO YOU HAVE TIME FOR QUICK ACTION and the ability to handle several men on the road selling one of the best household specialties in the world? Write me direct, no time lost; we can do it for you. What I am offering. Address Z, box 33, TIMES OFFICE. 26

WOULD LIKE TO MEET EASTERN MAN, young, willing to help, to help him get his start. New household article, no patent medicine or fake; held unlimited; \$1000 to start required. Address Y, box 34, TIMES OFFICE. 26

\$1700 CASH GAINED BY PARTY OF QUICK decision, all who know good things when they see them, something new and novel, and very lucrative. Address Z, box 35, TIMES OFFICE. 26

\$1800—AGREEABLE OUTDOOR BUSINESS, no competition; nets \$1500 annual. 26

FOR SALE—A BUSINESS EXCHANGE, ENTRANCE 425 WILSON BLDG. 26

IF ANY MAN WANTS A GOOD BICYCLE and nicely repaired, good trade; no patent medicine or fake; held unlimited; \$1000 to start required. Address Y, box 36, TIMES OFFICE. 26

FOR SALE—A JEWELRY BUSINESS, stock and fixtures great sacrifice if taken at all. Address A, box 37, TIMES OFFICE. 26

A YOUNG WIDOW WISHES A GENTLEMAN to assist her financially for a few weeks. Address Y, box 38, TIMES OFFICE. 26

ANTED—TO BUY BUSINESS, \$100 to \$600; good trade, no patent medicine or fake; held unlimited. Address A, box 39, TIMES OFFICE. 26

FOR SALE—A BUSINESS OF SEVERAL YEARS' standing would like to meet a party with capital to engage in a first-class personal property and business. Address A, box 40, TIMES OFFICE. 26

FOR SALE—A RELIABLE LODGING-HOUSE, fine, best location in city; 30 rooms; central; signs, etc. good location. If you want a place give us a call. BAND & CO., 12 S. Broadway. 26

\$1500—THE BEST HAY, GRAIN AND FUEL business; good trade, no patent medicine or fake; held unlimited; \$1000 to start required. Address A, box 41, TIMES OFFICE. 26

FOR SALE—A BUSINESS OF SEVEN YEARS' standing; good chance for lady with business ability; good trade, no patent medicine or fake; held unlimited; \$1000 to start required. Address A, box 42, TIMES OFFICE. 26

FOR SALE—A BUSINESS OF SEVEN YEARS' standing; good chance for lady with business ability; good trade, no patent medicine or fake; held unlimited; \$1000 to start required. Address A, box 43, TIMES OFFICE. 26

FOR SALE—A BUSINESS OF SEVEN YEARS' standing; good chance for lady with business ability; good trade, no patent medicine or fake; held unlimited; \$1000 to start required. Address A, box 44, TIMES OFFICE. 26

FOR SALE—A BUSINESS OF SEVEN YEARS' standing; good chance for lady with business ability; good trade, no patent medicine or fake; held unlimited; \$1000 to start required. Address A, box 45, TIMES OFFICE. 26

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FOR SALE—A BUSINESS OF SEVEN YEARS' standing; good chance for lady with business ability; good trade, no patent medicine or fake; held unlimited; \$1000 to start required. Address A, box 47, TIMES OFFICE. 26

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FOR SALE—A BUSINESS OF SEVEN YEARS' standing; good chance for lady with business ability; good trade, no patent medicine or fake; held unlimited; \$10

XVIII YEAR.

THEATERS—

With Dates of Events.



WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, NOV. 27. Matinee Today.

Matchless! Matchless!! New Vaudeville!

Observe—This bill is one of the finest
that the Orpheum Circuit has ever
sent to Los Angeles.

IT'S A WORLD BEATER.

MARGUERITE CORNILLE,
The Lyric Venus. A Parisian Beauty.Ryan and Ritchfield
... in ...
"The Headless Man"Jerome
... and
Alexis,
The Crocodile and
the Frog.Cheridah Simpson,
Comedienne
and Musical Artist.Goggin
... and
Davis,
Comedy Aerobats.

BURTON'S WONDERFUL DOGS—GREATEST ANIMAL ACT ON EARTH.

Baby Ruth Roland. | Leo Carle, Lightning Change Artist.

....THE TRIP TO PARIS.....

Is one of the biggest hits that ever was achieved. The people are wild in their enthusiasm. The coupons are eagerly sought for. REMEMBER—The contest closes Jan. 10, and the most coupons will win the TRIP TO PARIS.

PRICES NEVER CHANGING—Best reserved seats, down stairs, 25c and 50c; entire balcony, 25c; gallery, 10c. Matines Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday, any seat 25c. Children, any seat, 10c. Telephone Main 1447.

LOS ANGELES THEATER—G. M. WOOD, H. C. WYATT, Lessees. Three Nights—Nov. 30, Dec. 1 and 2—Matines Thursday and Saturday—BROADHURST'S Latest and Why Smith Left Home. Four months at the Strand Theater, London three months at the Madison Square Theater, New York City. A Star Comedy Cast. Bargain Matinees Saturday Dec. 2—prices 25c and 50c. Seats now on sale—prices 25c, 50c, 75c and \$1.00. Phone Main 70.

LOS ANGELES THEATER—G. M. WOOD, H. C. WYATT, Lessees. FRIDAY AFTERNOON, DEC. 1st, 2 p.m.—First Concert of the Season 1899-1900.

Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra, HARLEY HAMILTON, Director. Holders of Season Tickets Exchange Coupons for Reserved Seats. Seats now on sale—Prices 25c, 50c, 75c and \$1.00. Phone Main 70.

MOROSCO'S BURBANK THEATER—OLIVER MOROSCO, Lessee and Manager. M TONIGHT! TONIGHT! TONIGHT! THE POPULAR YOUNG COMEDIAN.

HARRY CORSON CLARKE In George H. Broadhurst's Great Comedy Success

What Happened to Jones.

Prices Always the Same—15c, 25c, 35c and 50c.

MATINEE SATURDAY. Telephone Main 1270.

AMUSEMENTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS—

With Dates of Events.

HAZARD'S PAVILION, NOV. 30—

Everybody should be at the big

Thanksgiving Concert

THURSDAY Evening, Nov. 30. 1500 VOICES—75 IN ORCHESTRA.

Vocal Solo, Madame Johnston Bishop; 100 Men Sing Two Choruses, 400 Little Men and Women Sing Two Choruses.

Mr. A. Miller, director Miss Matie Williams, accompanist.

Reserved seats at J. B. BROWNS, 313 S. Broadway. Prices 15c and 25c.

STRICH FARM SOUTH PASADENA—

Special

Sunday Rates TODAY

Round Trip on Electric Cars

Including Admission to Farm.

25c FIESTA PARK—THANKSGIVING DAY—

At 2 p.m.—Elmonton vs. L. A. High School—Under the auspices of the Los Angeles Athletic Club. Admission 50c.

BLANCHARD HALL—Saturday, Matinee 2:30 p.m.—

MISS KATHERINE OLIVER, Reader and Impersonator.

"That Lass o' Lowrie's."

Seats on sale 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. Management F. W. Blanchard

SUNDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 26, 1899.

Plays and Players—Music and Musicians.

AT THE THEATERS.

IT IS unusual for Los Angeles to have two pieces by the same author presented at different theaters in the same week, but that is to be the situation beginning November 30, December 1 and 2, and at a matinee on Thanksgiving day and Saturday, "Why Smith Left Home," by George H. Broadhurst, will be presented at the Los Angeles Theater; another of that playwright's plays being presented at another theater, as announced elsewhere in this column. The action of this farce takes place during one summer's day in the home of Smith, a prosperous self-made man recently married to a girl twenty years his junior. Business has prevented their taking the usual wedding journey, and to Smith's dismay all their friends and relatives have thought it an opportunity time to drop in on the young couple and stay a few weeks. By the exception of his maiden sister, and to the great relief of the bride, to whom he is very attached, his old admirer, Maj. Duncombe, to visit them. The night before the opening of the play, the major had proposed to Miss Smith. The brother's joy is so great on hearing the news that he reveals the reason for the major's invitation, the result being that the father of the bride, who is a retired things pleasant Mrs. Smith's brother, a young college man, comes and brings his wife to visit them, and his wife's aunt, who is an aunt by nature, but a mother-in-law by instinct, also sweeps down on the pair, accompanied by a husband, and Smith's planing how to get rid of all these people effectively, the author has built his main series of complications. There are some very engaging minor plays running through the piece, leading to a series of misunderstandings from which arises a number of situations, which are truly comic. The cast includes the following well-known stage people: Frank Larrish, Jr., Eugene Redding, C. Jay Willson, L. Melick Roberts, Gilbert Gardner, Carina Jordan, Nellie Maskell, Jennie Engle, Little Williams, Salter, Rose Hubbard, Belle Chamberlin and Lizzie May Ulmer.

The Orpheum promises a new show this week that will be up to the standard, in all its details, or anything yet attained in vaudeville entertainment. The headline is Marguerite Cornille, a Parisian star who draws a big salary and is pronounced a great sensation. Miss Cornille has just completed a three weeks' stay in San Francisco, where her success was most pronounced. She is said to be very beautiful, and possessed of a most captivating way. Ryan and Ritchfield will appear in a funny sketch called "The Headless Man." This is said to be one of the most ludicrous skits ever seen at the Orpheum. Cheridah Simpson is a singing comedienne who gives delicate imitations of guitars, mandolins, organs, etc., her piece de resistance being the rendering of the "El Capitan" march in every key of the piano, transposing with remarkable rapidity while playing. Goggin and Davis, who are pronounced a musical freak of an astonishing kind. Although we have had many dog shows in the history of the Orpheum, Burton's dogs, that make their first appearance tomorrow night, are said to be at the zenith of canine intelligence and training. Leo Carle, lighting change artist, and Jerome and Alexis, the comedy acrobats; Jerome and Alexis, contortionists, and Baby Ruth Roland comprise the holdovers. A special matinee will be given on Thanksgiving day.

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Music and Musicians. ✪ People in Society. ✪ Personal Gossip.

Paderewski answered, formally, as if he had made up his mind to utter only a few words. "The opera is a secret, and I have been assured that nobody had theretofore heard even the vaguest hint of it."

"It is a lyric subject," said Paderewski, "musical in its character throughout, and it is not especially Polish. There is something of the Slavonic about it, but most of it, gypsy."

"The scene?"

"No; no, the music. I say it is not especially Polish, but rather gypsy. No national airs, of course," he explained, "only color. And it is, generally, in the style of a gypsy. But there is the principal interest is concentrated in the orchestra. On the other hand, do not forget that it is really musical, the dramatic is not dominant, and I think that those who love the tuneful will not altogether dispense with it. There is a ballet in the first act, and of course a ballet must be dancant—wild dances like the scardas. If you have been along the Danube, you must remember those passionate dances of the people—not the tourist-appealing exhibitions of the Budapest gypsies, but the real thing. When the ballet is not, the real thing, then the ballet is not the real thing. It is not independent of the dramatic action, but much connected with the development of the story. The ballet will last more than half an hour. The story of the conflict of two races, the Slavonic people and the gypsies. The hero is a gypsy, while the heroine is a Slave."

"I suppose that I may say that the story ends happily?" I asked.

"No, tragically." "Where is the scene laid? Along the Danube? It must be not far from your new property in Galicia?"

"It is," he beamed. "It happens in the mountains between Galicia and Hungary, in the Tatra Mountains. It is a wild country though the English are here. You will find it there, however, a good impression of it going down the Danube where you see great droves of pigs and cattle, lonely mills in the river, lonely castles on the mountain crags, with the silence all around broken only by the splashing of water or the song of gypsy songs. My valley in the Tatra Mountains is only 100 miles north from Gran, on the Danube. Though an old, long-settled country—the Roman Emperor Trajan, conquered it in his Dacian campaign—it is primitive today. The young girls of the country come down to the river, the river undismayed, and the most delicate courtesy between man and man is maintained by means of the knife."

"And this is the scene of your opera?" "Yes, and it is my name," he said, "and as you would call it in America. The place is large—3000 acres, hilly and wooded. There are two rivers, one going through my park near to the house, while the other forms one of the boundaries of the estate. My own river I stocked with 100,000 trout last spring. We have two parks of our own, however. There is any quantity of big game, deer, wild boars, and even bear, but I shall scarcely do any hunting. I do not like killing."

"And fishing?"

"I am not fish, either," replied Paderewski, "but as the rivers are there they might as well be stocked. I am fond of woods and walks. It is my passion to wander in the great forests, haunted by the nymphs and goblins, deities and devils, were-wolves and were-trolls, the keepers of the borders of old peoples. I assure you we have all that down there. And yet, by the Orient express it is only thirty-three hours from Paris to Czeczkovice, the station nearest to my old Slavonic wilderness."

"Do you still call it?" I asked, and the patriotic Pole, who secretly resents the Russian pronunciation of his name—which properly is "Pad-er-es-ky" and not "Pad-er-of-sky" or "Pad-er-off-sky"—wrote down for me the name of the station: "Station Czeczkovice, for the benefit of any traveling Americans who may find themselves in the Tatra mountains. They will also find shelter and a glass of Röhl-Bosendorfer or Paderewski kirschwasser at the "ranch," two miles west of Czeczkovice, across the mountain, the second turn to the left, the third to the right, and then over the bridge. Ring the lodge bell and 'ware the dogs, whose names are Oras, Warta, Skow, Gniezna and Manon."

Loyalty to Our Own Musicians.

There are very encouraging signs of progress in the musical growth of America. We are beginning to produce our own artists. Heretofore we have imported them, and it is contrary to all principles of political economy to import what can and should be raised at home. We have protected some of our own, but not all. We have plate, but no one has thought of protecting American artists. Music, like wheat, has always borne the competition of the world. Just in proportion as Yankee notions have risen in the home market, Yankee dealers have lost favor. They have been afraid and ashamed of their own art for a good many years. They have a faith in themselves, not in their own home musicians. "She sings well," they say of the church soprano, "not of course, like one who has had advantages in Europe, but very well." Not a poet that has settled among us has ever escaped the note of apology in the praises accorded his best efforts. To be local has been fatal.

Now, the musical condition of a country depends on the loyalty of each section to the interests of the rest, the faith and satisfaction in his own success accorded the provincial genius by his own country-side. This liking for one's own explains the full musical life of foreign lands. The current notes of foreign musical papers are crowded with details of Italian, French, German and French musicians whose names are totally unfamiliar to us, but who have had their following in their own locality; have written, edited, played, sung and lived and died in honor. Until every section of broad America can boast its own advertising musicians—men whose sales grow, flowers and ripples at home, there will be no true development of the art of music in this country.

Color Music the Latest.

Can sounds be translated into color, and can the musical tones that now exist solely for the ear, be transformed until they appeal definitely to the eye as well? That is the modern and also an old question which is being answered in the affirmative by the detection of what is known as "color music."

The art has suddenly become a serious one, and a wealthy artist named Rivington, who lives in London, has recently invented and put into operation, at a cost of nearly \$10,000, a color organ by means of which, as certain notes are struck, the mouth is reproduced in a bewildering succession of color tones and combinations on a screen, at the same instant they are heard by the ear.

At a preliminary "recital" in St. James's Hall recently, the delicacy of the instrument was demonstrated, and was tested, and its responsiveness was found to be wholly adequate. Chopin's preludes were played, and the screen showed a bewildering succession of rhythmical waves of color, passing so rapidly that it was hard for the eye to take it all in, ranging from beaming to red, from the spectrum of green and flashing out onto the intermediate tones, half-tones and quarter-tones of color, but also innumerable lovely combinations which

theretofore had never suggested themselves to the imagination, but were the inevitable results of a harmony that worked the same for the eye as for the ear.

Hardly possible and more within the domain of fairyland than the regions of actual science, seems this art of "color music," but is certain that those who love the tuneful will not altogether dispense with it. There is a ballet in the first act, and of course a ballet must be dancant—wild dances like the scardas. If you have been along the Danube, you must remember those passionate dances of the people—not the tourist-appealing exhibitions of the Budapest gypsies, but the real thing.

On the other hand, do not forget that it is really musical, the dramatic is not dominant, and I think that those who love the tuneful will not altogether dispense with it. There is a ballet in the first act, and of course a ballet must be dancant—wild dances like the scardas. If you have been along the Danube, you must remember those passionate dances of the people—not the tourist-appealing exhibitions of the Budapest gypsies, but the real thing.

CHURCH MUSIC.

PROGRAMMES TO BE PRESENTED AT TODAY'S SERVICES.

IMMANUEL PRESBYTERIAN, corner Figueroa and tenth streets, Morning: Organ, "Impromptu" (Wiegman); "O Worship the Lord" (Watson); "Gloria Patri" (Shuey); response, "Behold, Let us Love" (Foot); offertory, "I, John, Saw the Holy City" (Shelley); Mr. Miller; organ, "March" (Mafly).

Evening: Organ, "Melody" (Bergeridge); "God be Merciful Unto Us" (Reynolds); offertory, "O Christ, Redeemer" (Klein); Mrs. Scarborough; "O Jesus Thou art Standing" (Hauser-Cornell); organ, "March Lyr" (Whitaker).

CATHEDRAL OF ST. VIBIANA, Main street, between Second and Third streets. Morning: Solemn high mass will be celebrated at 10:30 o'clock. The choir will render "Farmer's Mass in B-flat" (Purcell); offertory, "Salve Regina" (Buck); Miss Lillie Scanlon; A. J. Scanlan, organist.

ST. VINCENT'S CATHEDRAL, corner Grand avenue and Washington street. Morning: Solemn high mass will be celebrated at 10:30. The choir will render Haydn's "Seventh Mass"; "Vini Creator"; male quartette; offering, "Maria" (Wiegman); B. S. Stomann; Prof. T. W. Wilde, organist and conductor.

CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN, 209 South Broadway. Morning: "Again Returns the Day of Holy Rest" (Brock); response, "Through the Day" (Marshall); offertory, "When the Lord Turned Again the Captivity of Zion" (Glock); "Prayer" (Suddes); organ, "Jesus, Savior of My Soul" (Wilson).

CHURCH OF THE UNITE, corner Third and Hill streets. Morning: "Prelude" (Franz Navia); "All is Well" (Stebbins); male quartette, Waldo Ames, Evan Baldwin, Tom Shaw, F. E. McPherson; anthem, "Carry My Soul to Prayer" (Suddes); organ, "Postlude" (Costa).

Evening: "The Land of Rest" (Pinsuti) (Marshall); "Jesus Who on Calvary's Mountain" (Mendelssohn).

INDEPENDENT CHURCH OF CHRIST, Simpson Auditorium, Morning, 10:45; Organ (a) "Prelude" (Southard); (b) "Traumerei" (Schumann); (c) "Romanza" (Mozart); anthem, "My God" (Hawthorne); offertory, "Prayer" (Suddes); organ, "Postlude" (Costa).

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN, corner Twentieth and Figueroa streets. Morning: "Savior Source of Every Blessing" (W. Goodl); "Gloria Patri" (Bush); response, (Holz); "Day of Wrath" (Krebs); offertory, "Behold, the Lamb" (Hollabird); "Turn Again the Captivity of Zion" (Glock); "Prayer" (Suddes); organ, "Postlude" (Costa).

Evening: "The Land of Rest" (Pinsuti) (Marshall); "Jesus Who on Calvary's Mountain" (Mendelssohn).

MR. AND MRS. W. D. SMALL entertained their friends informally at cards Friday evening at their home, No. 273 Severance street. The rooms were brightened with white and yellow chrysanthemums, ferns and palms. Seven-hand euchre was the game played, after which refreshments were served. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Minor, Mr. and Mrs. John G. Mossin, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Earl, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Drake, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick T. Griffith, Mr. and Mrs. Perry Doyle, Dr. and Mrs. Granville MacGovern, Mr. and Mrs. William M. Gardner, Mr. A. W. Wilcox, Mrs. Mary A. Longstreet, Mrs. Margaret Hobbs, Miss Wolters; Messrs. Will Wolters and Alfred Wilcox.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Patterson entered their friends informally at cards Friday evening at their home, No. 273 Severance street. The rooms were brightened with white and yellow chrysanthemums, ferns and palms. Seven-hand euchre was the game played, after which refreshments were served. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Chase, Those present were Misses Hazel Wissman, Milton Lindley, Susan Bothwell, S. K. Lindley, Carlay Bothwell, Robert Bothwell, Dorothy Bothwell, Helen Bothwell, Frances Bothwell, Shirley Bothwell, Elizabeth Bothwell, Jessie Bothwell, Inez Clark, Bessie Coulter, Hattie Coulter, Mary Clark, Georgia Caswell, Clute, Dillon, Mary Bell Elliott, Edith Furrey, Florence Field, Helen Field, Hilda Field, Hillie Howe, Louise Hill, Hilda Hadley, Susie Howard, Loren Hanson of Pasadena, Georgia Knight, Kurtz, Grace Mellus, Marguerite Moore, Helen Newhall, Gertrude Mason, Riley, Genevieve Smith, Lydia Smith, Lelia Smith, Lelia Smith, Whiting, Williams, Sabinas, Laura Works, Weid, Florence, Elizabeth Shankland, Helen del Valle, May Newton, Louise Kinney and Dr. Elizabeth Follansbee.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Boshyshell and the Misses Boshyshell entertained a large number of their friends at a reception Friday afternoon at their home, No. 1121 Ingram street. The hall, drawing-room and parlors were decorated with pink carnations and smilax; red carnations and smilax; red roses, palms and smilax were used in the drawing room, and the reception room was decorated with yellow chrysanthemums. A cozy corner was arranged in the hall, where punch was served by Miss Georgia Beck of Pasadena and Miss Iona Higgins. Miss Lindley was seated in the mother's chair, her daughter, Walter Lindley; her sister, Mrs. Walter Farnsworth, and Miss Ida B. Lindley. Those present were Misses Hazel Wissman, Milton Lindley, Susan Bothwell, S. K. Lindley, Carlay Bothwell, Robert Bothwell, Dorothy Bothwell, Helen Bothwell, Frances Bothwell, Shirley Bothwell, Elizabeth Bothwell, Jessie Bothwell, Inez Clark, Bessie Coulter, Hattie Coulter, Mary Clark, Georgia Caswell, Clute, Dillon, Mary Bell Elliott, Edith Furrey, Florence Field, Helen Field, Hilda Hadley, Louise Hill, Hilda Hadley, Susie Howard, Loren Hanson of Pasadena, Georgia Knight, Kurtz, Grace Mellus, Marguerite Moore, Helen Newhall, Gertrude Mason, Riley, Genevieve Smith, Lydia Smith, Lelia Smith, Lelia Smith, Whiting, Williams, Sabinas, Laura Works, Weid, Florence, Elizabeth Shankland, Helen del Valle, May Newton, Louise Kinney and Dr. Elizabeth Follansbee.

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Evening: "Processional, 'Praise my Soul, the King of Heaven' (Haydn); "The Deuteronomist" (Barney); "Magnificat" (Fisher); organ, "Invocation in B Sharp" (Guilmant); "Grant to Us Lord" (Barney).

CHRIST EPISCOPAL, corner Flower and Pico streets. Morning: Processional, "This is the Day of Light" (German); "The Deuteronomist" (Barney); "Magnificat" (Fisher); organ, "Invocation in B Sharp" (Guilmant); "Grant to Us Lord" (Barney).

EVENING: "Processional, 'I sought the Lord' (Stevenson); "Alice Eaton Smith and choir; recessional, "Oft in Danger, Oft in Woe" (Guillet).

Evening: "Processional, "Praise my Soul, the King of Heaven" (Haydn); "The Deuteronomist" (Barney); "Magnificat" (Fisher); organ, "Invocation in B Sharp" (Guilmant); "Grant to Us Lord" (Barney).

ST. JOHN'S EPISCOPAL, corner Adams and Figueroa. Morning: "Prelude" (Largetto); "Sonata" (Sousa); "Num Dimittis" (Novello); anthem, "O How Amiable" (Barney); hymn, "Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee" (Sousa); "Gloria Patri" (Woodward); hymn, "Softly Now the Light of Day" (Weber); recessional, "The Day is Done and Over" (Dykes); W. F. Chase, organist and choir-master.

EVENING: "Prelude," "Evening Prayer" (Smart); processional, "When All Thy Merits Are Considered" (Winchester); "Choral Evensong" (Tallis); "Magnificat" (Smart); "Num Dimittis" (Novello); anthem, "O How Amiable" (Barney); hymn, "Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee" (Sousa); "Gloria Patri" (Woodward); hymn, "Softly Now the Light of Day" (Weber); recessional, "The Day is Done and Over" (Dykes); W. F. Chase, organist and choir-master.

PARK BAND CONCERTS.

Following is the programme of the concert by the Santa Catalina Island Marine Band at Westlake Park at 2 p.m. today:

"American Triumphant March" (Johnson); "La Serenata" (Italian waltz (Jaxone); overture, "Stradella" (Flotow); "The Famous Minuet" (Paderewski); "Southern Hospitality" (Pryor); humorous descriptive piece, "The Band Didn't Strike" (Daly); "Spring Song" (Mendelssohn); "Cotton Blossoms" (Hall); themes from "Marietta" (Wallace); "Fairy Dance" (characteristic) (Herman); serenade, "Mexicana"; Lied, "Chanson"; "La Cinquante" (fair in olden style) (Marie); "Louisiana Buck" (Dance) (Brooks); "Yankee Doodle."

HOLLENBECK PARK.

The Southern California Band will give a concert at Hollenbeck Park at 2 p.m. today, when the following programme will be rendered:

"March, "Washington Greys" (Griffith); waltz, "Charlatan" (Sousa); selection, "Robert le Diable" (Meyerbeer); Spanish serenade, "La Rosa" (Belter); medley, "The Coroner" (Mackie); overture, "America" (Tobin); "Lorraine Buck" (Dance) (Brooks); "Yankee Doodle."

MISS MAME BENNETT of No. 1251 West First street, entertained the society of young ladies, who style themselves the "Young Ladies of Los Angeles," and their young ladies of the society were gowned in Japanese costume. The rooms were decorated with various colored chrysanthemums and numerous Japanese posters and Japanese lanterns. The programme consisted of readings by several members of the class and several vocal solos and trios. The trios, "Willow Willow" and "Three Little Maids," were artfully rendered by Miss Clark, Miss Gleason and Miss Bennett. Miss Gleason, Miss Clark and Mr. Baldwin sang several songs and singing was done.

After the programme, tea was served. Besides the members of the society and their young men friends, there were present Miss Haffen Sinsabaugh, Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Willard and Mrs. F. M. Porter; Messrs. F. Willard, Goodwin, F. M. Porter, M. Willard.

Misses Warren and Robert Garber gave an engagement dinner yesterday evening at the home of the latter on South Hope street, in honor of Miss Bertha Crouch and Martin A. Chase, whose engagement was recently announced. Carnations and smilax, roses and chrysanthemums. The guests were rendered consisting of a recitation by Miss Goodrich; vocal solo, Miss Whitmore; piano solo, Miss Whitmore; violin, Misses Irene Stephens, Birdie Chansler, Clara Carpenter, Genevieve Smith, Helen Eaton, Laura Schwartz; Misses Sam Haskins, Will Innis, Robert Rowan, and Philip Lyons.

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Given in the Auditorium for the benefit of the Pasadena Club.

Hon. H. W. Magee arrived from San Francisco Thursday to remain with his family over Thanksgiving.

The marriage of Mrs. Minnie Klump and Joseph Chudley was solemnized Wednesday evening at the Lincoln Avenue Methodist Church, Rev. R. L. Brundage officiating.

W. A. Chamberlain left Thursday for San Francisco. He sailed for Honolulu yesterday en route to Japan. Miss Barrett and Miss Emily Barrett of St. John's avenue entertained Thursday evening at a horro party. About thirty friends attended, and the guests entered the reception room one each was requested to take their especial horror. In packages were numerous live spiders, gas balls and dentist appointments, and similar horrific things. Each guest was provided with a small bottle of perfume, and the packages were auctioned off. When opened the horror depicted upon the faces of the purchasers of the packages was sufficient to note the derivation of the name of the party. Several surprising events took place.

The engagement of Miss Eileen Crossley of North Euclid avenue and C. O. Metcalf of North Raymond avenue is announced.

Mrs. Charles A. Patch of Boston is among recent arrivals. She has taken apartments at Molino Avenue and Walnut street.

Mrs. R. M. Agnew, son and daughter of Lancaster, Pa., are at the Casa Grande for the season.

Miss Eileen Jacobs will leave Monday for her former home in Shreveport, La., where she will be a bride-to-be in the wedding of a schoolmate.

A brilliant gathering assembled at the home of H. G. Reynolds last Thursday evening on the occasion of the parlor lecture by Prof. Joseph Grinnell who has recently returned. William Cleland, the popular violinist and Miss Goodwin played piano solos. The entertainment was given for the benefit of the Parish Home of All Saints' Church.

Cards are out for the wedding of Miss Lena Nord Terwilleger and Louis Hlavik, which will occur December 4 in All Saints' Church.

Santa Barbara.

THE Country Club gave the first big dance of the season Monday night. The clubhouse was crowded with guests, who spent a lively evening. The club grounds are in almost perfect condition, and the broad verandas, hung with flowers, add greatly to the pleasure of these club evenings.

The only private dance given in the city during the week was one given Friday night at the Woman's Club. About thirty persons made up this party. They were all of the younger set.

Lodge affairs are booming, almost all of the local lodges, as well as the churches, have social evenings in contemplation.

On Thursday evening the Foresters had a lecture evening, with music, at their lodgings, and on Friday night the United Methodist had a lecture on scientific dancing. A great many persons always attend these lodge affairs, many of the lodges entertaining always between 200 and 300 guests.

Mrs. and Mrs. Fred M. Frye have returned from Chicago, where they were recently married at the bride's home. They will live at No. 1331 Santa Barbara street.

The Corbeau Euchre Club held a meeting Thursday afternoon at the residence of Mrs. J. C. Wilson. Mrs. Squires captured the first prize, and Miss Hernster won the consolation prize.

Mrs. and Mrs. Lewis Gersten of San Francisco are in the city visiting Mrs. B. J. Lillenthal.

Ventura.

WEDNESDAY afternoon Miss Mary E. Donlon and Charles R. Rowe of Goleta were married at the residence of Charles Donlon, near Huene. Rev. Father Pajol officiated.

Miss Blanche Wineman will leave this week for an extended visit with relatives in Denver and Chicago.

Nathan T. Newby of Wayne county, Ind., is visiting his uncle, City Clerk J. F. Newby.

H. Walker Healy of Bakersfield spent last week with relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Conner are visiting in Los Angeles.

A juvenile party was given by Miss Mamie Henze Saturday evening.

Mrs. Ed. M. Wagner is visiting in Los Angeles.

San Diego.

THE wedding of John S. Ackerman and Miss Bessie Lewis took place at high noon Wednesday at St. Paul's Episcopal Church. Rev. H. B. Restarick officiated. The bride is a sister of Mrs. George G. Garretson of this city. Following the ceremony, breakfast was served at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George G. Garretson, No. 811 E street. The bridal party left on the noon train for Los Angeles and the North. They will return after a couple of weeks and will be at home after January 8 at No. 1545 Fourth street.

Mrs. O. J. Stough entertained during the past week at her home on Florence Heights. The halls, reception rooms and parlors were decorated with roses, carnations, ferns and lilies.

The Amphion Club gave their regular fortnightly recital at the W. W. Bowers residence Wednesday. A mixed programme was rendered.

The engagement of Miss Della Hizar, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Lydell Hizar of Coronado, is announced, to Frank Faron Carpenter of New York City.

Mrs. George C. Peckham of No. 1463 Third street gave a Thanksgiving dinner to a number of friends at the Country Club Wednesday.

Mrs. F. Hunt has returned to her home in the east after visit with Mrs. G. S. Bates.

The Decem Club gave a golf supper at the Country Club Friday evening, followed by a dance.

Mr. and Mrs. James MacMullen have been in San Francisco the greater part of this month visiting friends and relatives.

Mrs. N. A. Campbell and Mrs. H. B. Donville of San Francisco are in the city.

Mrs. Gabriel Morton and daughter of the City of Mexico who have been entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Heber Ingles the past month left for the North Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Barclay of Huron, S. D., are spending the winter at the home of his daughter, Mrs. R. H. Hubbard.

Mrs. Stella Klauber is spending the winter season in San Francisco.

C. K. McCleatchy, wife and son, who are visiting San Diego, are at present occupying Brownie cottage No. 2 at La Jolla.

Mrs. William A. Scripps entertained the La Jolla Woman's Club Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Wiard of Waukegan, Ill., will spend the winter in this vicinity. They are at present occupying the charming Green Dragon cottage at La Jolla.

Coronado Beach.

THE golf links are a favorite resort. Their popularity this year promises to be more pronounced than even last season. The social hour following the afternoon games at the pretty clubhouse is enjoyed by many who do not play golf. Prominent among the players are Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Otter, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Cook, Mrs. W. M. N. Mann, Miss Jarech, Misses Sturges, Carroll, Healy,



A Perfect Downpour of Bargains.

The final—the grand—the sensational dip into the deepest depths of low prices has been reached in the prices quoted here today. Every dollar's worth of these wraps and suits MUST be sold before January first, at which time we shall close for good. Such a gigantic slaughter of the very newest and swellest things in women's outer apparel will pack our store daily.



Silk Petticoats Slaughtered.

A dry goods store wouldn't yard off the silk for the prices at which these beautiful garments are marked.

Silk Petticoats

of the best quality Lyons finish plain tafta silk in blacks and alabasters; beauties should be marked with double ruffles; full width good length; \$6.00 skirt would be a genuine bargain at \$6.00;

Closing Out Price \$3.85

Silk Petticoats

of elegant quality high luster finish Lyons tafta silk; deep fringe wide double ruffle; all the very newest styles and Paris shades including exquisite old rose, blue, green, etc.; a truly royal skirt; \$15.00 what you will pay for a skirt of equal beauty and elegance in any store in town;

Closing Out Price \$8.85

Silk Petticoats

of the very best quality tafta silk; magnificient accordion pleated double ruffle; all the very newest styles and Paris shades including exquisite old rose, blue, green, etc.; a truly royal skirt; \$15.00 what you will pay for a skirt of equal beauty and elegance in any store in town;

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Women's Jackets

Slaughtered.

Bargains such as never will be known after these doors close. Prices are lower now than other stores will sell in January.

Ladies' Jackets—full silk-lined, best imported Covert cloth, seams and edges piped with velvet, double-breasted soft

\$4.95

Ladies' Jackets—Kersey cloth, royal or red, full silk lined, made of finest Washington kerseys, sold by dry goods stores at \$15.00;

Closing Out Price \$7.95

Ladies' Jackets—Washington Kerseys, short junty effects, in various colors, silk lined, bottom in scallop effect, with tailor stitching, worth \$15.00;

Closing Out Price \$9.75

Ladies' Jackets—Tejon, Kern county, spent part of the week as a guest of T. H. Dudley.

Santa Monica.

E. Bailey of Tejon, Kern county, spent part of the week as a guest of T. H. Dudley.

Mrs. Abbot Kinney and Mrs. T. H. Dudley are expected to return Monday from a trip to Washington, D. C., and other eastern cities.

San Bernardino.

MRS. FRANK DONNATIN is visiting friends at Santa Barbara.

Judge F. W. Gregg, C. C. Haskell, James Hutchings and James Fleming constituted the Arrowhead Club's delegation to the whist tournament at Pasadena.

James Raymond Smith and Mayme Mildred Briggs were married Wednesday evening at the home of the bride's mother on Seventh street, Rev. R. B. Taylor officiating.

James L. Woodring has returned from an extended visit with friends in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Kohl are back from their wedding trip, and have taken up their residence in Highland.

H. B. Hedges left for the East Tuesday, and will spend the winter in Baltimore, Md.

Edward Wall is in San Francisco. Thomas Fulker is back from a six-months' eastern trip.

Rev. J. D. Browne and wife were tendered a reception Wednesday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Boyd, on North D street, by the members of St. John's parish.

Riverside.

COL. R. A. EDY of Montana has returned to the Glenwood.

I. T. Strunk and family arrived from the East Tuesday, to spend the winter at the home of his father, Franklin Strunk.

Frank and Mrs. J. O. Perley of Montrose, Ill., will spend the winter at the home of H. R. Greene Jr.

Capt. M. A. Delle will leave this week for Washington, D. C. He will be accompanied by Mrs. Daniels and daughter, Mrs. M. J. Twogood.

A dancing party was given Tuesday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James McDougall, in celebration of the seventeenth birthday of their son, Stanley.

Mrs. Sadie Case of Winchester left Thursday for Detroit.

Mrs. Sanger E. French of Corona left Thursday for Worcester, Mass., where she will visit relatives.

Miss Kate Chase of Los Angeles is visiting her cousin, Mrs. M. J. Place.

Mrs. Mrs. Lowentrot and child of Los Angeles are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lowentrot, on East of Eighth street.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Branch entertained a company of friends Wednesday evening at their new home on walnut street.

Covina.

M. AND MRS. GEORGE E. ANDERSON entertained friends at the guest of J. E. Patterson on Holt avenue.

Prof. C. H. Shinn of Berkeley visited Superintendent J. W. Mills at the experiment station here on Friday.

Mrs. A. Terry, son and daughter, have arrived from Cortland, O., to spend the winter here.

Long Beach.

THE marriage of Miss Louise Kingcade and Charles S. Kelley took place Sunday afternoon, November 19, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. Kingcade, in Lucerne.

Miss Ada Covert was bridesmaid, and Warren Quinn of Los Angeles was best man. The ceremony was conducted by

On Saturday evening the Amphion

hosted a dinner for the members of the

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THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY.

H. G. OTIS.....President and General Manager.
HARRY CHANDLER.....Vice-President and Assistant General Manager.
L. E. MOSHER.....Managing Editor
ALBERT MC FARLAND.....Secretary
PUBLISHERS OF

The Los Angeles Times

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TEN DOLLARS REWARD.

The Times offers a reward of \$10 in cash for the apprehension, arrest and evidence which leads to conviction of any person caught stealing copies of The Times from the premises of subscribers.

THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY.

LAST WEEK, 181,920.

The circulation of the Los Angeles Times during the week ended Saturday, November 25, 1899, was 181,920 copies, as follows:

Sunday, November 19.....	37,000
Monday, November 20.....	24,020
Tuesday, November 21.....	24,110
Wednesday, November 22.....	24,100
Thursday, November 23.....	24,120
Friday, November 24.....	24,340
Saturday, November 25.....	24,230

Total for week.....181,920

Daily average.....25,988

DAWN IN THE PHILIPPINES.

If, as the New York World's bright young man at Hongkong says in a special to that newspaper, Aguinaldo has escaped, the loss is not great to the American army, and as far as the Island of Luzon is concerned, his removal by a steam launch or otherwise will prove a positive blessing to it.

If the Philippines are actually rid of this ambitious, but misguided, young Filipino, he is among those who "never will be missed." At the same time there is reason to believe that, following the style of other yellow correspondents, the World's bright young man has been drawing on his imagination for his facts. Our troops have been too close upon the trail of Aguinaldo, and he has been heard from too frequently of late at various points in the course of his flight, to make it appear probable that he has succeeded in eluding our forces and taken ship for Hongkong or some other seaport. But whether he is somewhere in hiding in the mountain fastnesses of Northern Luzon, it appears reasonably certain that the Aguinaldo rebellion is practically at an end, and that the most our troops will be called upon to do will be to run down and disperse marauding bands of bands.

The magnificent campaign of activity and resolute endeavor which our troops have been conducting during the past few weeks has evidently given the recalcitrant Filipinos some ideas of American vigor, valor and intrepidity that they had not heretofore dreamed of. Gen. Lawton and the other officers in command of our forces have been tireless and persistent. They have been stopped by neither flood in the swamps and rivers, nor by the fire of the enemy in the field; but, despite all obstacles, half-clad, hungry and exhausted, they have pressed on and on, driving the enemy from one trench to another, and from one position to another, until Aguinaldo's so-called army has been dissipated, disorganized and destroyed.

The spirit and courage of our men has been simply magnificent, and they have forever earned the unbounded gratitude of not only the American people, but of the natives of the Philippine Islands themselves, for it is a fact that the early conclusion of trouble in those islands means far more to the people thereof than to ourselves or our soldiers. The work of Maj.-Gen. Otis and the gallant officers under him has been superb in all its details. The problem they had to face has not been a simple one, but it has been solved with matchless sagacity, fine intelligence and a spirit of patriotism that must endear the names of these men to every American who is himself a loyal and faithful citizen of the republic.

The dispatches bring us many items of news from South Africa which would fit into a comic opera. Thus, we are informed that Cecil Rhodes, who is one of the leading causes of the present war, and is now shut up in the beleaguered town of Kimberley, is entertaining his friends every day with banquets, at which solid and liquid delicacies abound, and that he is sitting for a miniature of Amelia Kusner, the celebrated American artist, who is also one of the beleaguered residents. Another dispatch says that Rhodes has a big balloon ready, in which to make his escape should the Boers take the city by storm.

A VITAL QUESTION.

A Times Washington dispatch, printed in our issue of yesterday, calls attention to the fight that is likely to be made in Congress for the restriction of immigration. The contest was one which Representative Danford of Ohio, now deceased, led at the last session with an earnest spirit. That gentleman, as the dispatch states, was an advocate of the law imposing educational qualifications on immigrants, and fought long and hard to secure its enactment. His bill was defeated at the close of the session because of a refusal of the House to take it up, but a similar measure is to be introduced at the coming session, and it is strongly to be hoped that the chairmanship on the Committee on Immigration will fall to the lot of a gentleman as zealous and efficient as was Capt. Danford of Ohio. The question of foreign immigration is a leading one, and one that should demand the best consideration of the master minds in the American Congress. A stop should be put to the influx of the ignorant, besotted and criminal element from Europe, into this country, for reasons so patent that it were a work of supererogation to detail them here. It is the duty of Congress to protect American institutions by shutting out the ignorant scum of European states.

It is quite evident that the Boers are preparing a reception for the British at Pretoria, when they arrive there, which will contain many elements of liveliness and interest. We may be sure that "Oom" Paul's capital, should the British troops penetrate that far before the conclusion of the war, will not capitulate until both sides have sustained the most tremendous losses. The Boers are preparing at that point a gigantic slaughter-house and a long array of graves for the soldiers of the Widow of Windsor.

The good cruiser Charleston has been "rocked" in the cradle of the deep, and there she is likely to remain forever.

FALLING TO PIECES.

An argument in favor of those who claim that the big trusts, if left to themselves, will before long collapse of their own weight, is found in the present condition of the great sugar trust, which is said to have passed its prime and to be in face of dangerous competition. This, if true, is significant, as the sugar trust has been regarded as an exceptionally powerful organization, which had entirely eliminated competition.

For some months past the American Sugar Refining Company has been meeting remarkably keen competition on the part of new refineries. It was not supposed by many that this competition would last long, but so far there is no indication that the fight is coming to an end. Indeed, it is the belief of many financiers that the great sugar trust has entered a critical stage of its career.

The situation, as summed up by an eastern financial paper, is that the war

between the sugar trust and the independent refiners has demoralized the wholesale sugar market to a degree rarely before known. Prices have been cut right and left, and are now said to be below the cost of production for all concerned, but for every dollar lost by the independent refiners the trust loses \$15. The stock of the latter has suffered badly on the exchange within the past week or two. The exchange referred to says:

"It begins to look to outsiders though this great monopoly, once supposed to be impregnable, is fast losing its hold. Its efforts to pay extravagant dividends on a highly-inflated capitalization have resulted in bringing plenty of new competing capital into the field before oversupplied, and when the breakdown comes the last state of the industry will be worse than the first. The case is an interesting one, going to show that the combinations or trusts face a potential competition, which will prove disastrous to them and to the whole industry if they arouse it to activity by extortionate practices."

Another financial paper prophesies that the competitors of the trust will come out of the fight with less damage than the American Refining Company, which seems to be "between the devil and the deep sea." Should it attempt to buy off its competitors, this would only encourage others to attempt the same feat. Here we have a good example of the fact that even such enormous aggregations of wealth as the sugar trust can only eliminate competition up to a certain point. After that they are as powerless to control things as an engineer is to keep water from finding its level.

CANADIAN LOGS AND LUMBER.

It will be the duty of Congress, at the forthcoming session of that body, to inquire into some of the retaliatory measures which the Canadian government is said to have instituted, with regard to the export of logs and lumber, with a view to circumventing the operations of our protective tariff. Logs were placed upon the free list in our tariff, with a view to securing to American mill operators and employees the benefits of the manufacture of the logs into lumber on this side of the border.

The free importation of Canadian logs, and the imposition of a duty of \$2 per thousand on manufactured lumber, had the effect desired for a time. American lumber operators bought large tracts of Canadian timber, and instead of cutting it up into lumber on the Canadian side, rafted the logs across the lakes and manufactured them into lumber in the United States, paying American wages and employing American workmen. But our Canadian friends want to have the logs sawed in Canada, and they have from time to time resorted to various expedients to bring about that result. They tried to offset the placing of logs on the free list by levying an export duty of \$2 per thousand feet on Canadian logs. This was met on our side by an increase of the duty on lumber to a point which made it unprofitable to import the manufactured lumber. There has been a great deal of working at cross-purposes in this matter for years, with varying results, sometimes favorable to American interests, and sometimes otherwise. It seems that at the present time—according to a statement recently made by a prominent lumberman of Saginaw, Mich.—the Canadians require American owners of Canadian timber to pledge themselves to manufacture Canadian logs into lumber in that country, as a condition of licensing timber to them. Such a pledge, if given and adhered to, distinctly disadvantages American operators, as they are obliged to pay a duty of \$2 on every thousand feet of lumber imported into the United States—and the United States is, and will always be, their principal market. What seems to be needed is some modification of the law by which, if it can be shown that either the Canadian government or Canadian timbermen have imposed unfair conditions upon American lumbermen doing business in that country, the tariff on Canadian lumber—and on other products of that country, too, for that matter—can be increased, without action of Congress, to any extent that may be necessary to offset or prevent the abuse. If our Congress will take this matter promptly in hand, there will probably be but little difficulty in devising an adequate remedy for the evils complained of.

In another column of this issue is presented a communication from a correspondent in Chicago, setting forth with more or less of detail the functions and the practices of the "walking delegate" in that city. A careful reading of the article reveals the fact that under the existing régime the people of Chicago—and especially the working people—are subject to a system of despotism so oppressive as to be intolerable. The automatic power exercised by the walking delegate is not only pernicious in itself, and subversive of the manhood of those who are subject to it, but is contrary to every principle of free government as enunciated in our laws and constitutions.

It appears evident that young Winston Churchill has been treated by the Boers with more kindness and consideration than he had any right to expect, in view of the fact that he was a civilian under arms.

A jury has decided that the gad still has its uses in our public schools, although The Times respectfully begs to submit that it should be used with rare discretion, particularly on little girls. As a general proposition, it is better to send the young person who wears pinapores home to her parents to be disciplined, than for the school-teacher to undertake that performance by force of arms. The spectacle of a 200-pound man whipping a little girl, even though the gad be no larger than the wielder's little finger, is not such as commands it to the humane. Corporal punishment has its uses, in extreme cases, but there is not infrequently a better way to deal with unruly pupils in school than to whip them in the presence of their class-mates. The American young per-

son is very trying at times, but he or she is a young person, extremely difficult to correct by the use of the gad, unless it is used in the seclusion of the woodshed and by parental hands.

The gratifying intelligence reached

the country from South Carolina yesterday that two colored men were legally hanged there on Friday last for a criminal assault on a young white woman. This is certainly refreshing, not to say novel, and congratulations are hereby tendered to the Palmetto State upon the fact that it has demonstrated its ability to administer punishment in case of assault, in a proper and legal manner. We commend the action of South Carolina to Georgia, Mississippi, Texas, and such other States as have shown a tendency to conduct executions by rule of the mob rather than according to the statutes, made and pro-

vided.

The oil fields in the west-end district

appear to regard themselves as entirely above the law, the prophets and con-

sideration of the rights of their fellowmen. They are proceeding with their work of boring wells outside of the limits permitted under the city ordinances, but as the law provides for a heavy penalty for every day that drilling is per-

sisted in and as each day's work is

considered as a separate violation of the ordinance, it is not improbable that some of the greasy iconoclasts will yet learn

that there are things which cost more

than they come to.

RAILROADS AND RATES.

In considering the question of freight rates, of which many producers complain, it is interesting to note the economies that are practiced by the roads, and the reductions that are gradually being made in the cost of hauling

a certain amount of freight a certain distance. According to Poor's Railway

Manual, the average freight rate per

pole mile on the railroads of the United

States has decreased 22 per cent. dur-

ing the past ten years, while the average

load carried by each freight train

has risen from 150 tons in 1888 to 210

tons in 1898. Even during the past

two months, all the great railway

systems of the country show an increase

in the average freight train loads which they haul, varying from 2 per cent. in the case of the Illinois Central to 12 per cent. in the Atchison system. It is also stated, in Poor's Manual, that the average freight-train earnings of the roads have increased from \$1.55 to \$1.65 during the past ten years.

The question for producers to consider

is whether they receive a fair percentage

of the saving that has been made

through these economies, and if not,

why not. Simple denunciation of the

railroads as monopolies and tyrannies

will accomplish little for the producers,

but rather may create a reaction in

their favor, on part of those who are

averse to anything that savors of dema-

gacy. What should be done is to show

that the railroads are not giving the

great producing class a square deal—if

such is the case. The sense of justice

of the American people may then be

depended upon to enforce upon Con-

gress a necessary regulation of the

transportation lines, in the interest of

the general public, for it is not only

the producer, but also the general con-

sumer, who suffers through unreasonable

freight rates, in the increased cost of

the past ten years.

The Supreme Court having decided

that jurors are not entitled to fees in

criminal cases, under the law, the peo-

ple who serve thus will have to stand

it, but at the same time there is reason

to believe that the law might be cor-

rected if it is the purpose of the people

of the State to deal justly with all

those who perform valuable service for

it. It is worth quite as much to sit as

a juror in a criminal case as in a civil

case. The laborer, as a general

proposition, is worthy of his hire.

Numerous railroads have petitioned

the Interstate Commerce Commission for

an extension of time in which to equip

their cars with automatic couplers and

brakes. The commission will probably

be willing to do this, in case the rail-

roads will concede an extension of

time for the construction of the

cars. The railroads will be asked to

make a reasonable offer.

The Supreme Court having decided

that jurors are not entitled to fees in

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THE GREAT FAIR.

FREDERIC MAYER'S FOURTH LETTER ON THE
GREAT PARIS EXPOSITION.

Special Correspondence of The Times.

PARIS, Nov. 17.—In a more pronounced degree than at previous exhibitions, the promoters and organizers of the Paris fair have been inspired by the noble desire to assure pure art, a vast and important place beside the products of commerce and industry. From all points of view, the exposition of 1900 is more truly a centennial than was the 1889 exposition, for, whereas the latter was ostensibly held in order to celebrate the glories of the great revolution which so dramatically closed the final years of the eighteenth century.

The evolution of architecture has

skeletons into which they inserted large terra-cotta panels and decorative pottery. And while Europe was still discussing the advantages and disadvantages of this "new style" of architecture, arguing about the danger of utilizing for the exterior decoration of buildings materials that had before been solely employed for interior artistic embellishments, young American artists more daring than their European colleagues, were experimenting with and adopting the processes used by the French for the first time at the Paris Exposition of 1889. American ar-

chitects well worthy to house the specimens of art and industry that will show the progress of man from the cradle of the globe to be exhibited in them.

The humble looms of centuries gone by will be side by side with the most perfect weaving machines of the day, in a palace built by the latest methods. The water colors of a Claude Vernet will be hung in close proximity to the immense canvases of Puvis de Chavannes, in the grandest art palace of the world.

ARCHITECTURE'S RAPID EVOLUTION.

THE "GRAND PALAIS."

On one side of the Avenue Nicholas II is the Grand Palace of Art, a huge imposing building, which will probably prove exceedingly interesting to architects and connoisseurs, but which it will be difficult for ordinary mortals to appreciate otherwise than in its ensemble. Notwithstanding its extraordinary dimensions, this monumental structure will not throw the Girault Palace into the shade, for the latter

produced anything absolutely original, with the exception of the exterior colored friezes and certain ornamental details.

A REMARKABLE FRIEZE.

The principal frieze runs the entire length of the facade of the palace on Avenue Nicholas II; it is almost 240 feet long by 10 feet high, and was designed by Louis Edouard Fournier. It illustrates the history of the great epochs of art, and comprises ten panels, five of which are symbolic of Indo-Chinese, Egyptian, Greek, Roman Byzantine and Arabic art; the latter five portray Roman, medieval, renaissance, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and twentieth-century art. The figures on the frieze are grouped on four levels, the costumes being set off in gold and turquoise blue. As the colors have been handled with great skill, the frieze, which readers must not, from the brief description above, imagine to be lacking in harmony, gives one the exact impression of a tapestry. The white monotony of the palace itself is relieved, and this experiment in

derived from the mingling of these various epochs and from the splendor of the general decoration.

COMPETITION FOR PRIZES.

Another prominent exposition architect is M. Binet, the designer of the monumental and principal entrance to the exposition, now in course of construction on Place de la Concorde. It is a triumph of nineteenth-century decorative art. M. Binet is one of the leading artistic decorators of the day. His designs for the Palais of Art, drawn up in conjunction with M. Darlan, were awarded the second prize in the governmental competition. Apropos of these competitions, which were held in August, 1898, a sum of \$3000 was distributed as prizes among the authors of the five best designs of the various buildings. The following architects were the winners: M. L. Louvet, Deglane, Binet, Thomas, Girault, and Tropey-Bally. For the small Palace of Art a sum of \$3000 was awarded, the first prize being given unanimously to M. Girault. Apart from the winners of cash premiums, the government decided to entrust the designs of the various other exposition buildings to the unsuccessful competitors.

In conclusion, it may be said that in designing the temporary buildings of the exposition, architects have been allowed ample freedom. Exceedingly original, some of these buildings surely are; yet every one has, more or less, a style adapted to the purpose for which it was destined. Magnificent and well proportioned, and it will be conceded that a certain amount of harmony exists between them, no too striking features having been introduced that was likely to mar the success of the ensemble.

Fredric Mayer

FREDERIC MAYER'S NEXT PARIS EXPOSITION LETTER.

For publication December 3.

Text—Description of monumental entrance to exposition—The designer, M. Binet—Midway features; description of the "Luminous Palace of Old Paris" and its designer, M. Robida.

Illustrations—Monumental entrance (by L. L. Silva); Luminous Palace (by M. Perronnier); "Old Paris" (various designs by Robida); portrait of M. Robida (by L. L. Silva).

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NEW GOLD DETECTOR.

SOMETHING OF INTEREST TO THE ARMY OF PROSPECTORS.

INQUIRIES OF THE DAY.

NEW YORK, Nov. 18.—Dr. Ober gives a new way of detecting the presence of a small quantity of gold. To illustrate the method, 120 grams of finely-powdered ore are placed in a flask, an equal volume of tincture of iodine is added, and the mixture is well agitated. It is then left for an hour, being shaken from time to time in the interim, and finally allowed to stand. After saturation with the solution, a band of filter paper is allowed to dry. The complete saturation of the paper is insured by repeating the operation five or six times, and the paper is then calcined in a furnace, gold appearing as a purple stain which disappears quickly when the ash is moistened with bromine water. A modification of the test can be carried out by covering the powdered ore with bromine water, and an hour's agitation, filtering the solution. If gold is present, a portion of protocobalt of tin to the solution will give a purple color, the reaction being known as "Purple of Cassius." In the case of sulphides, the ore should first be roasted, and when the mineral contains a considerable proportion of carbonates of lime, it should be calcined in the presence of ammonium carbonate.



CENTRAL PORCH OF SMALL ART PALACE, PARIS EXPOSITION.

tury, next year's fair will rise between two other centuries like a great lightning whose luminous rays shall illuminate the vast panorama of victories gained during a hundred years, by art and science over matter. In this great manifestation architecture will occupy a prominent place. The buildings of the Paris Exposition are today sufficiently advanced for one to say that French architects have been notably successful, and that next year visitors to the exposition will see artistic palaces and

been rapid in recent years; in 1900 it will be demonstrated, at least, from certain points of view, that many a great change has been wrought within the last decade. From the days of Preston's immense iron and glass cage, the Crystal Palace, architecture underwent no great transformation until 1888, when the French architects Dutert and Formigé established the possibility of introducing elements into the construction of buildings that distinguished the rigidity of iron, and one raised with astonishment on their gigantic metallic

structures forged ahead rapidly, and, thanks to their own peculiar temperament, have won the admiration of connoisseurs. At the present day, if they are not endowed with the steader artistic taste inseparable from the more developed sense of art of the French-American architects, have achieved things so extraordinary that in the studios of the architects of the Paris Exposition one constantly hears much talk of architecture, and sincere praise bestowed on their buildings by colleagues who admire the daring of their designs, their remarkable originality, and their rapid and practical methods of execution.

TWO PALACES OF ART.

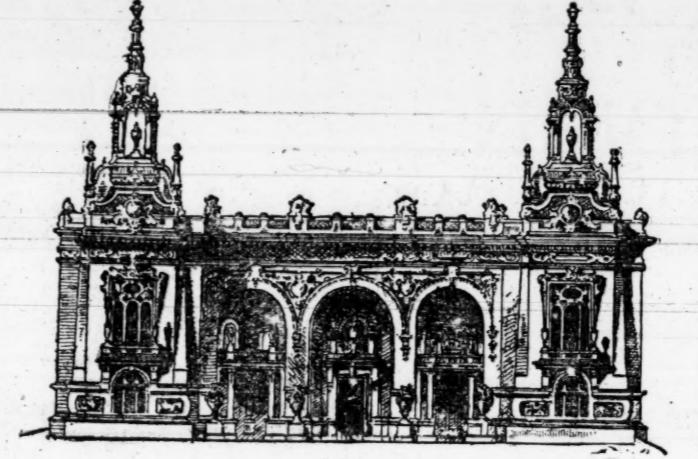
As far as the two permanent Palaces of Art in the Champs Elysées are concerned, their general tone of architecture is quite worthy of the city of Paris, and in their classical outlines they will compare favorably with buildings of the greatest periods of French architecture. These two palaces form part of a grand ensemble, beginning at the Louvre, extending as far as the Arch of Triumph, which stands at the top of the Avenue des Champs Elysées, and comprising the various buildings around the Place de la Concorde, the Chamber of Deputies, and the Hotel des Invalides.

The lion's share of the architectural honors of the Paris Exposition will fall to the lot of Charles Girault, the architect and designer of the small Palace of Art, and director-general of architecture of the entire Champs Elysées section of the exposition. M. Girault entered the Ecole des Beaux Arts in 1873, where, in 1888, he was promoted to the rank of professor. Since then, M. Girault has obtained a first-class medal of the Central Society of Architects. For the Universal Exposition of 1889 he designed and built the Palace of Hygiene on the Esplanade des Invalides, and the Pavilion of the Chamber of Commerce on the banks of the Seine. In more recent years he has designed the beautiful monument that the widow of the great Pasteur has erected to

architects connected with the lateral halls by projecting pavilions. In the center of the building is a patio, or small garden, surrounded by galleries. A handsome cupola surmounts the atrium of this palace. At the exposition of 1900 this building will contain the retrospective art exhibition from its furthest origin until the year 1800. It is evident that M. Girault has endeavored to make the new palaces of art two of the most modern and useful buildings in the capital. No architectural, nor

is of a design so original, so harmonious in all its details—almost Louis Quinze in style—that it elicits praise even from those who have only the faintest notions of architecture.

The designers of the grand palace are M. Maillart, Deglane and Thomas, the first and last named being responsible for the front and posterior facades, respectively, and M. Deglane for the central portion of the palace, which contains a monumental iron staircase leading to the picture galleries on the



MANUFACTURES BUILDING, PARIS EXPOSITION.

ORNAMENTAL detail has been neglected. Without being similar in any way, there is, from an architectural point of view, a certain sameness about them, necessitated, it will be easily conceived, by the fact that they are built opposite each other. It would not have been possible to place, in such close proximity and on the same av-

first floor. This staircase will be supported by columns of green porphyry, imitating bronze. In its general aspect it belongs to the most classical period of French architecture; it forms a sort of connecting link between the masterpieces of epochs gone by and contemporary productions. Its designers, however, cannot affirm that they have in-

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PEOPLE OF THE ORIENT.

HOW THEY LIVE AND MOVE AND HAVE THEIR BEING.

Conservatism a Chronic Condition.
Electric Cars Have, However, Been Introduced—No Sewer System—They also Have the Manana Habit—Flour from California.

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.)

PEKING, Oct. 2.—There is a mistaken impression among those who have never visited China that her great cities glow with color, and that works of art abound on every hand—that indeed, little is produced that is not more or less artistic. This is certainly far from the truth in Peking, whatever may be the case in the cities farther south. As I have said in a former letter, the more important part of Shanghai is English—an English city reproduced in the Far East, and holding its own with stubborn tenacity in the midst of native surroundings. In the Chinese capital the foreigner, aside from the Inspector of customs, Sir Robert Hart, who holds an important post, with large powers, has exerted no appreciable influence in China. While the eighteen provinces, with an area of over 1,000,000 square miles, and a population of 300,000,000, wear more or less something like five hundred miles of completed railway, and probably twice as many miles of telegraph line, it must not be supposed that China is on the eve of renouncing her nationality and becoming Europeanized.

To the casual observer, the most marked tendencies in this direction are the adaptation of certain Chinese manufactures, like cloisonné and silver and silk, to the American and European markets; or rather shall we speak at length of little later on. To all appearances the Peking of today is the Peking of five centuries ago. Those who live here—the American and European residents—however, talk of the increasing wealth and文明 (civilization) that are being supplied them. Contrasted with the things that are considered indispensable in the West, their conveniences seem pitifully few. It must be admitted that it is a vast improvement to come by rail from Tien-Tsin, the northern port, across the steamer boat lines connecting with Shanghai, a journey now accomplished in a few hours. Formerly it occupied three days, and was made in a dinkey, in a mule litter, or in a Peking cart—a form of carriage that few, unless compelled to endure, ever venture about down the Peiho. This was the most comfortable and luxurious of all, since abundant stores and bedding could be carried, the supply by other modes being necessarily limited. The Chinese inn, by this method, was dignified, a caravansary from which light and air are excluded, and which swarms with every known species of vermin that can crawl or bite. There is now in Peking also an electric railway, supplied with steam power, which connects with the Chinese, but which runs only from the railway to the outer gate. The authorities cannot be induced to let it come inside, although they are debating the necessity of allowing the track to run across the entire outer wall—a circuit of over thirty miles. As the road will bring the patron of the road any nearer his home or his place of business in the center of the city, the proposition may be regarded as a compromise that is essentially Chinese.

The buildings within the various mission compounds are modern and comfortable, built upon the American plan and furnished with chimneys and glazed windows. They are necessary for the health of those who occupy them, whose life is one of grinding toll and toil, and whose health deteriorates, and are also well houses, and there are other modern official residences, and a handsome new bank.

These constitute the major part of the improvements that have been made within the past ten years. In addition to this, there are now three or four modern houses and dwelling, the letters being delivered by a courier, who carries with him a book in which the person to whom they are addressed must write his name—receiving them just as we do express parcels. To one such firm, however, our applications for civilization which Americans accept as a matter of course, these seem only a drop in the ocean of all that is needed—here in a great center whose population is over one million. They appear all the more inadequate when we consider how little uncertainty that way we live abroad. As you know, there are two hotels in Peking, one under French and the other under German management. It could not be supposed that anyone would come so far from civilization and open a hotel for pleasure, and certainly not from philanthropic motives. The food is fair, though the beds abominable, and the service tolerable. Those who love quiet and privacy may count themselves fortunate if they can be received into one of the missions, where board and lodging may be had, occasionally, at very reasonable rates. But the number of course, to whom such quarters would not be congenial. The chief retail quarter of Peking is along the street, if street it can be called, which leads from one gate to another in the Chinese city, and without the Tartar city. Here the new arrival has an opportunity to study the manners and mores, so far as they may be studied, superficially. All the shop fronts are open to view, being closed up at night.

MARY H. KROUT.

THE MEDALS RECEIVED.

PREPARATIONS FOR THANKSGIVING-DAY PARADE.

The medals which are to be distributed to those persons in this city who enlisted as volunteers in the war with Spain have been received from the north. They came yesterday by express, and are now in the hands of the committee of the Native Sons of the Golden West, which has been making the arrangements for their distribution. The medals are of bronze, and are exactly like those which were brought home by the members of Battery D, California. Heavy Artillery, when that command reached the city some months ago.

The arrangements for the parade on Thanksgiving day, when the medals will be distributed, have been almost completed. Calvert Foy has been appointed chief marshal. He has not announced the names of his assistants. The complete programme will be announced by Tuesday. A squad of naval militia under command of Chief Gunner's Mate J. A. Anker, will be in the parade.

Many Flag-raising.

The Stars and Stripes will be raised over eight public school buildings in this city during the coming week, and each flag-raising is to be made the occasion for appropriate patriotic exercises. Tuesday afternoon there will be such exercise at the Broad-street and Highland Park schools. On Wednesday there will be flag-raising at the Seventh-street, Seventeenth-street, Cambria, Union, Chestnut and Sand-street schools. All of the exercises will be held at such hours to enable the members of the Board of Education to attend them, and addresses will be made by several of the trustees and by Superintendent Fostay. On December 5 there will be a flag-raising at the University school.

mixed with chestnuts. This was served in small plates, covered thickly with black syrup, and was delicious.

Pears are abundant, and some of it good—a little crimson crabapple, grapes and the juicy yellow Peking pears. A great deal of the fruit is eaten by the Chinese in an unripe state covered with syrup—a diet that is said to be peculiarly inducive to cholera and other diseases. There is a shop for the sale of crackers, clothing, show ornaments of jade and silver, and there are some odd-hand dealers who offer everything, from masons' trowels to the big, heavy spectacles which give the wearer an exaggeratedly owlish expression. The second-hand clothing merchant has a system of his own. Two pieces of washable cloth are bought, with which worn shirts and drawers and chancery of the merits of their wares in rhyme. The couplet is sung by one and repeated, or the response, by the other, and it is tossed back and forth in a monotonous nasal, high-pitched strain in which there seems to be not even an attempt to rhyme. The seller is the embodiment of servitude. He begins his labors at daylight and continues far into the night. It is his business on no account to let a possible customer escape, and if nothing else remains to be done, Arthur H. Smith informs us, he is set to work to look over the day's cash—as base as that of every commerce—callers—see if there is among them any of peculiar value that could be sold to the curio collector.

The worker in metal, the tinker of copper kettles, sets up his forge and his half-naked workmen ply their trade. In others, under the eye of the passerby. It is a mixed population, certainly, but until they are aroused to demonstration, a peculiarly quiet one. Beggars in filthy rags display their sores and deformities; old women, even more repulsive and filthy, meet you with sticks of incense; the ordinary coolie in his ragged, thick-soled shoes, bare headed, adds to the throng, and occasionally a man of the better class appears in garments of silk and brocade. But this rarely happens, as men of this class take their ease on their well-furnished couches or in sedan chairs. They make their purchases through intermediaries, and goods are brought to their houses. Little effort is made to decorate the booths or shops; one or two were festooned with red scarfs, and over another I saw a row of grotesque heads of metal, supplied with long antennae of fine spiral springs, capped with an acorn; these vibrated continually in the wind.

Besides the people, the middle of the scene is filled with pack animals, mules and horses, and, with all these, flocks of sheep being driven to the market place without the gates, and strings of camels loaded with salt or coal from the northern mines. All the coal used in Peking is brought down from the mountains, is brought to Peking in this way, and as the quantity is necessarily limited, fuel—not from lack of natural supply, but from the difficulty of transportation—is very costly. To make it last longer, the coal dust is mixed with earth and water, reduced to a paste, molded into balls, which are put in the sun to dry. Much of the cooking in houses is done in stoves heated by these coal balls. The fuel question is paramount question in China, and this is true in the face of the fact that coal mining in China is the largest in the world. They are poorly worked, and the country being destitute of highways and railways, camel are the only means of carrying it to the market. Wood is scarce, and the forests are rapidly disappearing, therefore, is wasted that can be burned; grass is tied into tight bundles for fuel, and dead leaves are used for this purpose.

Our hearts are full of gratitude to you for your medicines, which have given us the happiness of having a living child of God, after so much suffering and disappointment.

I recommend Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription to all young women who are in the same condition that I was in, as one of the best remedies in existence. I have used eight bottles and find myself in perfect health. Accept my best wishes for your welfare to the end of your days."

In its substance Mrs. Corti's testimony to the value and virtue of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is identical with that of thousands of other women who have been made well and happy by this truly wonderful medicine. No two cases are exactly alike—the details vary—but the general fact of suffering is always the same, followed by the general result of a complete cure by the use of "Favorite Prescription."

"WAS JUST WONDERFUL."

"During my two years of married life I have not had good health," writes Mrs. Daisy Studdard, of 608 South Esplanade Avenue, Leavenworth, Kansas. "I was all run down, and my husband got me to write to Dr. Pierce and explain my case to him and see if he could do me any good. So I wrote, and, thank the Lord, I got an early reply telling me what the trouble was. I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and also the 'Peanut Pellets,' and now can say that I feel like a new woman.

Foreigners, by whom term the Chinese designate all Europeans and Americans, use American stoves for heating their houses, but the Chinese cook uses the native brick stove in the kitchen. It is simply a square of masonry five feet long or more, and about four feet high, with a hole in the top, and resembles a huge inverted iron kettle. The draught is perfect, and the cookery that they manage to turn out with earth and water, reduced to a paste, is beyond compare. I have seen the cooking in houses is done in stoves heated by these coal balls. The fuel question is paramount question in China, and this is true in the face of the fact that coal mining in China is the largest in the world. They are poorly worked, and the country being destitute of highways and railways, camel are the only means of carrying it to the market. Wood is scarce, and the forests are rapidly disappearing, therefore, is wasted that can be burned; grass is tied into tight bundles for fuel, and dead leaves are used for this purpose.

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**Thomas Drug Co.,
Cut-Rate Druggists,
Cor. Spring and Temple Sts.**

It's Worth**Remembering**—Is this Drug Corner—its low

prices—its convenience to the cars—its efforts to always please—its complete stock—its reliability.

Chest Protectors

A complete new line—

50c to \$2.50.

Hot Water Bottles

Guaranteed qualities.

Hair Brushes and**Tooth Brushes**

At the lowest prices.

Seasonable Goods.

Munyon's Inhalers.....	85c
Brown's Emulsion.....	65c
Cod Liver Oil, pure, 1 pt.....	50c
Belladonna Plasters.....	10c
Comp. Syr. Hypophosphites.....	75c
Pure Glycerine, 1 pt.....	50c
Rock Candy, 1 pound.....	20c
Fuller's Laxative Cold Cure.....	25c
Fuller's Cough Balsam.....	25c and 50c
Abbey's Salts.....	25c and 50c
La Blache or Pozzoal Powder.....	30c

[THE PUBLIC SERVICE]
AGAINST THE BONDS.

**SCHOOL IMPROVEMENT MEETS
A TEMPORARY CHECK.**

Dillon & Hubbard Refuse to Approve
Them for Seymour Brothers—Police
Commission Accepts a Resig-
nation—"White Angels."

Clayton Sentenced to One Year in the
Penitentiary at San Quentin for
Assaulting Attorney Earl
Rogers.

Suit Brought to Declare Oil Wells in
Westlake District a Nuisance and
to Enjoin the Owners
Forever.

As a result of an opinion recently given on the school bonds by Dillon & Hubbard and received by the City Clerk yesterday with a communication from Seymour Bros. & Co., to whom the bonds were awarded, the Council will not be able to dispose of the issue until after the Supreme Court of this State has passed upon the validity of the bonds. It is generally believed that the hand of the water company is back of the matter, although it is not thought that the opinion will have any important bearing on the water-bond issue. The Board of Education is much chagrined at the turn affairs have taken, as the city is sorely in need of better public school facilities.

The Mayor yesterday determined to present the resignation of Officer Gridley to the de facto Police Commission. About a week ago the Mayor asserted that the resignation was worded in such a disrespectful manner that he could not think of presenting it to the board. The board promptly accepted the resignation and released Officer Gridley from the force. A number of demands based on the requisitions held up by the Council last Monday were approved and an attempt will be made to present them to the Council on Monday, the number of new requisitions were also approved.

The Finance Committee yesterday decided to retain the "white angels" on the streets during December. The City Attorney's opinion regarding the vehicle ordinance has stopped its further consideration, but the committee hoped to devise some means for employing the same again.

Tomorrow is the last day of grace allowed on the payment of the first half of city tax collections. As a result of the heavy collections and apportionments the condition of the funds has improved.

J. J. Clayton was sentenced yesterday to San Quentin for one year for assaulting Earl Rogers, Esq., with a revolver, with intent to commit murder.

Suit was brought yesterday that will test the legality of the city ordinances for the protection of Westlake and Sunset parks from the encroachment of oil wells.

William Luntzman was fined \$20 yesterday for killing his neighbor's pig. Mrs. E. H. Hotchkiss was granted a decree divorcing her from Merritt E. Hotchkiss.

[AT THE CITY HALL]
SCHOOL BONDS.

**THEY MAY NOT BE SOLD FOR
QUITE A WHILE.**

New York Law Firm of Dillon & Hubbard Declares That There is a Reasonable Doubt as to Their Legality—Gridley's Resignation Accepted. "White Angels" to Be Retained.

The sale of the \$200,000 school improvement bonds voted on August 22 has been defeated, at least temporarily. The bonds were awarded to Seymour Brothers & Co., No. 45 Wall street, New York, on a conditional bid of par, accrued interest and a premium of \$7020. The condition contained in the bid was that the acceptance of the bonds should be subject to the approval of John F. Dillon, one of the foremost bond attorneys of the United States. Yesterday the City Clerk received a communication from Seymour Brothers & Co., Inclosing a copy of the opinion of Messrs. Dillon & Hubbard. The New York attorneys claim that there is at least a reasonable doubt as to the validity of the school bonds, and that they will not approve them until they have a decision from the California Supreme Court declaring their legality.

This unexpected development in the situation will prove a serious drawback to the sale of the bonds, and will delay for some time the improvements that are now so badly needed in the public school system of the city. The City Board of Education thought the situation bad enough when it was discovered that through error \$20,000 had been lost to the public school bond fund, but they were wholly unprepared for a decision impeaching the validity of the issue. The acute legal question involved in the fact that some juggling had been made between the High school and the public school issues, and embody that in their opinion, as possible objection to the acceptance of the bonds. The communication created little excitement at the City Hall yesterday, as it was thought that the opinion might affect the water-bond issue, but this is not now thought probable.

The full text of the opinion of Messrs. Dillon & Hubbard is as follows:

[Signed] "DILLON & HUBBARD."

HOW IT IS VIEWED.
Neither City Attorney Haas nor Lee & Scott, who have been retained by the city to assist in the water litigation, regard the opinion as anything more than an expression of a justifiable doubt. As far as could be learned last night, it is not believed to cast a serious cloud on the \$2,000,000 issue of water bonds that is now being advertised for sale. The two points in the opinion that would be apt to affect the water-bond issue are with reference to the proper division into precincts and the printing of the words "yes" and "no" on the ballots. But, even though the contentions made in the opinion and the doubts raised are inconsequential from a legal standpoint, it is believed that the interpretation of the statute might be construed as providing that the city might go ahead up to

the limit of \$2,000,000 for any and all purposes, including, among others, waterworks and sewers; but that, if after the city reach the two-million-dollar limit, a question arose as to the incurred cost of the water debt, such further debt should be contracted only for waterworks and sewers. In other words, the courts might hold that until the two-million-dollar limit is reached all indebtedness must be counted.

The intended indebtedness of the city is set forth in the printed circular prepared by the City Clerk as \$1,573,775, not including this proposed issue of \$200,000 school bonds. The papers which you sent us indicate that in 1868 a contract was made between the city and the water company, in which it was agreed that the city should purchase the waterworks in the city of thirty years, namely, in 1898, at a valuation to be determined by the award of three persons, one to be selected by the city, another by the water company, and a third by these two so selected; and that an award has been made under such contract, and that the award was made by two out of the three arbitrators.

We understand that the matter of the validity of this award is now in litigation in the Circuit Court of the United States in a suit brought by Amos Kimball, and is not yet determined. The connection of this matter with the bonds is not clear. This award is authorized and valid award, the amount of it being over \$1,180,000, then it might be held that when the award was rendered it became an indebtedness of the city; and this amount added to the \$1,573,775 bonded indebtedness, the total bonded indebtedness of the city beyond the \$2,000,000 limit before these proposed \$200,000 school bonds were authorized or issued.

If this award is valid it is difficult to see why it would not be an indebtedness of the city. Of course, if these \$200,000 of bonds were issued to exceed the \$2,000,000 charter limit of indebtedness of the city? If so, does that preclude the voting of the school bonds in question?

The charter provides that the indebtedness of the city shall not exceed in aggregate the sum of \$2,000,000, and any debt or liability incurred in violation of this section, except as hereinbefore provided, whether by borrowing money, loaning the credit of the city or otherwise, is null and void, and no bond or note, providing that for the purpose of a particular object, by creating a system of waterworks for supplying the inhabitants of the city with water, or for establishing and constructing a system for collecting and distributing the sewage of the city, a further indebtedness may be incurred by the issuance of bonds for those purposes, under the provisions of the constitution and general laws.

The point is made by Dillon & Hubbard that if the arbitrators' award is less than the amount of that award might be construed by the court as an indebtedness due from the city to the water company, and might be included in the \$2,000,000 limitation. The view taken by myself, however, was that the authority to issue an indebtedness for the charter purposes, under the provisions of the constitution and general laws.

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[AT THE COURTHOUSE.]
CLAYTON'S SENTENCE LIGHT.

JUDGE NOYES LETS HIM OFF WITH ONE YEAR.

Convicted of Assaulting Earl Rogers, Esq., With Intent to Murder, J. J. Clayton is Ordered Committed to San Quentin—The Court Speaks His Mind About the Prisoner's Guilt.

J. J. Clayton was arraigned in Department One yesterday before Superior Judge J. S. Noyes of Riverside county, to receive sentence for assaulting Earl Rogers, Esq., last September, with intent to commit murder. Clayton was found guilty by a jury about a week ago.

In manner, yesterday, he was very much disturbed and very nervous. He was quick to note every movement in the courtroom, quick to start suddenly at every unusual little noise. His face was very red—his eyes bleared and his lips very thin. The past week with all its worries and uncertainty has had a telling effect on his spirits and health. He looks worn out.

After his attorneys, Messrs. Long & Baker, had argued at length for an arrest on bail, the court adjourned to recess until 10 o'clock, among others, that the evidence relative to Clayton's subsequentistic assault upon Rogers at the Police Station had been improperly admitted on trial for assault to kill. Judge Noyes denied both motions and the convicted man was ordered to stand trial.

"I am free to confess, Mr. Clayton," said the court, after addressing the prisoner with the preliminary remarks prescribed by law, "that had I been a juror sitting on your case, I should not have found you guilty of the offense of which you are accused. You never intended to kill Mr. Rogers. But the facts in the case are pretty clear. You thought you had a grievance against him and you got a pistol, then got drunk and started out to do up everybody you met that had anything to do with him."

"There is big difference between a criminal and a fool!" You are the latter. You are not a criminal, but a fool. For the paltry sum of \$5.50, which you thought was owing you, you jeopardized your own life and liberty and the happiness and good name of your family. You went and nerve'd yourself with whisky for any deed—however dastardly.

"I think of you as of any other man who drinks whisky. You are foolish. But you are not a criminal. You made a great mistake and in one way was you should suffer more in another I am inclined to say, least with you, the law will permit. You are a fool—not a criminal. Although I would not feel justified in setting aside the verdict of the jury, who have doubtless pondered over the matter very carefully, I shall give you a very light sentence."

"The trial of the Superior Court, Mr. Clayton, that you were confined in for the term of one year. May it make a better man of you!"

The prisoner's lips twitched out a sort of thanks and he was quickly taken back to the County Jail. Fourteen years is the maximum sentence for Clayton's offense. He leaves a wife and one child.

"I got off easy," remarked Clayton to a Deputy Sheriff, on his way to the jail. "The Judge hit me just right; I surely did make a fool of myself."

PARK OIL-LANDS.
MATTER NOW IN THE COURTS.

A suit was begun yesterday by Atty. Gen. Tiley L. Ford, on relation of C. N. Sterry, Esq., against W. L. Hardison and Guy L. Hardison, asking judgment of the Superior Court that certain oil wells and prospective oil wells be declared a nuisance; that they be abated, and that the defendants be perpetually enjoined from maintaining or operating them. The wells in controversy are situated within the 1800-foot oil limit circumscribed about Westlake and Sunset parks by a city ordinance prohibiting wells within that territory.

The city began the improvement of Westlake Park in 1890. It contains between thirty and forty acres of ground, about half of which is submerged, with the rest being established and maintaining this park has cost the city to date, approximately, \$90,000. About 1200 feet west of Westlake Park are twenty-five acres of land given to the city for park purposes, known as Sunset Park.

Westlake and parks are situated in cup-like depressions, and easily become sort of drainage pools for the surrounding hilly territory. Oil was discovered here in 1884. Prior to the passage of the oil ordinance protecting the parks, it is stated that the number of wells there is known as the First-street district was about 50. The ordinance was passed to prevent encroachment of the wells upon the parks and the residence portion of the city that have been built up around the oil fields. The havoc that has been wrought by these numerous wells in the First-street district is pointed out as a reason why the wells in controversy should be declared a nuisance to the park districts. The derisks the gases, the smells, the noise, the smoke, and many other inconveniences are also rehearsed. Defendants' wells are near Sixth street and Occidental boulevard.

CRUEL HUSBAND.
WEALTHY WOMAN DIVORCED.

Judge Fitzgerald yesterday granted a divorce to Mrs. E. H. Hotchkiss from Merritt E. Hotchkiss on the ground of extreme cruelty. The parties had been married for ten or eleven years. They had both been married before. Mrs. Hotchkiss had two children and the last marriage brought two more. It was brought out in the trial that Hotchkiss in many ways had been so cruel to her that she had been compelled to leave him. It also came out that he had never supported the family and did nothing at all in that regard.

When Mrs. Hotchkiss married him she was a woman of considerable means—something like \$20,000. It was settled yesterday. Much of this property has slipped away, and she cannot account for it. From \$10,000 to \$15,000 she says she handed over to her husband at one time, but where it is all gone she does not know. However, she is yet far from poverty, as is also her divorced husband.

HE KILLED THE PIG.

LUNTZMAN PLEADED GUILTY.

William shot and killed a pig! And his marksmanship cost him \$20. His last name is Luntzman, and he lives on a ranch south of the city. His next-door neighbor is E. Meyer. One day last week a very valuable young pig belonging to Meyer broke from its pen and went over in Luntzman's yard to root, and it was rooting when Luntzman came forth and saw it hard at work. It was only a moment before Luntzman jerked out a six-shooter and buried the bullet in the pig's body. After a little while he became convinced that perhaps the pig wasn't to blame after all, so he gave it a decent burial.

Meyer soon missed his valuable



If you feel tired in the morning, try Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. This medicine is probably over-worked and all elongated. The Bitters cures Constipation, Dyspepsia, Liver and Kidney Diseases.

It acts promptly and surely.

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LOS ANGELES SUNDAY TIMES.

OCT.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1899.

Hot Shot!

Crescent Bicycles and
Tufts-Lyon Arms CompanyHave always set the pace in this country in the bicycle trade.
Today we give another leader.

1899 Chain Models Nos. 15 and 16, reduced to \$30.00.

1899 Chainless Models, Nos. 17 and 18, reduced to \$50.00.

1899 Juvenile Models, Nos. 3 and 6, reduced to \$25.00.

These prices do not hold good forever, for there is a very limited amount of these models on hand.

1900 Chain wheels will cost \$35.00.

1900 Chainless Wheels will cost \$60.00.

We have THREE CARLOADS OF CRESCENTS on the road;
if you don't believe it, watch our front door.

Remember, the best bicycle on earth for \$30.00 is a

TUFTS-LYON ARMS CO.,

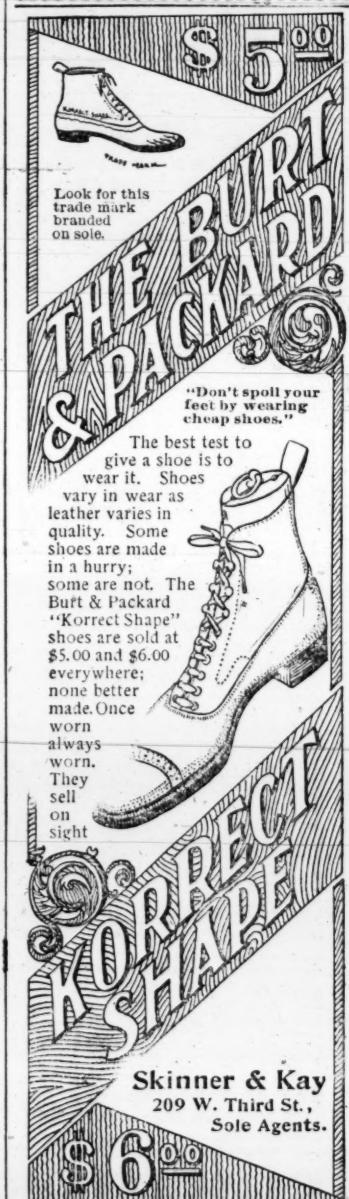
132 South Spring Street

Cheap
InstrumentsFalse
Economy.

If you buy a cheap musical instrument you buy a poorly constructed one. It will last for a while, but it won't pay you to get anything other than the best.

A house that sells unsatisfactory articles does not gain the confidence of the people—that's the reason that every musical instrument in our store is the very best made. We aim to give satisfaction, and we do.

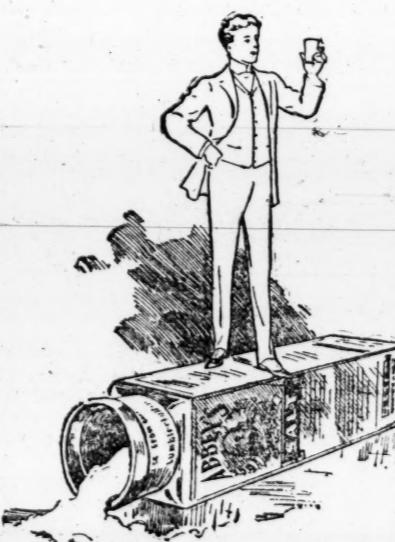
This does not necessarily mean that our instruments are expensive. We'll guarantee to sell you a good instrument cheaper than you can buy a like instrument at any other store in Southern California.

Southern California
Music Co.,216-218 W. 3d St.
Bradbury Bldg.

The Foundation of Health.

The successful man is the man of healthy body and sound mind. The man with the red stream of blood bounding through his veins; with a stomach able to digest the hearty meals called for by his unusual physical and mental efforts; with nerves of whipcord, and a brain bright and keen as a Damascus blade. His step is elastic, his eyes clear, his complexion fresh, his handshake magnetic. Before such a man the weaklings and dyspeptics go down in the struggle for riches and honors, like chaff before the wind.

This ideal state of body and mind is not unattainable, even by those who have suffered long from chronic ailments, from sleeplessness, frequently recurring headaches, flabbiness and tonelessness of stomach, and a per-



sistent tendency of the liver to shirk its work. The way to health, robust and strong, lies in the use of *Abbey's Effervescent Salt*, the *Foundation of Health*. This pleasant preparation aids digestion, promotes excretion, purifies the blood and clears the complexion. It prevents disease and cures diseases already developed, by restoring the normal functions of the body. It has tonic properties without any reactionary effects. It renews and revitalizes both mind and body. It makes nutrition perfect, assimilation complete, keeps the blood pure, assists in the building of new tissue, and thus does foundation work. Its daily use by jaded and worn-out humanity means new blood, new tissue, new nerve-force, new life.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt.

For Sale by all Druggists. Prices, 25c., 50c., \$1 per bottle. The Abbey Effervescent Salt Co., New York.

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Steel Water Pipe,
Tanks, etc. Thompson & Boyle Co., Mfrs.
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& CO.,
Expert Specialists for
Disorders of Men.All forms of weakness,
nervous disorders, kidney
and bladder, skin and
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Men

Speedily cured with their own remedies. No costly prescriptions. Recent cases perma-
nently cured in Three Days.

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Los Angeles, Cal.Meyberg Bros. entire stock at
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VISITORS WELCOME.Lippincott Art Photo Company,
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BOWELS

If you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you're sick, or will be. Keep your bowels open, and be well. For in the shape of the bowels lies the secret of health. Eat the best food, drink the best water, and you will be the smoothest, easiest, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take

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Sold throughout the world. FORMULA DECOC. CREAM. Price, 10c. Send for free booklet on skin and hair.

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713 South Main St.

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Good for
Itching
Backs

MOTHERS! Mothers a hot bath with CUTICURA SOAP, when followed by a single application of CUTICURA OINTMENT, gives the best skin care and prevents eruptions, will afford the most rapid and comfortable relief in the severest forms of itching, burning, and scaly skin and acaly tumors, rashes, and irritations, and point to a speedy, permanent, and economical cure when all other remedies and even the best physicians fail.

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PULSE DIAGNOSIS.

Dr. Wong

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Chinese
Herbal
Medicine

Never always this way.

After all others fail you

consult Dr. Wong.

Old man and old woman

and you are cured.

Why not investigate?

Thousands of testimonies.

Samaritan, and office

713 South Main St.

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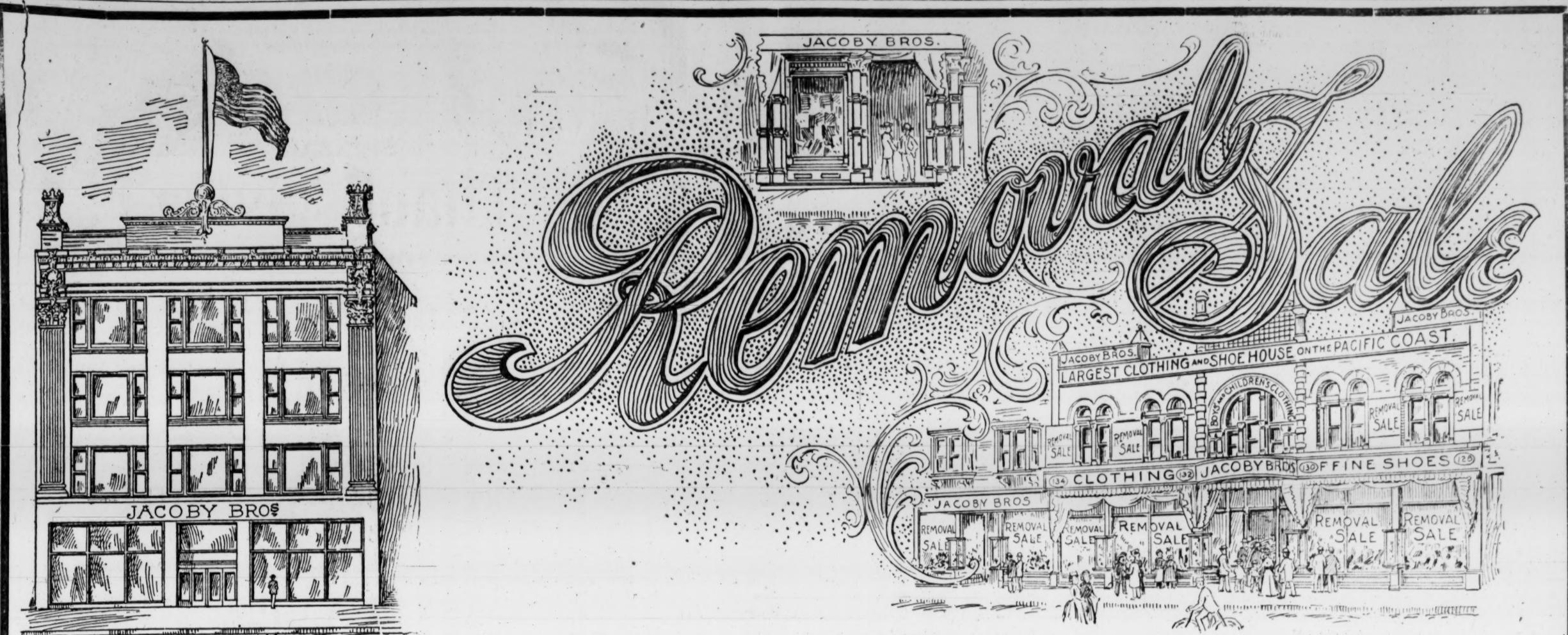
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\$75c Underwear.

Vicuna merino underwear, splendid garments, fine finish 46c

\$1 Underwear.

Our regular \$1 wool underwear, Jersey ribbed and plain, natural, light blue, camel's hair and vicuna 70c

\$1 Sweaters.

Heavy ribbed sweaters, roll collar, sizes 34 to 44, colors maroon and black 65c

33½c Hose.

Wool hose, sold regularly at 8 pair for \$1. Removal sale price, the pair 20c

75c Gloves.

California made working gloves, asbestos tanned 54c

15c Handkerchiefs.

Fancy colored hemstitched border, good quality japonette 9c

\$1 Shirts.

Fancy percale bosom shirts, new bar stripes, checks and fancy stripes 73c

75c Shirts.

Flannelette negligee shirts, full cut, light and medium colors 48c

We're selling Neckwear

25c Neckwear 14c

50c Neckwear 33c

75c Neckwear 45c

Men's Hats.

\$1.25 Men's Hats.

Brown, cedar and hazel Fedoras 89c

\$2 Hats.

Derby and Fedoras, all of the new shapes and shades 1.39

\$2.50 Hats.

Derby and Fedoras, styles, the latest blocks and colors 1.90

Men's Shoes.

\$2.00 Men's Shoes.

Lace and congress, coin toe with tip and plain globe last, medium weight, all sizes 1.24

\$2.50 Men's Shoes.

Coin toe, lace and congress, in black and Russia calf tan, lace, all sizes 1.52

\$2.75 Men's Shoes.

Vici kid and Porpoise calf, all sizes in both leathers, sizes to fit all normal feet 1.88

\$3.00 Men's Shoes.

Genuine wax calf skin, lace and congress, plain or tip, globe or coin toe last 1.98

\$3.50 Men's Shoes.

Vici kid and calfskin, bulldog and coin toes, lace only, all sizes in the different styles 2.17

\$4.00 Men's Shoes.

Double sole, welted, vici kid and White Bros. genuine box calf with nickel eyelets, tan and black bulldog last, all sizes and widths 3.00

\$5.00 Men's Shoes.

Box calf, vici kid, Russia calf, heavy double soles, black and winter tan; all sizes in all styles 3.50

Boys' Shoes.

\$1.25 Boys' Shoes.

Little Gents' spring heel, lace, Harvard toe and tip; sizes 9 to 13½ 79c

\$1.50 Youths' Shoes.

Casco calf, lace, wide coin toe and tip; sizes 12 to 2½; solid soles 1.05

\$1.75 Boys' Shoes.

Casco calf, lace, with nickel eyelets and hooks, ½ double stitched soles, sizes 2½ to 5 1.27

Men's Clothing.

\$7.50 Men's Suits.

Our regular \$7.50 Suits--know then it is the best suit \$7.50 can possibly buy.

Cheviot and Cashmere; single breasted 5.15

\$11.50 Men's Suits.

Tailored and finished in a manner that would do any maker proud. We were careful to see that linings, trimmings and materials were the best that could be put into them.

Pretty patterns, good cassimères and cheviots 7.65

\$15 Men's Suits.

Single and double breasted blue serge gray and black clay worsted frocks and sacks; cheviots, velours, fancy worsteds and cashmeres, single and double-breasted.

The best suits that ever carried a \$15 ticket 11.65

\$20.00 Men's Suits.

We pride ourselves on having the largest, the best assorted and selected stock of \$20 suits for men on this coast, any cut, color or patterns marked for the Removal Sale 16.25

\$17.50 Men's Suits.

Herringbone stripes and all the new patterns and weaves, frocks, single and double-breasted sacks:

front and finish unequalled. Suit that any high class tailor would be pleased to call his handiwork 13.35

\$25.00 Men's Suits.

Imported fancy worsteds, cashmeres, cheviots,

serge and clay worsteds, single and double breasted sacks, three button frocks and Prince Alberts. \$18.75

We have a large stock of \$20, \$25, \$30, \$35, \$40, \$45, \$50, \$60, \$70, \$80, \$90, \$100, \$110, \$120, \$130, \$140, \$150, \$160, \$170, \$180, \$190, \$200, \$210, \$220, \$230, \$240, \$250, \$260, \$270, \$280, \$290, \$300, \$310, \$320, \$330, \$340, \$350, \$360, \$370, \$380, \$390, \$400, \$410, \$420, \$430, \$440, \$450, \$460, \$470, \$480, \$490, \$500, \$510, \$520, \$530, \$540, \$550, \$560, \$570, \$580, \$590, \$600, \$610, \$620, \$630, \$640, \$650, \$660, \$670, \$680, \$690, \$700, \$710, \$720, \$730, \$740, \$750, \$760, \$770, \$780, \$790, \$800, \$810, \$820, \$830, \$840, \$850, \$860, \$870, \$880, \$890, \$900, \$910, \$920, \$930, \$940, \$950, \$960, \$970, \$980, \$990, \$1000, \$1010, \$1020, \$1030, \$1040, \$1050, \$1060, \$1070, \$1080, \$1090, \$1100, \$1110, \$1120, \$1130, \$1140, \$1150, \$1160, \$1170, \$1180, \$1190, \$1200, \$1210, \$1220, \$1230, \$1240, \$1250, \$1260, \$1270, \$1280, \$1290, \$1300, \$1310, \$1320, \$1330, \$1340, 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MR DOOLEY ON,
PUBLIC FICKLENESSE.

Contributed to The Times by E. P. DUNNING

Mr. Dooley put his paper aside and pushed his spectacles up on his forehead. "Well," he said, "I suppose, after all, we're th' mos' lively nation in the wurruld. It doesn't seem manny months ago since yo' Hinnyssy, was down at th' depot cheerin' th' departin' heroes—"

"I never was," said Mr. Hennessey. "I stayed at home."

"Since ye was down cheerin' th' departin' heroes," Mr. Dooley continued, "an' thryin' to collect what they owed ye. Th' papers was full us news iv th' war. Private Jawn Thomas Bozom iv Woonsocket, a chamber iv th' gallant an' devoted Wan-Hundred an' Eighty Rhode Island, accidentally slipped on a orange peel while attemptin' to leave th' recruitin' office an' sustained manny con-susions. He rayfused to be taken home an' insisted on joinin' his regt in at th' raycipation in the fair garrison, Gallatin, Priv. Jawn Bozom! That's th' last that American heroes ar'e made iv. Ye find them at th' forge an' at th' plow, an' drivin' streeet cars, an' ridin' in th' same. Th' favored few has th' chanc to face th' bullets in th' inimy. Tis fr' these unkin' pathfinders that we find our men can stand. His country at home as well as abroad. Private Bozom will not be forgot by his fellow-countrymen. A raycipation has been arranged fr' him at th' Woonsocket op'-house, an' its said if he will accept it, 'tis vote he'll State iv Rhode Island. We'll see him fr' time to time at such times as this that we reflect that th' wurruld has wurruk fr' men to do, an' more politicians must retire to th' rear."

"That was a few months ago. Where's Bozom now? If ever ye go to Woonsocket, Hinnyssy, with G. fribd, ye'll find him in the store. He turns into a brown paper cornucopia an' glad to be alive. An' this tin to wan, an' more th' that, that the town humorist has named him th' orange-peel hero, an' he'll go to his grave with that name. Th' war is over an' the stars and stripes are redied. If ya saw a man fall fr' the top iv a ten-story buildin', twud startle ye, wanst. If it happened again, twud surprise ye. But if ye saw a man fall iv fifty fifteen minutes y'd go home after awhile fr' supper an' ye wudden even mention it to your wife."

"I don't know how many heroes they are in th' Philippines. Down there, a man is either a sojer or a casuall. Bein' a casuall is no good. I cud say about a man: 'He was a hero in th' war with Spain,' but how can I say: 'Shake hands with Bill Grade, war with th' ladies, and victory iv the last war.' Twud be no more thin to say he was wan iv th' gallant men that voted fr' Prisidint in 1896."

"No, Hinnyssy, people wants novelties in war. Th' war fashions iv 1898 is out iv style. They ar'e too full in th' waist an' too long on th' skirt. Th' style has changed. There're fifty thousand backwater men in th' fair isles iv th' Passyfic fighlin' to free th' Philipeen fr'm himself an' becomin' a casualty in th' operation, but no wan is charterin' aray hospital ships fr' him. No wan is convertin' anny steam yachts. I think No. 1000 is shippin' eighty tons iv plum puddin' to complete th' wurruk iv destruction. They ar'e in a war that'd make th' British troops in Africa think they were drillin' fr' a prize banner. But 'tis an unfashionable war. 'Tis an ol' war made over fr' garments formerly worn by heroes. While a man is on th' contrary with wan newer garms, he has read th' authentic dispatches fr' Ladysmith an' Harrismith an' Willumsdenith an' Mysteriously Smith an' meetin' iv the Czar iv Roosha with th' Improv William an' th' fire in th' packin' house an' th' revo'lution in th' streets. An' th' fightin' news an' th' want ads, an' after he's re-read them over twenty times he looks at his watch an' says he, holy smoke, 'tis two hours to thruin' time an' I s'pose I'll have to r-read th' news fr'm th' Philipeens. War, be hivins, is still comin'. I believe, though, to take a fight with all th' wurruld, not more than half th' population iv New England'd die iv hear' disease before they get into th' cellar."

"Th' new style iv war is made in London an' all the set is simply stuck on it. I've seen the Philipeens on th' walk home, but is it possible that anny thire an' well-dressed American can stand to see th' signs iv th' ancient British aristocracy taken care iv by their own government? What's that? Lady John Jennings that was th' daughter with our brat an' her mother? What she says, anny American woman restin' in London see men shot down, she says, 'that has recently played polo in our very sight,' she says, 'an' be broueit home in mere transports!' she says. 'Ladies,' she says, 'have we equip a mental trip?' she says. 'I believe,' she says, 'that all iv us has been long enough fr'm home to forget our dearable domestic struggles,' she says, 'an' think only iv humanity,' she says. An' when she opens up th' shop fr' subscriptions, I'd think fr'm th' crowd that 'twas the first night iv th' holies, when the king and Queen St. George in Kansas march down in the roll, private in th' Twentieth Kansas. Severly, I don't know what Private Severly thinks iv it. An' I woudnt like to know till after Thanksgiving." "Don't be blatherin'," said Mr. Hennessey. "Sure you can't expect people to be interested in a first performance."

"No," said Mr. Dooley, "but when th' audience gives th' compy an encore it ought at least to pretend that it's not havin' th' other show."

(Copyrighted, 1899, by Robert Howard Russell.)

BASEBALL TODAY.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA LEAGUE BEGINS A NEW SERIES.

Beginning today, the Southern California League will play the first games of the new schedule. Los Angeles plays at San Diego, and the San Bernadinos play the Merchants here at Flesta Park. A very close and exciting game will undoubtedly be played, as both Seth and Thurman are in fine form, and pitching a fine game. Settle has lost only one game to San Bernardino, and that was caused by his wildness in the first inning, after which they could do nothing with his delivery. He will be supported behind the bat by young Mangarina, who is equally as good a catcher as his brother Henry, who will do the receiving for San Bernardo.

The line-up of the two teams follows:

Mechants. San Bernardino. P. Mangarina catcher H. Mangarina Settles. pitcher M. Thurman Guerico first base Hart Smithey second base W. Thurman Pike third base Wilding Bresino shortstop Hogan Moore left field Collins Shumate center Hebedon Sepulveda right field Sunday Game will be called promptly at 2:30 o'clock.

REMEMBER THE BABIES.

Give the nice cup, knife and spoon, or napkin ring, or whatever you will wear better than plated silver. Pittsburgh Aluminum Company, 202 Spring.

DR. TRUESEVELL, dentist, No. 132 West 25th.

DR. MICHESTER, 207 S. Broadway, homoeopath.

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Soup Ladies.

Thanksgiving \$1.40

With handsome rococo design handle, heavy silver \$1.65

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Raisin Seeders.

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PETTICOATS.

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Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt.

HERE IS EVIDENCE.

FREE BOOK

DR. M. A. McLAUGHLIN,

MUNYON'S

COLD CURE

MEN

NO CURE, NO PAY.

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We are selling out. We are giving genuine bargains. We are doing as we advertise. The store You is filled with people all day long clerks are on the jump and Want it's prices like these that keep things moving.

Special Red Hot Notion Values. Do the Best Values?

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Carving Sets.

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Bake Pans.

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ElectroPlated Spoons

Look like silver and wear better than the average cheap plated spoon; tea size, 6 for 15c; table size, 6 for 30c; forks, 30c for .

Thanksgiving

Heavy Silver

Heavy

MADE TO BLOSSOM.

WHAT IRRIGATION HAS DONE FOR THE DESERT.

The Waters of the Nile and Their Uses—The Development of Methods of Applying Water to the Land. Irrigated Farms Never Exhausted. Richness of Nile Floods.

[CONTRIBUTED TO THE TIMES.] From time immemorial irrigation has been practiced by man in aid of agriculture; in fact the birth of agriculture was in irrigation. The idea undoubtedly originated in the apt illustration afforded by the cases in the desert. Here, with surrounding sand, hot, blistering, drifting sand, absolutely devoid of vegetation, the hardy sons of the desert were wont to seek the grateful shade. Beside the spring they could lie in the shadow of the date palm, and sleep the sleep of the weary, rising refreshed and ready for the next journey, which was measured from oasis to oasis. It was but natural for man to observe that where springs and water were plentiful vegetation thrived.

By the cultivation of the larger of the oases, however, there was no need for their simple diet, when they needed more land for agriculture, it was but natural to attempt to moisten the soil. To secure water for this, wells were dug. From these the water was drawn by hand and carried in leather bags to the little patch which the intended to cultivate.

When the desert oases lay along the banks of a river, as the Nile or the Euphrates for instance, the water was plentiful. It but needed to be applied to the land to produce the crops needed by man. The sculptures of ancient Egypt contain figures of men with yokes upon their shoulders bearing water pots. This was of course only possible where the water was near at hand. Sculptures of a little later date show the use of the bucket and lever—known as the “shadoof” by the Arabs—the simple well-sweep of our older country houses and still used for irrigating many parts of Egypt, Arabia, Persia and India. It consists of a pole pivoted upon an upright with a skin bucket fastened to one end and a weight upon the other. With this the water can be raised to the height of eight or ten feet into a trough, from which it runs into small tanks or water reservoirs. Where the water has to be raised to a great height it is accomplished by a series of shadoofs, one above the other, each depositing the water in a tank immediately above, from which it is again raised eight or ten feet, and so on until it is finally on the level of the land sought to be irrigated.

As civilization progressed, ditches or troughs by easy transition replaced the man with the bucket as the means of leading the water onto the land. Ridges a few inches in height were raised across small patches of ground, and the water was permitted to run in until the soil was covered, when the gap was closed in this square and an opening made in the next. After a long apprenticeship man gradually acquired a knowledge of mechanics and the application of the forces of nature to his own ends. Crude water wheels were invented, and were probably first by human labor and later by oxen, cows, donkeys, or camels, and finally by the current of streams.

The need was water! water! water! No matter how laborious the task, water must be gotten. By these means man overcame his initial trials, man's struggle with the forces of nature has continued for untold ages. And today, through the application of the principles discovered by our predecessors in irrigation, we see millions of acres of soil, worthless otherwise, reclaimed and made fruitful. Experience has shown that where the water is under control better and larger crops can be produced than on lands where nature has been most bountiful in furnishing rainfall. In the latter regions rain often comes at inopportune times, and again fails just when most needed by the growing crop. Partial or partial failure is frequent in the most favored regions; under modern systems of irrigation it is impossible.

Irrigated farms never wear out. It may occur to farmers who are in the habit of applying large quantities of manure and fertilizer to their lands and raising only moderate crops, that where irrigation is practiced and immense crops grown every season without intermission either increased manuring is necessary, or in its absence, the land, from the increased drain put upon it, will gradually lose fertility. This is not shown to be the case, however. While the irrigating water is drawn from surface supplies, it itself furnishes an everlasting source of fertility. The lands irrigated by the Nile floods are of surpassing richness and their tillers never heard of such things as crop rotation, plowing under clover, manuring or fertilizing. The same is true of the rice fields of the Philippines, which yield from four to six times the crop of the dry-farmed sections, have never known artificial fertilizing, and in the United States we have the evidence of New Mexican farms which have been under cultivation for 20 years and are as productive as virgin land. Irrigation water is drink and food. G. E. M.

SAN PEDRO.

FERRY WORK STOPPED.
SAN PEDRO, Nov. 25.—[Regular Correspondence.] The Southern Pacific Company has, so far as visible acts shew, ceased its efforts to land passengers on Terminal Island from its ferry. The pile driver, the loose lumber and other articles placed by the company on the shore at the island end of its ferry route, have been removed. Apparently as many piles as will be needed for the landing have been driven, but they have not been bridged over. That leaves the island in such shape that no person cannot walk on it from the floating landing, to which the ferry launch is supposed to moor to the solid ground. The little ferryboat is making a trip or two a day, but is not landing passengers.

SAN PEDRO BREVIETTES.

A small experimental breakwater is being constructed along a part of the beach front on Terminal Island. If it proves effective in preventing the washing away of the beach under certain conditions of high tide, it will doubtless be built larger and on a permanent plan.

Projecting signs are being removed from the front of numerous business places in obedience to the new ordinance requiring that such advertising devices shall not reach out further than two feet over the sidewalk.

DO WHAT YOU CAN.

The Good Samaritan. Remember the needy. Save your cast-off clothes before heading off stores for poor families of the city. A request is also made for shoes and clothing for poor children. Drop a card to Fred Wright at the Good Samaritan (Formerly C. F. Wright's place), No. 135 East Seventh street, and anything you have to donate will be welcome for the Alafalfa Pasture.

ALAFALFA PASTURE. Horses will now be received to pasture on the alfalfa fields of the Cudahay ranch at \$2.50 per head. Alfalfa and grass will be fed. Apply at the ranch-house, one mile east of the Florence railroad station. John Hand, foreman.

ANY KIND OF HEADACHE. Leaves you quickly when you use Wright's Paragon Headache Remedy. Try it, 25 cents.

Cheating the Grave.

People Praise the Skill of The English and German Physicians.

CONQUERORS OF CHRONIC DISEASES.

We give below a few samples of the many thousands of testimonials received during recent years. This is the sort of evidence the English and German Physicians has been offering the public since 1873. Read what your neighbors have to say about the ability of these most successful specialists.

Bronchial Trouble Cured



"The nervous disorders and bronchial troubles from which I have suffered for so many years past, and concerning which I consulted the English and German Physicians, have been entirely removed. Their wonderful skill, care and matchless treatment, and I cannot too highly recommend them to all persons who are in the aid of the services of scientists and medical skill. Since I have been cured in so remarkably short a time I feel it my duty to give a written testimonial."

JOHN SANCHURY,
Hotel Rosslyn.

Nervous Prostration Cured



The English and German Physicians did for me what Eastern physicians failed to do. They can perform no harm and demand them as honest and honorable in every way.

MRS. M. E. STANLEY.

Almost Crippled for Life.

Rheumatism and Kidney Disease Arrested in the "Nick of Time."



"For several years I have been afflicted with rheumatism which at times would keep me in the house and in bed for a month, and it seemed as though every bone in my body would break, and sleep was impossible. In connection with the rheumatism I found I had kidney trouble, which undoubtedly had been bothering me all the time. I had tried doctors and doctors until I had become discouraged, and some of them gave me up entirely. After seeing the advertisement of the English and German Physicians for so long a time, and after having heard much of their wonderful work. I concluded to call and see them. After they made a thorough examination of me they did not give me the most encouragement, but told me that they thought they could help me a great deal and I placed myself in their care. Now, after a period of three months, I am perfectly free from pain, and do not notice any of my old symptoms at all. I can heartily recommend them to any who are suffering as I was."

Signed, GEORGE FREEDMAN, Alhambra, Cal.

Kidney Trouble Cured.



"I had been a sufferer from catarrhal troubles and kidney disease for several years past, and after seeking the services of various physicians, nothing had been done to relieve me. Two months ago, when I consulted the English and German Physicians, I was in a serious condition, and my kidneys were greatly shattered. After two months' treatment under these great Physicians I am entirely cured, and my general health is so improved that I have gained ten pounds under the treatment."

Liver Trouble Cured.



"I suffered from liver and rheumatic troubles for years and never got any benefit until I went to the English and German Physicians, who cured me completely. I cannot say too much in their praise."

GEO. S. FABER.

The English and German Physicians cure the following ailments:

Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Heart Disease, Skin Disease, Rheumatism, Malaria, Syphilis, Nervous Diseases, Kidney Diseases, Bladder Diseases, Insomnia, Hysteria, Dysentery, Paralysis, Rickets, Scrofula, Consumption in the early stages, Liver Diseases, Diseases of Bowels, Ovarian Diseases, Sciatica, Tumors and Abnormal Growths, Deformities, Spinal Diseases, Rupture, Stricture and all Chronic Diseases.

Home Cures . . .

The Home Cure System of the English and German Physicians has been in successful operation since 1876. In this manner the doctors cure thousands annually without seeing them. Sufferers who cannot come to Los Angeles or see a part of the staff when they make their monthly visits to interior towns should write full particulars.

Free Books . . .

The English and German Physicians publish two private books—one for men and one for women. They contain a vast amount of valuable information in regard to health, marriage relations, the laws of nature, etc. Either book will be sent by mail, sealed and free of charge, to any man or woman who mentions this paper.

Consultation and Advice Free, at Office or by Mail.

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FIVE SKILLED SPECIALISTS. ESTABLISHED 1873.
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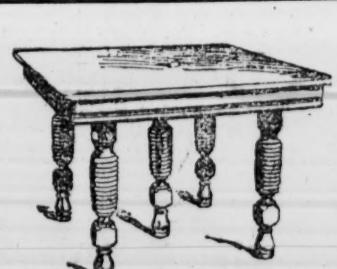
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Extension Table

Solid oak, fine, golden oak finish. Large square top and handsome, massive legs.

6 ft. \$9.45
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Dining Chair.

Golden Oak, Cane Seat, Brace Arm.

MONDAY, TUESDAY and
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95c



Fine large Round Top, solid oak, golden finish, large legs, new and very swell

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Have the tone and quality and 20 years of reputation easy terms.

Williamson Bros.

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SYNAGOGUE BETHEL.

NEW RELIGIOUS BODY MAKING PREPARATIONS TO BUILD.

The People's Synagogue Bethel, the new conservative Jewish religious congregation, is making preparations to build. The organization incorporated for religious and benevolent purposes, and to own property in connection. A building lot, centrally located, has been secured, by donation, it is understood, and a synagogue with a seating capacity of 600 is to be erected at an estimated cost of from \$25,000 to \$30,000. Plans have not been decided upon, but work is to be commenced by December 1.

The new congregation, which starts out with a membership of thirty-five, has made arrangements for its opening services, which will be held at Ebenezer Hall, December 7 and 8, conducted by Dr. Solomon.

SAN BERNARDINO COUNTY.

TWO JURIES FAIL TO AGREE.

SAN BERNARDINO, Nov. 25.—[Regular Correspondence.] The case of John Moya, charged with selling liquor to Indians, went to the jury this morning, after a trial lasting two days, but no verdict was reached, the jury disagreeing.

The jury in the case of Perry White, charged with robbing Charley Burley, could not agree on a verdict, and was discharged at a late hour last night by Judge Campbell. The jury stood two hours for conviction and two for acquittal. This was White's second trial, the jury at the first trial having failed to agree. The case will probably be dropped.

SAN BERNARDINO BREVITIES.

John Martin, a native of Great Britain, has filed his intention to become a citizen of the United States.

A petition was filed today in Judge Oster's court for a writ of habeas corpus in the case of Mrs. David Davis, who is confined in the City Jail at Redlands, for alleged violation of the state's liquor ordinance. Judge Oster issued an order granting the writ, returnable on Tuesday, November 28, before Judge D. K. Trask of Los Angeles, in Department One.

José A. Rivera filed a declaration of homestead today on lots 15 and 21 of the Holden Villa Addition, Redlands. The property is valued at \$1500.

Conrad Thompson went to Bloomington today, to inquire into the case of a man who was found dead.

Mrs. O. M. Caldwell died last evening after a long illness. The remains were taken north yesterday afternoon for interment at Glendale. The deceased was 37 years of age.

Mrs. Edith M. Fish died yesterday, aged 61 years. The funeral took place this afternoon from the family residence, on North E Street.

The board of directors of the Colton Free Exchange held an unbroken meeting last evening. The report of the committee upon estimate of orange crop for the season of 1899-1900 was received, showing an estimate of 211 carloads, contracted by the association to members of the exchange.

It was voted to request the association to modify members of the exchange that all navel oranges, not less than 200 to the box, and seedlings, not less than 216 to the box, would be received for the holiday shipment.

POMONA.

PUBLIC LIBRARY REOPENED.

POMONA, Nov. 25.—[Regular Correspondence.] The Public Library reopened this morning, after having been closed for a few days, during which time changes have been made in the rooms, and a general renovation has taken place. The partition in the large front room has been removed, and the librarian's counter placed in this room, about which new shelving has been put up. This will be used as a general reading-room, and is yet to be carpeted. Numerous new bookcases have been made to fill what was formerly the general library-room, and all of the books have been rearranged. The former crowded quarters of the library made these changes necessary.

POMONA BREVITIES.

Loud & Gerling shipped out a carload of apricots today. They have packed about two hundred carloads of apricots, peaches, prunes and raisins this season.

The newly-elected officers of the local Christian Endeavor and Epworth League Union are: President, C. W. Talbot; vice-presidents, Messrs. Gould, Ross, Pierce, Ludden, Mrs. C. H. Perrin; secretary, Miss Ethel Howarth; treasurer, Fred H. Shuttie.

There has been here an influx of newcomers of late, and about all available houses hereabouts are now rented.

The trial of Peter Espiau for an alleged violation of the liquor ordinance on November 3, is being held before Justice White. When caught a number of arms were stolen from people here, were found in his possession. Allen has been about town before and pretending to be deaf and dumb for about a week. He claims he came here from Los Angeles. He had his "dope" outfit with him when captured.

LONG BEACH.

LIGHTING SYSTEM SOLD.

LONG BEACH, Nov. 25.—[Regular Correspondence.] The Long Beach and San Pedro Electrical Company has again had a change of owners. The purchasers are Frederick H. Rindge and some associates who live in Los Angeles. Mr. Rindge is a capitalist having large holdings in Los Angeles and in and about Santa Monica. The new directors are: H. V. Carter, president; F. H. Rindge, vice-president; George O. Cochran, secretary; King, assistant secretary; and L. E. Phillips. The Bank of Long Beach is the treasurer under the new management.

The company supplies electric lighting service in Long Beach, Terminal Island and San Pedro. The street illuminating service in Long Beach and in San Pedro is under contracts with those two municipalities. In San Pedro the company a short time ago obtained a five-year contract to light the city at a rate of 25 cents per month per sixteen candle power lamp. The company's present generating plant is in Long Beach. Current for San Pedro is transmitted through a cable running under the inner harbor of San Pedro.

VACANT STORES SCARCE.

There are scarcely a half dozen vacant store places in Long Beach, and most of those are said to be held by lessees who have closed them only for the winter. There is a marked demand for store places and several recent instances are reported in which tradesmen intending to start in business in Long Beach have been prevented from doing so because of the lack of quarters suitable for the sale of goods.

SMITH'S DANDRUFF POMADE.

Never fails to stop itching scalp, cure dandruff hair loss. Price 50c. at all druggists. Sample free. Address Smith Bros., Fresno, Cal.

ALUMINUM NAPKIN RINGS.

New artistic patterns. They look like silver and will not tarnish or wear off. Pittsburgh Aluminum Company, 212 S. Spring St.

\$5 per month is the total expense of treatment for all chronic, nervous and deep-seated diseases, including all medicine and physicians' constant care and attention until cured.

The many testimonials published from time to time is conclusive evidence that the Homo-Alo system of medication is far in advance of any other known method of treatment.

Chronic and nervous ailments of the most stubborn type, difficult, obscure and deep-seated diseases, that have resisted the skill of other well-known physicians, yield readily to this advanced system of treatment as applied by the able and skillful physicians of the Homo-Alo Medical Institute at 245 South Spring Street, Los Angeles.

A Monster Worm.
Mrs. M. (whose testimonial is on file at this office) writes: "I was a sufferer with distress and heavy feeling in my stomach for more than a year. I consulted our family physician and various specialists, but nothing would relieve me all the time instead of better. A friend of our family who had been cured of a severe case of catarrh and stomach trouble by the Homo-Alo Medical Institute, recommended me to see them regarding my trouble. Their specialist in this line of trouble told me at once that I was suffering from tape worms, and he could cure me in a very short time. He gave me one dose of medicine and in less than three hours I passed a large tape worm, with head attached, and was relieved of all trouble, and more, as my system was then run down, and now I am thankful to say I have gained in flesh and feel better than I did for a long time." This is another testimonial from a Los Angeles patient, can be seen at the offices of the Homo-Alo Medical Institute. Los Angeles has hundreds of people suffering from tape worms.

Deafness and Stomach Trouble.

For the benefit of all sick people I wish to state my experience and how I have been released from the clutches of disease, that has four years.

I was almost crazy with my head, ears and throat. I had a continual ringing in my ears and would put across my throat. This was so bad that I could hardly hear, even when people would shout at the top of their voices. My throat was constantly inflamed and my stomach was very much constipated, and when I awoke in the morning the taste in my mouth was something like a bad breath. I consulted several different physicians without any benefit whatever, and they all told me that my hearing could never be restored.

Four weeks I began treatment with the Homo-Alo Medical Institute, at 245 South Spring Street, Los Angeles. With the first week's treatment my hearing improved and I had relief from those terrible pains for the first time in four years. I can now hear any ordinary conversation and can truthfully say that I would swear as well as before the \$600.00 would advise any and all suffering to consult the Homo-Alo Staff of Physicians and Surgeons, as they have given me instant and permanent relief and I have no desire to let them be gentlemen as well as physicians.

(Signed) MRS. ANNAC MANNING,
216 East Third Street, Los Angeles.

Kidney Disease Cured.

Mr. Hugh Miller, San Diego, Cal., writes: "When I began your treatment I could not stand without great pain, was weak in the hips, and had a pain in the waist. My kidneys were very annoying. I was up and down at all times during the night. I had a dizzy headache and bad taste in my mouth which caused me to be very badly coated. After a course of the Homo-Alo treatment I am well, and working every day."

Lung Trouble Cured.

"Had catharsis of the throat and bronchia for two years" observed Mrs. Van Rensselaer, "and the disease became very disagreeable. On the slightest exposure I was distressed beyond measure and could not stand without great difficulty and pain. The effort to draw breath would send excruciating pains through my lungs, sides and chest. I felt many times as if I must give up life. The doctor advised me not to live, but I had to stand my lungs, and realized that I was fast going into consumption. The greatest torture invariably came at night, and I had to resort to extra exposure to get temporary relief. Finally I could not stand it any longer, and taking the advice of some friends who were cured by the Homo-Alo treatment, I placed myself entirely in their charge. In a very short time I experienced relief and continued to improve until now I consider myself unquestionably a cure for bronchial or lung trouble."

"MRS. E. R. VAN RENNSELAER,
Santa Monica, Cal."

Catarrh Cured.

Mr. W. C. Wilson, a man well known for his originally and rare business abilities, says: "I had suffered from catarrh of the head and throat, which finally affected my stomach, causing a severe case of indigestion. I was unable to eat anything for many months, and was terribly ill in flesh as consequence of irregular living and not being able to relish my food. After vain attempts to get well under the treatment of various physicians, I consulted well-known specialists in this city and treated with them for nearly a year, only to find at the end of that time that I was worse than when I began. I had lost weight, and my appetite was gone. I had to give me tablets which acted as a tonic and stimulated me for a few days at a time, but never any real relief. I had to give up the treatment as saw their only object was to take my money and keep me from getting any possible without intending to cure me. As a result of this I was in a condition of being very miserable and tired of life generally. I met a former business partner of mine who advised me to go to the Homo-Alo Medical Institute, and I did so. I was immediately relieved. I began treatment at the Homo-Alo Medical Institute, and can truthfully state that today I feel as though I am in the best of health. I have had no returns of the disgusting and disagreeable symptoms which plagued me. I have a good appetite, for which I am thankful to the skillful physicians who cured me. Will cheerfully answer any letters addressed to me regarding my experience and results." W. C. WILSON.

"505 South Spring St., Los Angeles."

Stomach Trouble and Nervousness Cured.

Mrs. Lewis, a resident of this city for eighteen years, says: "I have been a terrible sufferer from stomach trouble, constipation and nervousness for the past five years. At times I felt as if I could not contain myself. I was weak, tired and exhausted. I tried to get well, but all the medicines I took were of no benefit in giving me relief. A few weeks ago I began treatment at the Homo-Alo Medical Institute, and can truthfully state that today I feel as though I am in the best of health. I have had no returns of the disgusting and disagreeable symptoms which plagued me. I have a good appetite, for which I am thankful to the skillful physicians who cured me. Will cheerfully answer any letters addressed to me regarding my experience and results."

"W. C. WILSON.

Asthma Cured.
Mr. Silas G. Adams, for many years a resident of Denver, Colo., says: "I am 57 years of age, and have had asthma, catarrh, asthma, and bronchitis, you know. Have traveled north, south, east and west in hope of finding relief through change of climate. Have tried numerous remedies, and have been under the care of the best physicians in all parts of the country. Most of them told me that my trouble was incurable. I have spent whole nights on my knees, throwing myself on the floor, and in a constant state of action reaching for air, wheezing and coughing all the time. Became almost insane, suffering constant pain and distress, the most intense agony, and nothing would give me relief. I began treatment at the Homo-Alo Medical Institute, and can truthfully state that today I feel as though I am in the best of health. I have had no returns of the disgusting and disagreeable symptoms which plagued me. The physicians who have given me help have done me a great service."

"I heard of this modern treatment, and wrote to them for information. I have been born again. Life is a pleasure and worth living. I sleep like a babe all night. I walk and run like a young person. I have no trouble with my breathing, and no wheezing. In fact I feel as though I am perfectly well. Words fail to express my gratitude for the years that have been added to my life."

Stomach Trouble Cured.
Mrs. D. C. Salgado, No. 124, cor. Amelia and Jackson Sts., for seven years a resident of this city, says:

"I have been troubled for several years with severe stomach trouble, causing nausea and bloating. What ate would not digest and as I could scarcely eat anything. I had doctor after doctor, and was told that there was nothing to be done for me. I had no relief until I had become tired of doctoring. The Homo-Alo treatment was so highly recommended to me that I finally decided to try it. I am now 100% relieved. Now, however, after a short course of treatment I am entirely cured of my sufferings and am as well as I ever was. I have also gained considerably in weight."

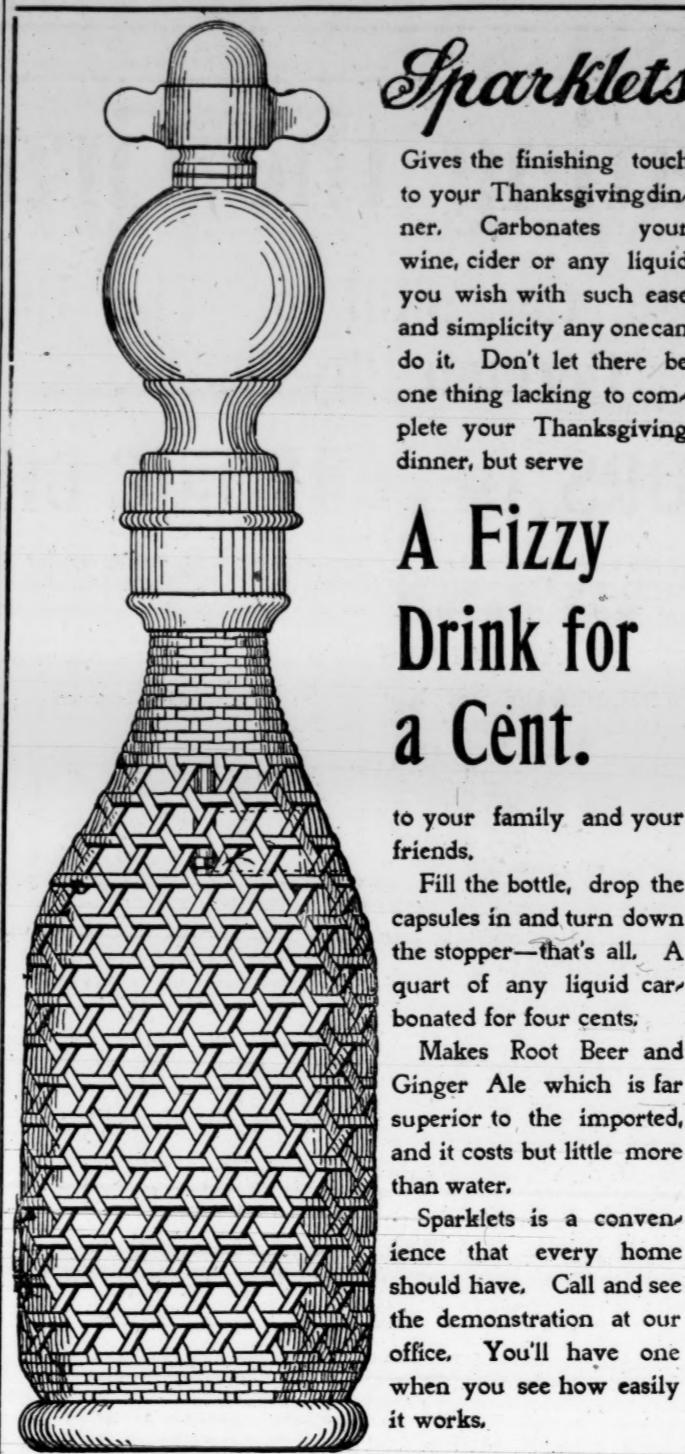
Deaf Twelve Years.
Dear Doctors—I most cheerfully bear testimony to the success of the Homo-Alo treatment for my deafness. I may say that for twelve years I was a sufferer from catarrh, bursting noise, dizziness and deafness. I tried many physicians and remedies, but with no permanent benefit until you took my case in hand. My head is now clear as a whistle and my hearing perfect. Very truly yours,

W. H. GLENDENNING,
Station E, Los Angeles, Cal.

A Monster Worm.

Mrs. M. (whose testimonial is on file at this office) writes: "I was a sufferer with distress and heavy feeling in my stomach for more than a year. I consulted our family physician and various specialists, but nothing would relieve me all the time instead of better. A friend of our family who had been cured of a severe case of catarrh and stomach trouble by the Homo-Alo Medical Institute, recommended me to see them regarding my trouble. Their specialist in this line of trouble told me at once that I was suffering from tape worms, and he could cure me in a very short time. He gave me one dose of medicine and in less than three hours I passed a large tape worm, with head attached, and was relieved of all trouble, and more, as my system was then run down, and now I am thankful to say I have gained in flesh and feel better than I did for a long time."

This is another testimonial from a Los Angeles patient, can be seen at the offices of the Homo-Alo Medical Institute. Los Angeles has hundreds of people suffering from tape worms.



Sparklets

Gives the finishing touch to your Thanksgiving dinner. Carbonates your wine, cider or any liquid you wish with such ease and simplicity any one can do it. Don't let there be one thing lacking to complete your Thanksgiving dinner, but serve

A Fizzy Drink for a Cent.

to your family and your friends.

Fill the bottle, drop the capsules in and turn down the stopper—that's all. A quart of any liquid carbonated for four cents.

Makes Root Beer and Ginger Ale which is far superior to the imported, and it costs but little more than water.

Sparklets is a convenience that every home should have. Call and see the demonstration at our office. You'll have one when you see how easily it works.

California Instantaneous Carbonating Co.
130 West Second St., near Spring, Wilcox Building.
Phone Red 2906.

Wholesale Department 210 Commercial St.

LOS ANGELES FURNITURE CO.
CARPETS, RUGS, SHADES.
225-227-229 South Broadway.
OPPOSITE CITY HALL.



Now is the time for you to decide about getting that new furniture for the dining-room. Thanksgiving is Thursday, and you cannot put it off much longer.

From the plain oak dining-room chair at \$1.00 up to the beautiful mahogany table at \$150.00, we offer a wide range for selection. China closets, buffets, sideboards, extension tables, and so on all through the list.

The dining-room scene in our window is a demonstration of how elaborately we can furnish, if one desires. The demonstration of how economically we can do it will be found in the prices on the goods. To see the window and not go over the stock is to fall far short of knowing just how great a furniture store this is.

WEDDING INVITATIONS 100 for \$4.00.
(Including 2 envelopes.)

CALLING CARDS 100 for 60 Cents.

PROCESS Professional and Business Cards Engraved

Typographed or printed. Cheap in price only. Samples mailed.

The Typogravure Co., 226 West First St. (Jones Book Store.)

Extraordinary Offers...

Of bargains in Diamond Bros.' stock which was bought at 40c on the dollar by M. Goodstein. Everything must be sold out as soon as possible. Remember I am selling the balance of this stock far beyond the actual cost.

Diamond Bros. Mr. Goodstein Closing Out Price.

\$1.50 Fancy colored, heavy Silk Patterns, full shades and Patterns per yard \$.73

.35 Patterned Goods, Patterns per yard \$.19

.05 Silk and Cotton black colored Pictures \$.08

.75 50 fine quality India colored Silks \$.35

.35 All China Goods, solid colors, 17 shades \$.14

.05 Fancy wool mixtures, Dress Goods \$.06

.40 All Wool Fancy Check Dress Goods \$.16

.29 Plain Black Sicilian Dress Goods \$.15

.05 Black Brocade Sicilian Dress Goods \$.12

.15 Black Cotton Moreen Linings

BUSINESS.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL

OFFICE OF THE TIMES.

Los Angeles, Nov. 25, 1899.
For the information of orange-growers, buyers and shippers, we publish daily quotations from New York and Boston, obtained through a reliable correspondence. These dispatches also give the pulse of the citrus-fruit market day by day. These exclusive reports will become more and more important as the season advances.]

CITRUS FRUITS IN THE EAST.

QUOTI MARKET IN NEW YORK.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]
NEW YORK, Nov. 25.—[Exclusive Dispatch] There was a quiet market for lemons at the recent decline, with trading mostly in small lots. A depressing feature is the coming sale of a cargo of Largo Bay, consisting of 28,000 boxes. There seems to be a disposition among buyers to hold off for this sale, believing that lower prices will be realized.

The prospective large yield of California lemons is not without its influence on the market here for Sicily stock. It is claimed in some quarters among importers that the low prices this year are due to the condition of fruit arriving, and also to large sales since the opening of the season.

There is also a general feeling that the orange market was firm with the jobbing demand more active than usual for Saturday. Four hundred and fifty boxes of Floridas were sold, and realized prices from \$3.00 to \$3.25. A large supply of Floridas is expected Monday. Jamaica stock is scarce and firm, with prices on all grades holding strongly. A carload of California will be sold at auction Monday. Jobbers' prices unchanged.

Boston Citrus-fruit Market.

BOSTON, Nov. 25.—[Exclusive Dispatch] Oranges ruled firm at unchanged rates. Jobbing demand fairly active and prices are firmly maintained. Supplies are comparatively small and higher prices are looked for next week. Lemons are moving steadily at easier rates than realized at auction sales earlier in the week.

J. W. Coupland, general manager of the California Transportation Company, left yesterday for a month's trip through the West. Before returning Coupland will visit San Francisco and Los Angeles, with a view to getting the cars of his company once more in the California fruit trade, if such a deal is possible.

FINANCIAL.

LOCAL CLEARANCES. The exchanges brought into the local clearinghouse last week amounted to \$2,472,220, compared with \$2,156,623.87 for the preceding week, and in the corresponding week in 1898 the figures were \$1,861,115.18. Last year the week was only five days; this year six.

LOCAL STOCKS AND BONDS. The Los Angeles Stock and Bond Exchange quotes local securities as follows:

LOS ANGELES BANKS.

Description	Bid	Asked
Broadway	115	
California	100	
Citizens'	130	
Commercial	50	
Farmers' and Merchants	3100	
First National	172	
Mercantile	119	
N.C.L. Bank of California	105	
State Bank and Trust Co.	87	89
Security Loan and Trust Co.	25	
German-American Savings	138	
Main Street Savings	50	
Sou. Cal. Savings	82	
Union Bank of Savings	104	
Security Savings Bank	76	

*Shares \$100, paid up \$50.
BONDS.

Los Angeles and Pasadena.

Electric Railway	5%	100%	101%
L.A. & Pacific Railway	65.	103	103½
San Antonio Water Co.	65.	98	100
Con. Water Co. of Pomona	101		
San Gabriel Electric Co.	65	98	100
Edison Electric	80	98	100
Los Angeles Lighting Co.	65	99	100
Southern Cal. Power Co.	65	101	
Crystal Spgs. Water Co.	65	101	101½
Tracton Co.	65	113	
Tracton Co. 5s.	101	101½	
L. A. Consolidated Es.	105	105½	

MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

Title Guarantees and Trust Co.	100%	103
Title Ins. & Trust Co. Com.	65	75
Title Ins. & Trust Co. pfd.	97½	100
New L. A. Water Co.	45	60

Thirty shares of the Los Angeles National Bank were sold last week at 120.

COMMERCIAL.

BROOM CORN. It is said that the interests that have purchased about eighteen-twentieths of all this year's crop of broom corn in the United States have agreed to make the price of Illinois Central broom corn \$20 per ton f.o.b. cars, all other grades of broom corn to follow in price according to quality.

CARPETS. The season for carpets opened auspiciously at New York November 12. Buyers had arrived in greater numbers than ever before, and they came from many sections of the country, says Bradstreet's, and it is said that they intend laying good orders. So far the business has been of good volume and prices obtained satisfactory.

WOOL FAMINE. An Australian wool farmer is predicting a famine of the demand for mutton to feed the British troops engaged in South Africa. It is said that Australian sheep breeders are not only killing their sheep for mutton, but that they are also reducing their goods by crossing the breeds in order to obtain better meat sheep.

TEXAS PECANS. It is quite generally believed that this season's Texas pecan crop will be about 10 per cent. larger than those heretofore. Texas grows about two-thirds of all the pecans grown here. This is the third short crop in succession.

COFFEE. W. H. Crossman & Co., in their latest circular on the coffee market conditions, state that the recent advances in that berry were due to sentimental and other reasons not based on actual conditions. They also state that the faulty methods now employed in reporting sales and shipments have led to erroneous statistics. According to their circular the current coffee crop in Rio and Santos was estimated at 9,500,000 bags, but according to receipts so far it looks likely to run in excess of 10,000,000 bags. However, choice grades of coffee are all scarce.

THE COTTON CROP. Latham, Alexander & Co. of New York have compiled the following on the probable size of this season's cotton crop:

States	Per cent.	Crop of increase, in millions, last year
Alabama	17	961,970 1,159,000
Arkansas	30	506,899 624,000
Florida	10	62,000 76,000
Georgia	19	1,344,160 1,526,000
Louisiana	14	507,400 590,000
Mississippi	22	1,250,000 1,420,000
North Carolina	23	445,910 583,000
South Carolina	25	739,350 1,012,000
Tennessee	22	739,750 900,000
Texas, etc.	31	2,652,920 3,552,000

Totals 8,709,599 11,275,000
Two thousand one hundred and forty

correspondents out of a total of 2000 report that the crop has been more rapidly marketed or shipped to market as quickly as in former years. Four hundred and forty-two correspondents report that from 5 to 15 per cent more than last year has been held on plantations, towns and cities for higher prices.

GENERAL BUSINESS TOPICS.

ENGLAND'S DEPENDENCE. The British public as a body do not generally know to what extent we rely on foreign countries for our food supply, and very few thoughtful readers have yet realized to what extent Great Britain depends on the grain of others. The Fall Mail Gazette states: "The inhabitants of the British Isles number 40,500,000 today, and consume breadstuffs equal to about 30,500,000 quarters of wheat. Of this total quantity required during the last cereal year, the British farmers produced 1,500,000 quarters, and these came from abroad 25,000,000 quarters. Unfortunately for the English millers, of the quantity of breadstuffs imported in the cereal year just ended nearly one-third of the wheat reached us in the manufactured form of flour. It is doubtful whether there is any necessary of life receiving more attention at the present time throughout the civilized world than bread, and this is due to the fact that wheat is one of the most staple articles of diet made by some scientists, for example, Sir W. Crookes, who predicts a scarcity of wheat within appreciable distance, unless by the aid of science the yield per acre throughout the chief producing countries is greatly increased. In the first place, we must consider the whole problem to our readers is to know on what countries we rely to supply us with our daily bread, and to what extent we are indebted to their good nature. If we take the government returns just published and make a comparison with the quantity of breadstuffs that were imported into the United Kingdom during the cereal year just ended, namely, between September 1, 1898, and August 31, 1899, we find that the United States sent a little over 64 per cent. of the total quantity of breadstuffs imported, and this large amount some two-thirds came in the form of the manufactured article, flour. For many reasons it is pleasant to notice that the second place in the list of countries that furnish us with our bread supply is Canada, and that during the last cereal year almost 10 per cent. of the quantity imported, while India came next in the list, with about 8% per cent. In passing, it may be as well to recall the fact that seven years ago Russia supplied us with most of our breadstuffs, namely, 36 per cent. and the United States only 10 per cent, but last year Russia came fifth on the list of countries, and did not send us more than 3 1-3 per cent. of the total, while the Argentine Republic had the position immediately above her with 1-3 per cent. Australia sent only 1-3 per cent. and the United Kingdom a little over 2% per cent. of the total breadstuffs imported, while the remainder came from Austria, France, Germany, Chile, Turkey, Roumania, etc., in the order of importance which need not be mentioned.

From these figures our readers will see that we only receive about a fifth part of the bread supplies imported from within the empire, and that the majority of the United States have not only kept their position but have increased it. The corn situation is also of interest, having almost 10 per cent. of the total quantity imported, while India came next in the list, with about 8% per cent. The difference in the amount of breadstuffs imported into the United Kingdom a little over 2% per cent. of the total breadstuffs imported, while the remainder came from Australia, France, Germany, Chile, Turkey, Roumania, etc., in the order of importance which need not be mentioned.

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The Busy Store. The Broadway Department Store. The Busy Store. The Broadway Department Store. The Busy Store. The Broadway Department Store. The Busy Store.

Broadway. corner Fourth-Los Angeles. Broadway. corner Fourth-Los Angeles. Broadway. corner Fourth-Los Angeles. Broadway. corner Fourth-Los Angeles.

We defy anyone to meet these prices.

Here's a grand summing up of bargain evidence—that proves the B'day to be absolutely the lowest.

(a)—That the B'day is the store for the masses.

(b)—That the B'day has the stamina to declare its principles in defiance of pools and combinations.

(c)—That the B'day is unmistakably the lowest in prices.

(d)—That the B'day does what it says it'll do.

These are bold assertions. We don't make them without proving them. The proof fol-

Drugs--Medicines at Cut Prices.

A new department whose business will be conducted along the same daring and fearless lines as dry goods, or shoes or clothing.

We're going to save this city thousands of dollars on its medicines and druggist sundries—We propose to sell toilet articles, rubber goods, proprietary medicines, etc., less than any one else in this section—Less than what any one dare ask—for we understand that every seller has bowed to the dictates of the trusts—promising to maintain an exorbitant schedule of prices. This we will never do.

To introduce the new drug department and to at once become popular by the popular-price route

We will give, absolutely free, 1000 sample bottles of our new perfumery

Manufactured expressly for us. The odors are extracts of refined and sweetly delicate perfume. Ask to see especially tomorrow—"Broadway Queen." Every woman will be delighted with it—its strength and purity is unsurpassed—a sample of it for the asking.

These prices will bring Confusion and Consternation

to the trade. We've read and revised them. There are no mistakes. Now if anyone would be foolish enough to tell you the B'day don't do as they advertise—tell them you'll go and see.

\$1 Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, 69c

\$1 Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, 69c

50c Scott's Emulsion Cod Liver Oil, 39c

15c Genuine Swansdown, 10c

25c Piso's Consumption Cure, 19c

25c Sheffield Tooth Paste, 13c

25c box Genuine Old-fashioned Buttermilk Toilet Soap, 11c

50c Malted Milk for 39c

50c Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, 35c

75c 4-quart Hot Water Bottles, 49c

Anita Cream 29c

That popular and favorite complexion coater that every woman knows and recognizes as a fifty-cent article, will be sold on Monday at the ridiculous and matchless price of....

Pitcher's 35c Castoria, 21c

\$1 Paine's Celery Compound, 69c

10c Emerson's Bromo Seltzer, 7c

50c Cuticura Resolvent, 39c

10c Bromo Kola, 7c

25c Garfield Tea, 19c

75c Sozodont, for the Teeth, 49c

50c California Fig Syrup, 35c

25c Packer's Tar Soap, 19c

25c Mallinckrodt's Peroxide of Hydrogen, 15c

Millinery Sacrificed



Now comes the fun—We've deliberately cut the prices on all wanted millinery. What's been moving slow must be hurried out at once, and we do it now so you women with Thanksgiving needs can supply them for a little money.



SALE OF SHAPES AND SAILORS.

\$1.45 Ones cut to 98c—black or white, velvet shapes with jetted edges.

\$1.15 Ones cut to 89c—black and brown shapes, of velvet with silk wire edge.

98c Ones cut to 49c—Fancy shapes, 9 in., with chenille brim and velvet crown.

\$1.25 Ones cut to 89c—French felt short back sailor.

French felt shapes with velvet folds around rim.

Trimmed Hats. Thousands of Trimmed Hats here to select from—the much wanted Spanish turbans are here, felt or velvet trimmed, with the richest of taffeta silks, imported jets, bird's wings, ostrich feathers, pompons and violets—at

\$1.98,

Trim'm wire, in silk or satin, all colors, 1c yd. or ribbon wire, sp'cial for yd 1c

Buckram shapes, in new styles, a fine assortm't on special sale Monday: 7c

for one..... 1c

Hat Pins, doz 5-in black ones for 1c, or a doz. gilt ones for..... 1c

Wings, mercury wings in black and colors pr 15c or colored wings for pr..... 9c

Gloves, black or colored, special value Monday..... 39c

Allegrettes, full sweep, black and colors Monday..... 17c

Monogram for..... 1c

Thousands of Trimmed Hats here to select from—the much wanted Spanish turbans are here, felt or velvet trimmed, with the richest of taffeta silks, imported jets, bird's wings, ostrich feathers, pompons and violets—at

\$2.69, \$3.39, \$4.39, \$3.48

Our Imported Pattern Hats have been admired by thousands. We believe them to be the handsomest in Los Angeles. They have served their purpose as models—now the price will sell them quickly. Every hat perfect—in black and all the swell colors. They go Monday at the one price—\$10 Hats—\$12 Hats—\$6.48—\$13 Hats—\$15 Hats

Men's Furnishings

Men's black or tan fine gauge, two thread seamless socks, long rib cuff, strictly fast colors, our regular 8c socks, sizes 9½ to 11; Monday 5c

Men's Natural Gray Wool Socks—heavy winter weight, white heel and toe, elastic rib cuff, strictly seamless and soft twisted yarn, a regular 25c value, all sizes. Monday price..... 14c

Men's Four-Ply Linen Cuffs—in link or round style, sizes 10, 10½, 11; our 15c cuffs. Special price per pair..... 5c

Men's Clothing Men's \$1.48 Wool Cheviot Pants in gray and brown stripes, French waistband; 99c 1.75 value; special price.....

Men's Double-Breasted Blue Serge Suit—with plain or silk facing, French double front, indigo dye, fast color; our \$1.98 suit; special price..... \$8.98

Boys' Furnishings Boys' heavy derby rib, elastic finish shirts or drawers, soft fleecy inside, sweater neck, our regular 25c line, ages 7 to 14 years; Monday price..... 14c

Boy's 50c Laundered Percale Shirts—with collar and cuffs attached, in checks, stripes and plaids, neat shades in pinks, blues, browns, etc., sizes 12½ to 14. Monday price..... 29c

Candies--New Dep't

Startling Prices.

Sweet and tempting and as inviting as that your mother makes—and made just as carefully as she makes it, too. Only the finest cube sugar is used. In the boiling room the kettles, cans, slabs and moulds are scoured and boiled before an ounce of ingredients is put in. You are sure of the quality.

Chocolate cigars, 1-2c each. Banana Marshmallows, 1-2c each. Butter Scotch, 1-2c each. Chocolate Mice, 1-2c each.

27c For 30c Lemon Chocolates. For 30c Vanilla Chocolates. For 30c Strawb'r Chocolates. For 30c Maple Chocolates. For 30c Creams—raspberry, strawberry, maple or lemon. 50c Cocoanut Bonbons, 23c. All 25c Taffies, 11c lb—Peanut, Molasses, Strawberry, Vanilla or Chocolate.

LB. 15c Broken Mixed, 6c. All 25c Taffies, 11c lb—Peanut, Molasses, Strawberry, Vanilla or Chocolate.

Now look at the Prices.

10c Bottle of best sewing machine oil 3½c.

4c Asbestos stove mat, Monday 2½c.

10c Rochester lamp chimneys 6½c.

27c Hand glass lamp complete 16½c.

Notions==Lowest Prices Yet.

Read them, if only out of curiosity! Here's a broadside of bargains that'll squeal opposition and bring victory quick and glorious.

3c Hump Hooks and Eyes—Black or white. 24c Mohair Binding—With cord or brush edge, worth 5c.

1c Columbian Sewing Silk—in black or colors.

3c for doz. Dress Stays—Good quality, steel, satin covered, all colors.

1c for Bristle Tooth Brushes.

3c for Beauty Pins—Of twisted wire or rolled gold.

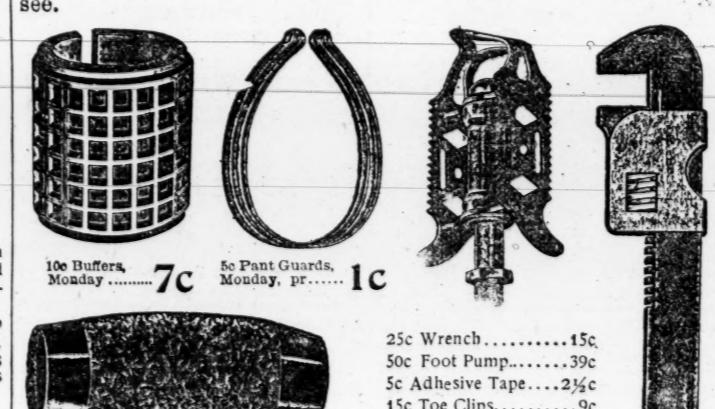
2c for 10c Lisle Elastic—in black or white, 3c, 4c and 5c in. wide, worth 5c. 7c and 10c yard.

9c for 18 in. all-over Lace—in cream, butter and black, worth 35c.

12c for Juby Trimming—The very latest fad, in black and white, all alit shades, worth every piece 15c.

Bicycle Things==1 Price.

Broadway methods again to the front—small profits, but lots of them—To-morrow starts the biggest and liveliest selling of Bicycle Sundries Los Angeles has seen for many a day for you never saw such ridiculous prices. If folks tell you we can't sell at these prices—tell them you'll come and see.



Veiling

Fancy meshes as well as plain with dots—in black and colors—10c and 15c values, one price

5c

10c

15c

Ribbon

A plain and checked all silk taffeta 8½ in. wide, all color reduced from 25c, for Monday

5c

10c

15c

Neckwear

Ladies' null ties with all lace trimmings, 62 in. long, worth 25c, 35c and 45c, a little soiled, this Monday

5c

10c

15c

Ladies' Underwear.

Ladies' fleece lined vests and pants, ecru, gray or white, extra good weight, gusset sleeves, finished seams, silk taped necks. Regular 35c 19c quality, special at.....

Ladies' all wool vests and pants, fine jersey ribbed or sanitary, natural gray, or scarlet, extra good weight, silk finished. Regular 35c 98c value. Special at.....

Ladies' fleece lined union suits, oneita style, natural color, silk taped necks, finished seams, Regu lar price 50c. Special at.....

9c

Ladies' Hosiery

Ladies' black cashmere hose, high spiced heels and toes, ribbed tops extra good weight; regular 35c choice.....

Ladies' black cotton hose, high spiced heels and toes, warranted absolutely fast color; special at.....

9c

Child's Underwear.

Children's all wool sanitary pants, sizes 24 to 30, natural color; regular price 35 to 65c; choice

23c

Monday for.....

Eiderdown Dressing Sacques - 49c

In all colors, gray, pink, blue, etc., with embroidered edges—never been less than 75c. Come Monday.

Flannel Petticoats 9c. Misses or children; made of best

10c outing flannel, stripe, all shades, the children's have a yoke; they are worth 10c.

Coque Feather Scarfs 5c. With ribbon ties.

Coque Feather Collarettes 11c. Long and heavy and full.

Outing Flannel Waists 10c. Of heavy flannel dark shades, with pleated fronts, tight fitting back; reduced from 90c.

Ladies' 50c and 75c Corsets for 39c

It's an odd lot of short or long waists in white, gray, pink or blue, made of good quality of jean, well boned and perfect fitting.

Look at these Prices on Underwear

And then Look at the Qualities—Lower Prices than you ever saw on Lower Grades.

Our prices are lower than anyone's—Our qualities are the best. Some of the prices quoted below are for Monday only. If we kept them up we couldn't stay in business. For example—that men's 1.50 silk fleeced garments for 60c; or child's 65c sanitary pants for 23c, all wool too, that's the best part. Interested? How can you help but be?

Men's Underwear.

Men's Heavy Gray Rib Shirts or Drawers, regular 1-0 garments, perfect finish, rib skirt, "cuffs" and ankles, full winter weight, is silk faced and seamstress shoulder; 69c all sizes

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Los Angeles Sunday Times

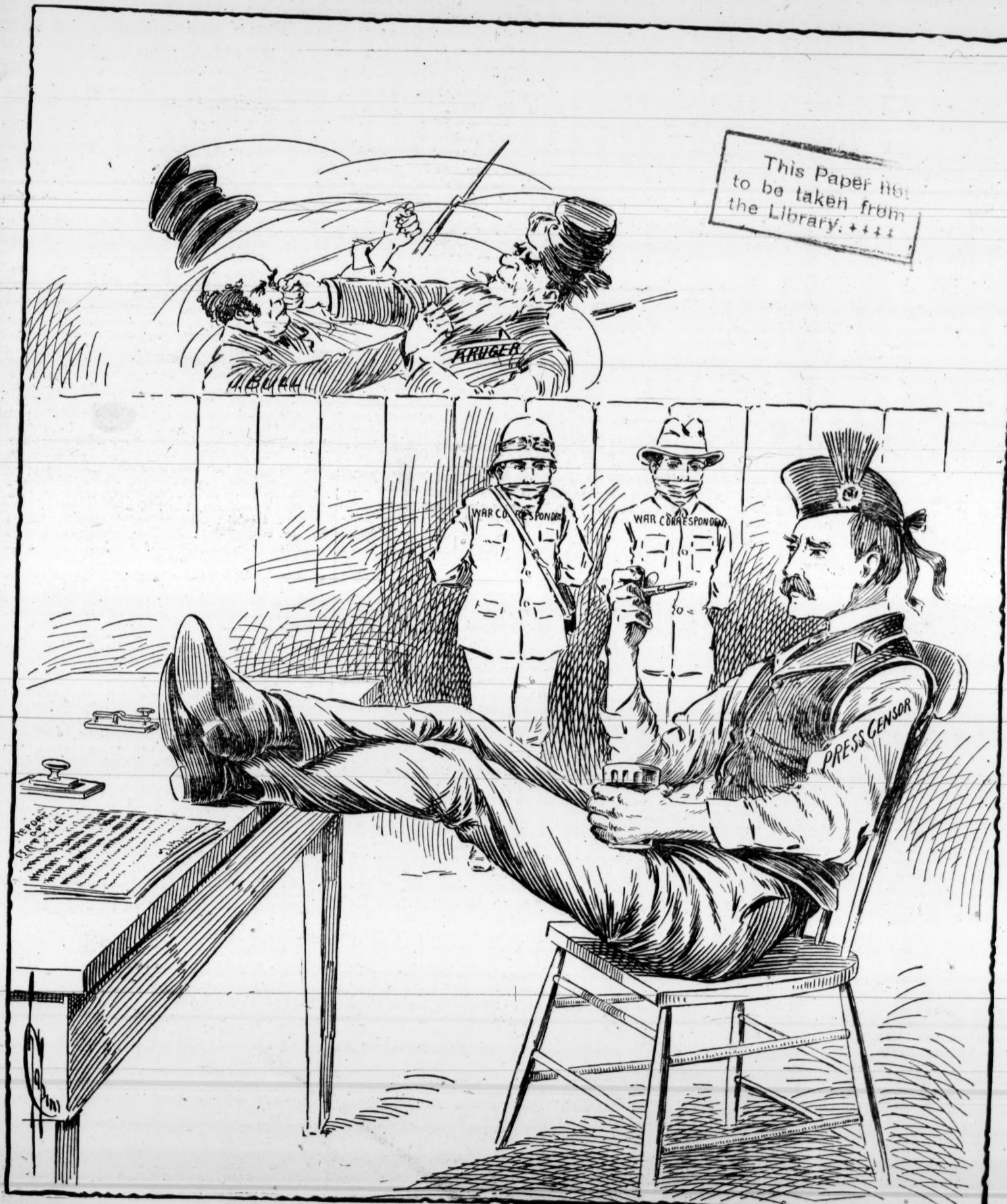


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IN 32 PAGES

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ALL IS QUIET IN THE TRANSVAAL.



So the British Press Censor Reports.

OUR SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

SCOPE AND CHARACTER.

THE ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY MAGAZINE, though less than two years old, is an established success. It is complete in itself, being served to the public separate from the news sheets, when required, and is also sent to all regular subscribers of the Los Angeles Sunday Times.

The contents embrace a great variety of attractive reading matter, with numerous original illustrations. Among the articles are topics possessing a strong Californian color and a piquant Southwestern flavor; Historical, Descriptive and Personal Sketches; Frank G. Carpenter's incomparable letters; *Sou' by Sou'west: the Development of the Slope; Current Literature; Religious Thought; Timely Editorials; Scientific and Solid Subjects; Care of the Human Body. Romance, Fiction, Poetry, Art; Anecdote and Humor; Noted Men and Women; the Home Circle; Our Boys and Girls; Travel and Adventure; Stories of the Firing Line; Animal Stories; Fresh Pen Pictures, and a wide range of other fresh, popular up-to-date subjects of keen human interest.*

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ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.
ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 5, 1897.

AMERICAN INVENTIVE GENIUS.

IF THERE is any one field in which the American mind has shown itself especially to excel that of any other nation it is in the direction of the genius of invention. Other nations have produced great inventors and great inventions, but in no other nation does the inventive faculty manifest itself so generally among the masses of the people as in the United States. As a consequence of this fact our industrial activities are largely devoted to the production of mechanical devices, especially of machinery and implements. The superiority of our products of this class has come to be recognized the world over, and our exports of machinery, implements, etc., are constantly increasing; but no other nation, perhaps, is so appreciative of the value of the machinery made in this country as is Great Britain.

Rufus Fleming, the American Consul at Edinburgh, had an interview with a mechanical engineer in Scotland in reference to American machinery and its use in the United Kingdom, and has recently transmitted to the State Department at Washington a brief report of what this engineer said. This man, who, the Consul says, is exceptionally intelligent and especially qualified to speak on this matter by having worked at his trade for upward of twenty-two years, not only in Scotland and England, but the United States, is free to confess the machinery produced in this country is much better than that produced in Great Britain. During the past two years, especially, he says the proprietors of engine and machine works in that country have been "awakened to the necessity of discarding British machinery in favor of American labor-saving apparatus." "The result is," said he, "that few well-organized works in the United Kingdom are now without a considerable proportion of such apparatus, and the proportion is constantly increasing."

Referring to his present employers, the engineer said they had been induced to try American machinery only about a year previous to the time of the interview, but had been so pleased with it that they were adding more of it to their plant and would probably double the amount during the next twelve months. "The cause of their sudden conversion," he adds, "is not far to seek, and it furnishes a striking and convincing illustration of the value of American machinery. Before they began to use this machinery, the company had four British machines for preparing manila fiber for rope making. The combined daily output did not exceed three and a half tons. Each required two operators. An American machine was introduced, costing \$1000—about the price of each of the British machines. It was operated by two operators of the same class and receiving the same rate of wages as did those who managed the British machines. It is capable of turning out five tons of the product if pushed, and it actually does turn out four tons each day. The product of this American machine is of better quality than that of the British."

This testimony, coming from a British subject and one so well qualified to speak, carries with it peculiar force. But as evidence that this was not a solitary or rare case, Consul Fleming states that on the same day another engineer told him he had just put up in an Edinburgh printing-house an American folding machine which is managed by one operator and was to do the work which had required four British machines and four operators. "I have," the Consul adds, "myself seen this American machine in operation. Its owners are greatly pleased with it, as it does its work in a far more satisfactory manner than any other machine they have for the same purpose."

Not only does American machinery do its work more satisfactorily and more rapidly, but it is generally much lighter and consequently easier to handle. This end is not attained, however, by a sacrifice of durability. "The American designers and makers," says the engineer first referred to in the interview by Mr. Fleming, "seem to have a happy faculty of properly combining lightness with strength and durability in machinery of all kinds. One sometimes hears misinformed or prejudiced persons say that American ma-

chinery is 'jerry built.' This is the reverse of true, as the machinery not only does fine work, but is well built from the best materials. As to durability, it lasts as well as any in the world."

Speaking with reference to American machinery and tools this engineer said:

"The improvements in these tools and the beneficial results from their adoption in this country have been tremendous within the last three or four years. No machine shop can now be well equipped without tools from the United States—lathes, shaping machines, planing machines, screwing machines, etc. These, not to attempt to enumerate the hundred kinds of hand tools, are being used everywhere throughout the British Islands. You may say that no machine shop worth mentioning in this country is without at least such tools as turret lathes and ordinary lathes of American manufacture. The turret lathe, which is made in many sizes, varying in price from \$250 to \$1000, is a typical example of the general convenience of American tools. With the ordinary British lathes, used for the same purposes, workmen lose time in substituting one tool for another which may not be readily found. The turret lathe obviates this delay. A full assortment of tools being fixed in its turret, the workmen can instantly get any tool by a slight turn of the turret."

The impetus which the use of American machinery has acquired abroad—and it is going not only to Great Britain, but to nearly or quite every nation under the sun—gives reason for great encouragement to this branch of industry, and through it to all others in this country. There is every reason to believe that our machines and tools, having become so well introduced, the demand for them will increase still more rapidly in the future. This is a kind of expansion to which no exception is likely to be taken even by the worst of our malcontents.

PENSIONS AND PENSIONERS.

THERE is a class of pessimists in this country who seem to regard every dollar drawn from the treasury of the United States as a direct and unqualified loss to the country. These persons have found special occasion for the exercise of their talent for fault-finding in the annual report of the Commissioner of Pensions. This report contains some big figures. It states that on June 30, 1899, there was a total of 991,519 persons drawing pensions from the government, and that the total annual value of the pension roll as existing at that date was \$131,617,961. Undoubtedly some of this money has been paid to persons who were not deserving of or even entitled by law to pensions. It would not be reasonable to suppose that among the vast number of applicants every undeserving one should be detected. The Commissioner of Pensions himself says that the government has been imposed upon in some cases. But no one is more anxious to have the government protected from frauds of this sort than the loyal, honest, deserving veterans themselves. They realize that every dollar wrongfully taken from the government in the name of a veteran tends to discredit them as a whole, and that their enemies will make the most of every indication of dishonesty of this kind. There is, however, no evidence that the Pension Bureau has been lax in efforts to prevent the government from being imposed upon. On the contrary, many a deserving veteran can testify to the exacting character of the regulations regarding proofs of identity, disability, etc., and to the difficulty of securing a pension when these proofs are in any degree defective.

But the fact that the government is sometimes imposed upon no more justifies the exclusion of the name of a single deserving veteran from the pension roll than would the fact that an industrial concern had found a "dummy" on its pay roll would justify the concern in cutting off some of its faithful employees. The United States owes a legitimate debt to every man who is suffering from injury received or disease contracted by reason of his service in our army or navy. The people of this country recognize this obligation, and Congress has put its sanction upon it in the form of law. It would be as dishonest for the government to seek to avoid the payment of this debt as it would to seek to avoid payment of its bond, given to meet the expenses of the war. Every effort should be made to prevent frauds, but this should not unnecessarily interfere with the payment of the just demands of deserving veterans. Nor will the patriotic people of this country deny the justice of their claims or begrudge them the amount due them.

This nation is not suffering from poverty, nor even from a lack of available cash. On October 31, 1899, there was in the vaults of the national treasury a total of \$889,207,792, a net increase of \$25,652,366 during the preceding month. This congestion of money in the treasury has been one of the serious problems to be met by our financiers. The payment of pensions is an important instrumentality in preventing a still greater congestion in the treasury. Once in every three months about \$33,000,000 is thus distributed through the country among nearly a million men and women, one or more of whom are located in almost every city, town or hamlet in the United States. No more effectual way of getting the money into general and beneficial circulation could be devised. The National Tribune, in an editorial, comments with force on this effect of the operation of the pension system. It says:

"Can any one conceive a more perfectly working plan for promoting a regular and healthful circulation of money among the common people than this has proved itself to be? Can any one suggest a more potent factor in the development and maintenance of prosperity than this periodic distribution of millions of dollars directly to the common people in every part of the country? It is money that is absolutely beyond the manipulation and control of the corner, runners and crisis-makers of Wall street from the time it leaves the treasury in Washington until after it has done its work in the remote towns and villages, and is gathered up into the eastern banks. It is to the business body like the blood is to the human body. It pulses out of the treasury at regular intervals, and is carried by a mil-

lion minute arteries to the farthest extremities, carrying life, health and vigor, and after doing its healthful work pulses back to its source."

The croakers who complain about the comparatively small amount which may be extracted from the treasury unjustly through the Pension Bureau will do well to consider whether this amount is not more than met by the service done the people thus indirectly through the distribution of money among the masses. Whether it is or not, the government cannot afford to be niggardly or vexatious in its dealings with those who saved it from destruction. As Gen. Albert D. Shaw, Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, said in an address in New York two weeks ago: "The Grand Army of the Republic has had no predecessor; it can have no successor. Its record is among the deathless treasures of our new national life. Its history is one of unselfish sacrifices for the whole country. Its just demands should be heard by a patriotic people, when it speaks for simple justice under the law. It asks no more; it will be satisfied with nothing less. Selfishness may weaken and ambition deaden the old fires of grateful patriotism in some hearts where the comrades least looked for such coldness, but full justice will be done the aging heroes. The whole American people are just enough and great enough to fulfill in peace all pledges made in war to preserve their liberties."

LIGHTS AND FLASHES.

Self is a terrible idol to worship, for stunted affections and neglect of the needs of others are the sure result of such idolatry.

Always always to do right and then ever trouble yourself about what the world says of you.

It is the earth's resurrection time here in California, and the springing grasses are an emerald song writ by the fingers of the sun and rain, and there is added a perfumed interlude of flowers.

People about us take their color a good deal from the thoughts which we cherish regarding them. If we are always suspicious of evil in them we shall always find more or less in our intercourse with the world for these suspicious to feed upon.

Our weather croakers are learning that it does not pay to take the anxious seat too early. It is a great deal better to cultivate hopefulness and learn to wait. Nature is not prone to disappoint us here in this land of rich soil and sunshine. The rains have not forgotten to fall, nor the grasses failed to remember how to weave their garments of green. So let us be glad.

There is no power that is so able to aid us to win success in this life as the spirit of dogged determination. It is unresting, earnest, sure, and nothing but death can come between it and the goal of our ambition.

The oil industry is regarded by those who are engaged in it as a pretty good one, but it does seem as if it brought no end of evils to our beautiful city. Foul odors; unsightly derricks; smoke-filled atmosphere; the creaking and groaning of pumps; desolated hills, and the loveliest building sites destroyed. It seems a good deal like "robbing Peter to pay Paul" to nurture in the very heart of beautiful Los Angeles an industry like this.

"Oh," exclaimed a precocious darling the other day, as she stood delightedly by a bed of glowing pansies, "I do think there is a little girl in this flower, for don't you see her smile?" Beautiful flower, she found in it a soul.

Life is about what we make it. Man is the carver of his own destiny, and Providence is always ready to help those who strive to help themselves. It is only the idle and worthless who lay the blame of what they are upon society.

E. A. O.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

I cannot paint thee well, nor tell the world
All that thou art to me, no more than I

Could paint the flowing music of the bell,

As on the air it falleth ling'ringly,
Or the soft whisper of the many leaves,

Bathed in the sunshine's warm and tender glow,

Or insects hum, which in the evening weaves

Thin tides of song which swiftly overflow

The sea of silence, or the perfumes sweet,

Which mix and mingle all about my feet.

I feel the tenderness of the soft air,

E'en when it's poured from late November's lips,

And the upbreathing of the lilies fair,

Which smile beneath the drooping palm trees' tips;

The roses gladsome welcome as I pass,

And, yes, I catch them all—the voices low,

That come from ev'ry sweet-tongued blade of grass,

Caxed by the blessed rains to come and make

Spring in the heart of Winter for love's sake.

Glad birdsong greets me when the morning wakes,

As well as when the drowsy noon is here,

And happy bee through the bright sunshine takes

Unhindered flight to blossoms growing near;

And with a fond caress the hours go by,

Filled with the sunshine and with sweet perfume,

And Sunset's fingers, moving noiselessly,

Sprinkle rich glory on the gath'ring gloom.

I hear a murmur of soft sounds that seems

Like mem'rys whispers heard in happy dreams.

O land of mountain heights! O land of calm!

Where endless summer broodeth in the air,

Where languorous winds breath only low-voiced

psalms,

And great Night's countless eyes look down on fair

Wide fields of bloom, through all the smiling year,

And the fair-lidded months, with open eyes,

All richly crowned and garmented appear,

Sandaled with song and sunlight, and with dew;

Fair land of flowers, my heart I give to you.

ELIZA A. OTIS.

November 21, 1899.

From "Kaintuck" to Kokomo. By Robert J. Burdette.

In Old Kentucky.

AS ALL men who have resided in California since the war are "4gers," and all who came to the Coast in the "sixties" are Native Sons, so all men who live in Kentucky were born in the Blue Grass region. They may have moved since into one of the other districts, but they were born in the Blue Grass. For omnia Kentuckia in quartes partes divisa estibus—the Mountain region, then the Bear Grass, then the Blue Grass, then the Pennyroyal—(pronounced pennyryle), which is the Chickasaw purchase, west of the Tennessee River. But I never saw any part of Kentucky that wasn't a good place to be born in—a good place to live in—a good place to visit. It is a beautiful State anywhere—Mountain, Bear Grass, Blue Grass and Pennyroyal. But the warm, rich, throbbing, glowing heart of it—Blue Grass Kentucky! Even to run through it on a railway train—which never shows you the best of the country—in the spring, when the grass has put on an emerald that dazzles you so that you cannot tell where the sunshine ends and the turf begins, when the roadsides are spangled with the daintiest and brightest wild flowers, when the great forest trees of oak and hickory and maple that fringe the meadows are unfolding their leaves in their most delicate colors, when a cluster of colts, who do not have to tell where they were born, leap from equine statues into beautiful life at the challenge of the whistle, and speeding across the meadow with scarce the sound of a hoof-beat, silken tails and flossy manes streaming in the wind, halt on the low hill crest, turning their shapely heads to look after the receding train, and captivate eyes and hearts by the exquisite grace of their statuesque pose; with skies that are a fair imitation of California (and this is fulsome flattery—there are no imitations of our skies anywhere)—why, that is a glimpse of Kentucky that is fair, and true, and indelible. And then—well, a man may permit himself to rhapsodize over Kentucky meadows and Kentucky colts; he may attempt descriptions of these Blue Grass beauties. But when the subject is up to Kentucky women, he chews his pencil, looks at the ceiling, tries to think of a word, and finally does the best he can by saying they remind him of the women of California. There are some of God's creatures who baffle human description.

The Man With the Wheelbarrow.

In the panorama of life that flows past our hotel window in Paducah, a darky passes by. He has a dry-goods box on a wheelbarrow. The box is so wide, and high, that the propeller cannot see around the sides nor over the top of his cargo. At intervals he shuts off steam, anchors the legs of the wheelbarrow, and steps out to port and starboard and does lookout duty. The roadstead being clear, he ships up to go ahead again, blows his warning siren, "Divide de road!" and pushes up stream. At one point the lookout descried a bay mule tied to a wagon. The mule was lying alongside his craft, however, and clear out of the way. But when the toiling son of Ham got behind the all-obscuring cargo again, and shouted his warning, this mule backed out into the current to see what was going on. The wheelbarrow backed into his heels. Such a thundering, clattering bombardment as fell upon that box! Such a storm of flying splinters and battered fragments! Such an astonished, terrified, yelling darky! He dropped his vehicle and ran away, thinking he had run into a freight train. But he returned. One stentorian "You Mule!" was the signal for "cease firing;" the mule limbered up and went out of action, and the negro ruefully contemplating the wreck of his property, pushed his way homeward in safety, for the mule had turned the box into a conning tower by letting into its unarmored sides sundry slits and irregular holes.

Poor man! It was property, not poverty, that had led him into misfortune and trouble. If he had been content with a smaller box, one that he could see over, he could have avoided the perils which were obscured by his excessive holdings. A man with an income of \$1000 can see clearly that it won't do for him to take any risks; he can't walk in the dark; he can't budge ahead and take the chances on a clear channel; he knows that one untimely mule, one treacherous snag, will wreck him and his little venture. "Then," you say, "if the man had nothing but an empty wheelbarrow, he would be still safer?" Yes, it's easier to handle; steers more readily; is safer from pirates. The market never aims its heavy guns at an empty pocket. "Then, if the man didn't even have a wheelbarrow?" Even in that case, my son, the mule might have turned loose all the guns in its after battery on the man himself. But, my boy, if he be grown to man's estate, and have not acquired so much as one frail wheelbarrow, it doesn't make much difference how soon he gets kicked into the middle of next summer. I recall how, once, in the early history of Illinois, at a conference of the Methodist church, the question of ordaining a young man to preach the gospel came up. One old elder asked "if the candidate had a horse?" And learning that he had not, he opposed his ordination. Great indignation. "What had a horse to do with preaching the blessed gospel?" "Much," the elder insisted; "out in this new, raw country, where the young man will have to travel twenty-five or thirty miles between his appointments, where there are no railroads and no stages, if he hasn't had the foresight, the prudence, the common sense and the ability to get a horse, he hasn't sense enough to preach." And, he hadn't.

Get the wheelbarrow, my son, by all means. It isn't a disgrace not to own a wheelbarrow, but it is an indication that you aren't a very thrilling commercial success. And then accumulate a box. Only, don't accumulate a box so big that it hides everything in the world from you, so that you have to go through life seeing only one side of that empty box. Because, sure as Fate, something will happen along one of these days that will punch holes in it for you. Never permit your own accumulation of fortune to hide from your eyes and thought the other men and mules who are threading the highway with as much right-of-way

in it as you possess. "God made him a man," reads an old French epitaph, "and he died a grocer." Be diligent in business, by all means, but always let your business be only a part—and largely a little part—of your life. When it overshadows you, like the big box on the little wheelbarrow, Peril with a hogged mane and a paint-brush tail, is already backing into position to get a good double-barreled whack at you and your ventures.

Mathematics in Kentucky.

Just at this writing Kentucky is absorbed in the study of mathematics. It is learning to count. You know that is the simplest exercise in mathematics. You do know that, do you? Good! You know more than I thought you did. Indeed, you don't look it. Well, a child, learning to count, counts on its fingers. Same way somebody is counting in Kentucky this week. With their deft, nimble, "now-you-see-it-and-now-you-don't-see-it" fingers. Seems like a simple problem. So many hundred thousand votes have been cast; so many ballots with Taylor printed on them, so many with Goebel, so many—or rather, so few, with Brown. Seems like a straight, easy proposition to count them and tell which one had the most ballots. Seems to me I could do that. If there was any compound interest to be computed on the whole thing, and some simple interest on partial voting to be computed and deducted; if it was a proposition in which one had to find out how the State went, providing Taylor should receive three and one-half times as many ballots as Brown had received five and seven-tenths less, and these two combined should receive one-third of five-sevenths more than Goebel got, providing he got one-half as much as he wanted, it might puzzle me a little bit. And it appears that it is something like that. There is a heap more interest in some of the counties than in the others. X is the same unknown quantity in the problem that it always has been, although V has undoubtedly been easy to find by going to the right man. There is no end of multiplication and subtraction going on. The amount of crookedness that has been corkscrewed and twisted into a problem in simple addition is certainly startling. Oh, my dear boy, if ever you go into politics, and as you are honest and intelligent, I do hope you will,—when you are dead after a fight, lie still. You have been present I doubt not, at the decapitation of a hen? You have observed how she dies? She flaps and jumps, rolls and scuffles all over the place of execution, she smears blood and feathers on everything and everybody she can touch in her frantic gyrations and convulsions. She subsides for an instant, but the minute you say, "She is dead," she bounds into the air like a demented football, and does the whole figure over again. It is not dramatic, it is not even pathetic. It is merely ridiculous. That seems to be the way Mr. Goebel is dying down in Kentucky. But when a man dies, he lies down quietly, folds his hands across his breast, smiles sweetly, closes his eyes, and sleeps. And everybody says how beautifully he died, and what a lovely corpse he is. When, in the course of your political career, my son, your fellow-citizens rise up and hit you a smashing whack in the head with a dogwood maul, and bury you under 50,000 majority for the other fellow, don't flop out of your coffin to gasp that your defeat is a "crushing rebuke" to the fellow who is treating his friends to open-work pie in the Band wagon. When out of fifteen States you half carry one, don't kick out the glass as the lid is being screwed down on you, and tear off your jaw-napkin to yell hoarsely that "there is nothing encouraging in this to the undertaker." Oh, my dear boy, go into politics by all means. You may do so with honor. But when the smoke has cleared away, when the firing party has brought its pieces back to a "carry," and you are lying under the wall, just where you tumbled, so full of holes you could breathe all through yourself if you could breathe at all, die like a man; don't thrash yourself to death like a hen.

I don't know what Louisville most proudly exalts her horn about, next after Henry Watterson, who is an easy first. It should be the Girls' High School. The school itself, with all the qualities and features that make it better than excellent, is almost the creation of Prof. Bartholomew. For nearly eighteen years it has been his life-center, his waking thoughts and his resting dreams. He has planned, and thought, and wrought for it, carried it in his heart and brain. It is his school, and surely it now repays him for his years of care and hope. And the new building is worthy of the school. It is a model. In every respect, it is one of the best arranged school buildings in the United States. It is a schoolhouse planned by a school-teacher. And, speaking of schools and scholarship, Louisville will always be remembered in thousands of hearts as the home of that great-hearted, great-brained man, Dr. John A. Broadus. A great preacher—a great teacher of preachers. MacLaren of Manchester—the Baptist MacLaren—and Broadus of America—for he belonged to the continent—always come into my thought together. Broadus was a Virginian—a gentleman by birth, a profound scholar; eloquent, logical, gentle—what a preacher he was! His memory is a perfume in the hearts of all who knew him.

I think one of the largest audiences I ever had—proportionally, was on this tour, in a bright little Kentucky town—Pleasureville. It isn't much bigger than its own name, but it weighs 220 to the ton. It has a population of 500. And it sent 200 people into the opera house for the "first night" of its \$500 lecture course. That is, it gives \$1 per capita to maintain a lecture course, and turns out two-fifths of its population for an audience. This more characteristically typified the intellectual taste of the town than did my audience of 2000 in the Grand Opera House at Atlanta, or my 1200 auditors who crowded into Music Hall in Louisville. Now, just let us for one moment suppose—it isn't true, you know, but just supposin'—that Los Angeles had turned out two-fifths of its population to hear such a lecturer as Ian Maclaren last summer? The creator of Jamie Soutar and Postie would have fallen down dead on the platform. In order to quiet the fears of those who

were not present, and who have never managed lecture courses in Los Angeles, I hasten to say that Dr. Watson delivered his lecture and left the hall in perfect health. He is still living.

Popular Lectures.

Oh, well; the popularity of a lecturer depends upon so many things beside his lecture. Stanley, the African explorer, received the largest fees and drew the largest audiences, I think, that ever enriched and honored a lecturer in this country. He was paid \$1200 to \$2000 a night. Patti fees. And his lecture was dry, prosy, dull—it seemed impossible that any man could make such a stupid lecture on such a thrilling topic. He was a great explorer, intrepid and resourceful. But lecture? He couldn't read an auctioneer's catalogue. A few weeks ago Gen. Fred Funston and his wife were traveling through Kansas. The train pulled up at a little town where the entire population was swarming and crowding around the station, eager to get a glimpse of the distinguished soldier. The general turned to his wife and said: "Two years ago I lectured in this town to an audience of seven people." None the less, Fred can lecture as well as he can fight.

In Kokomo.

The November rains have caught us, cold and raw. How ill does California raiment fit November climate in Northern Indiana. But it is seasonable for November in this latitude—gray skies, slanting lines of driving rain, brown woods and sodden fields. Only a few days ago our eyes were made glad by the resplendent foliage on the hills in Alabama and Georgia. When we came into Kentucky the hand of November had soothed the brilliant coloring into quiet but beautiful tints in keeping with the silent streams and saddened skies. When we ran still farther north, all the splendid beech forests of Indiana had put on their fawn-colored suits in two shades, and the white trunks of the sycamores stood up on the creek banks like specters of last summer. Surely, the summer is over, and winter stands at the threshold almost before we know it. And what do you know of Kokomo, Ind.? Well, maybe you know it is one of the greatest natural gas towns on earth, and as I write, the gas fire is leaping and dancing and whispering for itself, as natural gas fires have a habit of doing. My Lady regards natural gas as a fearsome thing, and stands in the doorway when I light the fire and when I turn it off, and tells me how to do it, and regales me with many stories concerning the dangers of natural gas, all of which leave a deep but not indelible impression upon me, as I recall the old days at Kokomo, and Findlay, and farther back at Bradford and Oil City and all the old Pennsylvania belt from the days of Parker to Tojo City. So I meekly permit My Lady to tell me all about natural gas, intending, by and by, when she closes her discourse to throw in a few reminiscences that will put out the fire. And another thing, Kokomo has one of the handsomest church auditoriums—Grace Methodist Episcopal Church—in this United States, and there were about eleven hundred people sitting in it last night listening to a representative of the Los Angeles Times tell his little story. But we have some Kokomo Presbyterians in Pasadena—Dr. Wilson and his daughter—I met their pastor last night—and they can tell you more about the city than I can. Kokomo—I came here twenty-one years ago. I was learning to speak in public on the stage then. I abode here two days, and was the guest of Tom Phillips, editor of the Kokomo Tribune. He and his three boys—Charley, and Al, and Will. A delightful home it was, with such a pathetic chapter in its history. Charley married a beautiful girl; a dainty baby came to bless their home, and then they died—the grass was not green on one grave before the next one was made beside it. A letter from James Whitcomb Riley, one of the old-time guests of the Phillips home, told me when the last of the three mounds was heaped up. Kokomo was a town then; it is a busy and prosperous city now. But somehow when I went back there and found none of the Phillipses there, it seemed to me as though everybody had moved away from the town. But I found the sanctum of the News—which is the Los Angeles Times of Kokomo—and the Staleys are very much alive and running a very live paper in a very live town. But occasionally Death does seem to work over time, as though he had gotten behind on his contract. I picked up a paper in the office of the News and saw an account of the death of Maj. Inman. Maj. Inman! That was Henry Inman, poet, lecturer, editor, soldier, scout. When I first met him he was editor of the "Chronoscope," in Laredo, Kan. A genial, sunny-tempered man, with the soul of a poet, whose perils in forest and flood and on battlefield seemed only to have made him gentle. And how he loved the prairies! He was a plainsman from the very soul of him. "Do you really love the plains?" I asked him one day, "as mountaineers love the hills?" He laughed, with his heart in his eyes. "Why," he said, "a man who has a soul big enough to appreciate the prairies would die in the mountains. I know the mountains. I went back once upon a time, to visit my old New England home. By looking up, I could see the sky. If I climbed high enough, I could breathe. And if I could climb still higher I might see the sun say good night to the world, when the day was done and the even time was come. Otherwise it shot up over a hill along in the middle of the morning and fell down behind another one about the middle of the afternoon. But the plains! Where I ride as I will by the compass points, and all the air between earth and sky is my breathing mixture. When I watch the sun climb up over the eastern rim of the world, when it is time for the day to begin, and see it sink slowly over the round of the earth in the west, when the full-housed day is done. With all the whole wide world in sight around me, and all the unbroken dome of heaven above me! Do I love the plains? Does a sailor love the sea?"

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

[NOVEMBER 26, 1899.]

DETLEF SAMMANN.

DECORATIVE ARTIST AND HIS CONSCIENTIOUS WORK.

By a Staff Contributor.

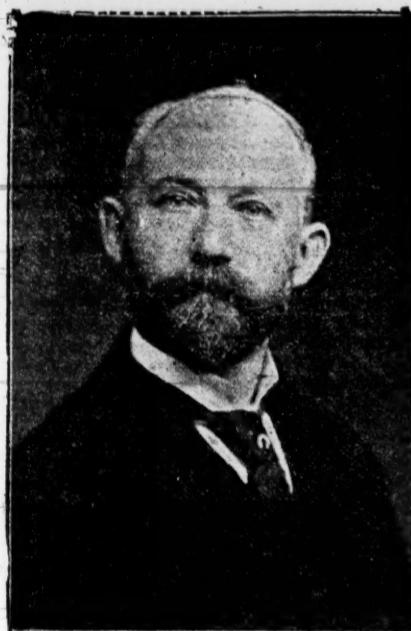
THOSE who have enjoyed the privilege of visiting the European centers of art have inevitably realized how far, as a rule, American attempts at mural decoration fall short. True, the conditions of life which have left the walls of the Vatican covered with the intricate and beautiful fancies of Raphael, enriched the ceiling of a Roman palace with Guido Reni's immortal "Aurora," and rendered the Sistine Chapel the assembling place of all worshipers at the shrine of art as well as of the followers of the Roman Catholic religion, could hardly be repeated under a democratic form of government. But the cause of the paucity of mural decoration in the United States lies deeper, and has often been stated. In the hard and material toil of developing a new country, far from the masterpieces that marked the achievements of the past, Americans left the arts, perforce, for a long time uncultivated, and, when they began their cultivation, found them-

decoration of a high order, except as we directly imported it or its producers from abroad.

All this is changed, however, and we can now name, with pride, such mural painters and decorators as Simmons, Blackfield, Reed, Maynard, Vetter, Low, Sargent and Abbey.

Yet even the artistic decorator is still somewhat rare among us; the decorative artist, equipped with all the manifold and contradictory gifts of his craft, still rarer. It is, therefore, a peculiar gratification to know among us, in Los Angeles, a man like Detlef Sammann, whose decora-

decorator, and, after finishing his four years' apprenticeship, he went to Dresden and took up work under the court painter, Lankau, one of the greatest masters of decorative art in Germany, to whose instruction he attributes much of his later success. Doing decorative work for this artist in small towns, he earned the money to pay for a course of instruction at the Dresden Art School. He then returned to Lankau, and was working as his assistant, with the best prospects of success, when he caught the American fever, and, leaving everything, started for New York. He had not long to wait for recognition there. The



DETLEF SAMMANN.

selves without traditions on which to build. The last half-century, however, has seen the growth, on this side of the water, of new interest in all artistic subjects, and America is now no longer without painters and sculptors of the first rank.

But it was, perhaps, inevitable that mural decoration should remain for a long time behind the other branches of formal art. For many years of our earlier history, we had no class owning sufficient wealth to encourage decorative painting in private dwellings, and our buildings were put up hastily, and planned with a view to the practical utilities, rather than in accordance with artistic purpose. The decorative artist, moreover, must possess a rare combination of gifts and acquirements. The best of mural art, while it corresponds to the epic in poetry in the largeness of its subjects and the dignity of their treatment, requires, also, a minute knowledge of ornament and architecture, and a care and sense of harmony in details which go but seldom hand in hand with the other essentials of imaginative power and freedom of expression. Thus it happened that, up to a very recent date, we had no mural

work exhibits, in a very exceptional degree, this combination of qualities.

Mr. Sammann is a man of the sympathetic and modest personality of the true artist, warm in his work, but absorbed in it rather than in its results. Yet these results are worthy of consideration, though it is a little difficult to get him to talk about them.

Mr. Sammann was born in Hamburg, Germany, and there apprenticed with a decorative painter to learn the art of interior decoration. His ambition, however, reached beyond the work of the mere

beauty of his work at once attracted the attention of connoisseurs, and he received both private and public patronage of a high order. After two years in this country, he went back to Dresden for a further year of study at the art school, and while there married, bringing his bride with him on his return to the United States. He later went again to Europe for the special study of tapestry painting at Paris. In 1894 the delicate health of his little daughter caused him to send his family to the milder climate of Southern California, and in 1895 he followed them, settling in Los Angeles.

During the earlier years of his residence in New York,



CEILING DECORATION.



DECORATION OF OYER AND TERMINER COURT ROOM, NEW YORK CITY

Mr. Sammann became widely known as a painter of flowers. Later, he took up decorative schemes for buildings, public and private, and since his course of study in tapestry painting has devoted himself particularly to this branch of his art, of which he speaks with special enthusiasm. At different times during his residence in the East, he decorated rooms in the White House, the library of the Capitol at Albany, and did other public work; but he considers that much of his best work is in private houses. Among others, he decorated the Governor's mansion at Albany, during the official reign of Hill; Judge Hilton's house at Saratoga, and Mr. Frick's house at Pittsburgh. One of his most striking designs is that offered in competition for the decoration of the courtroom of Oyer and Terminer, in the Courthouse at New York. It received high commendation, though it did not bring him the commission. The freedom and power shown in the poses of the figures of the groups, the breadth of imagination revealed, and the action of the whole, mark the work as of a high artistic order, and one who sees it can hardly avoid the regret that Mr. Sammann cannot devote himself more often to designs of this larger scope.

In Los Angeles Mr. Sammann has met with a success far beyond his expectation, the size of the city not leading him to anticipate any large field for his work. He expresses himself as much gratified and surprised at what he has been able to do here. Some of his most beautiful designs are in private houses in Los Angeles and Pasadena. The large tapestry in the music-room of W. F. Botsford, president of the California Bank, the ceiling decoration in the reception-room, and the tapestries in the dining-room of the same building; the tapestry painted for the staircase of H. C. Durand of Pasadena, and the decorations in the house of H. W. Hellman, C. E. Canfield, William Garland, J. F. Francis of Los Angeles, and W. D. Ladd and D. F. Fenyes of Pasadena, are perhaps particularly worthy of grates. Her lines are the lines of the fast steam yacht.

MARVELOUS SPEED.

FIFTY MILES AN HOUR EXPECTED OF A TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER.

From a Special Correspondent.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, Nov. 13.—In the yellow waters of the Tyne now lies an unpretentious-looking craft, which is practically certain within a short time to win the distinction of being the fastest steamship ever constructed. She is a naval vessel, Her Majesty's torpedo-boat destroyer Viper. She has been built by the Parsons Marine Steam Turbine Company, of which the Hon. Charles A. Parsons, the originator of the turbines' engines, managing director. If she fulfills the expectation of Mr. Parsons and the experts of the British Admiralty Office, she will bring about an important change in the construction of torpedo-boat destroyers. Therefore the interest of naval men in all parts of the world is centered upon the boat and upon her impending trial trip.

The Viper is the first vessel of any practical importance to be built on the turbine principle. It is true that the Turbinia was hardly more than a toy boat. She was built as an experiment, to prove the feasibility of the turbine for marine propulsion. What Mr. Parsons learned from the Turbinia he has embodied in practical form in the Viper.

In external appearance the new boat does not differ greatly from others of her class now in use. Her four short wide funnels suggest a tremendous draught across her fire grates. Her lines are the lines of the fast steam yacht.

Parsons to bring about its successful application to steam propulsion.

It is easy to see that by applying the steam in this manner so that the motion is steadily in one direction a much higher rate of speed is possible than could be obtained even with the best appliances under the reciprocating system. In fact the only limit of speed is the amount of steam power that can be applied. The Turbinia's screws were run at 2500 revolutions per minute, which is ten times the rate attained in vessels of the ordinary type.

Another advantage of the turbine system is that it utilizes practically the whole power of the steam. As the steam travels away from the boilers it constantly expands, of course, and therefore exerts less pressure to the square inch. But by increasing the size of a shaft's collar and of the blades which it carries the same number of revolutions per minute may be obtained from steam of a lower pressure. In the Turbinia they passed through three of these phases, beginning with a pressure of 225 pounds to the square inch and emerging with a pressure of less than a pound, while by the arrangement described the three shafts all revolved at the same speed.

Enormous Steam Power.

The Turbinia had three propellers, all driven by one set of engines. The Viper carries a double set of engines—port and starboard—each working two propellers. The horse-power of her engines is 10,000 (in reality it is probably more than that) against the 2000 horse-power of the Turbinia, and she is expected to make something like forty knots an hour, considerably surpassing the Turbinia's record of thirty-five knots.

The Viper has boilers one-fifth larger than those of the ordinary torpedo-boat of her size; there are nearly two thousand feet of additional heating area. When one reflects that by using turbines 20 per cent. increased efficiency is obtained from the steam, it will be seen that in the matter of available steam power the Viper possesses an immense advantage over other ships. Another factor which adds to this advantage is her extreme lightness; her tonnage is a third less than that of other destroyers of her dimensions. She has twice the horse-power of these thirty-knot boats to drive less body-weight. Certainly that makes the claim of superior speed look reasonable.

From the Viper's boilers the steam passes to two high-pressure turbine motors, which drive the two outer propeller shafts. From there it is conducted to two low-pressure and two reversing turbine motors, driving the inner shafts. These propellers, it should be borne in mind, do not project beyond the stern of the vessel. They leave the engine-room at a slight downward angle, which carries them further below the surface than would be possible if they extended directly astern, and gives them a grip of the water which the light draught of the vessel would otherwise prevent. The forward screws are some thirty feet ahead of the stern. By thus separating the screws each set has its own water to work in, and is undisturbed by the action of the others.

Vibration Done Away With.

The turbine system possesses certain features which its inventor thinks of particular advantage to torpedo-boats. One of these is, of course, the high speed possible. Another is the light weight of the engine-room mechanism, and the consequent light draught of the vessel as well as the possibility of carrying more weight in the form of armament. Another is the complete freedom from vibration. All those who have ridden on the Turbinia agree in saying that there is less vibration on board her than in any other vessel they have ever known. In fact, Mr. Parsons claims that the very slight vibration noticeable in the Turbinia was due to the action of her air-pump engine, which was of the old-style reciprocating type. In the Viper this has been replaced by turbine-driven air-pumps, so that the inventor is confident that in the new vessel there will be a complete absence of vibration. It is easy to understand that this is a matter of the greatest importance in launching a torpedo or firing guns.

The one point to which the opponents of the turbine have clung is the assertion that with the terrific speed which it imparts it will be impossible to reverse a vessel so quickly as can be done with those of less speed. Of course, it is a matter of prime importance that a torpedo-boat destroyer should be able to stop, to turn, and to run away quickly. On the basis of the Turbinia's performances in this respect, Mr. Parsons is confident that the Viper will do all these things as well as any other vessel, if not better.

Of course, the only way to reverse any ship is to set her propellers to revolving in a backward direction. On the Viper this can be done to all intents and purposes instantly, and the fact that she carries four screws to each propeller enables her to overcome the forward impetus more quickly than can be done in the case of a vessel with single screw propellers. Therefore the Viper can come to a stop as quickly as an ordinary vessel, in spite of her greater forward speed, and she can run backward at a rate estimated by Mr. Parsons as sixteen knots per hour, or rather less than half speed. On the other hand, the Viper's engines can be worked up to the top notch of efficiency much more quickly than those of the ordinary type. She can go from a standstill to full speed in about thirty seconds, instead of in ten to fifteen minutes, as is required by reciprocating engines. This is a factor in imparting agility which is of the highest importance.

An Event of Importance.

On all of these accounts the result of the Viper's trial test will be looked upon with the keenest interest by all naval men. If she proves a success it will mean that all the torpedo-boats and torpedo-boat destroyers in existence today, representing investments of hundreds of millions on the part of different governments, are put out of date by that very fact. The usefulness of such boats lies in being able to outrun and outmaneuver all other crafts. As soon as this superiority disappears their usefulness is gone.

There is no reason to doubt that the Viper will prove a success. Her builder is serenely confident. Moreover, he asserts, not without reason, that within ten years all steamers traveling busy passenger routes and making short journeys—such as cross-channel and coast boats—will be driven by turbine motors.

The British government, too, seems to have confidence in the new boat, for they have already ordered another to be built on practically the same plans. Evidently the English naval experts believe that the turbine vessel is the coming type and desire to be first in the field in securing representation of it.

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TAPESTRY PAINTING, MR. DURAND'S RESIDENCE, PASADENA.

mention. Photographic representations of Mr. Sammann's tapestries convey but little idea of their beauty, which lies almost as much in the warmth and delicacy of their Gobelin coloring as in their drawing. The marvelous harmony in all the details of coloring the color-scheme of each single room decorated by Mr. Sammann is also especially noticeable. A fine example of this harmony is to be found in the dining-room of Mr. Botsford's house, where the autumn browns and greens of the oak, running through the whole design, lend an appropriate finish to the woodland scenes represented in the tapestries.

MISS MAC SPATTE AND HER TRAINED MOUSE.

There was a young lady—Miss Susie Mac Spatte—Who lived all alone in a nice little flat;

She was, oh! very proud, and she hated a crowd,
And men, as a rule, she disliked, she avowed;
She'd refused them in plenty; as many as twenty
Were still at her feet, silk-stockinged and neat.
But her life in a way was not very gay
For she wanted too much of the earth, you may say,
And was growing blasé—more and more every day.
Canaries she hated and parrots she slated,
And you can't keep a dog—no, nor even a cat—
In a flat!

But one day at play
She saw 'round the house a little fat mouse!
She coaxed it to come and nibble a crumb,
She fed it with cheese,
And pie—if you please!
And it used to sit up at a blue china cup
To breakfast and sup,
While this wonderful maid not a wee bit afraid
Would tell it again how she hated the men!
They were all insincere and wicked and queer;
She had an ideal—a creature unreal,
Like a prince in a book with a lithograph look
And motives so high that they quite reached the sky.
And the little mouse listened with grave eyes that glistened,
And nodded his head at each word that she said,
While on crumpets he fed.
But one night—what a sight!
Of her company tired, His Mouselets expired!

Miss Susie Mac Spatte was so mortified that
She tossed up a cent that she hadn't yet spent,
She powdered her nose and she pinkened her chin,
And married the very first man that came in!

—[Kate Masterson in the Criterion.

She has a turtle-back protective deck forward, where the wash of the waves will come when she strikes a forty-mile gait. Otherwise she does not differ from her sister ships of less speed. Her length is 210 feet, her beam twenty feet and her draught between five and six feet—the latter an evidence of the extreme lightness of her working machinery. Her displacement in fact is only 325 tons.

In interior arrangement, however, the Viper is very different from the ordinary vessel of her class. Her boilers are much larger, her engines and shafting much smaller, and the whole working mechanism of the boat seems much more simple than that of the ordinary steam vessel.

How the New Boat Works.

To understand the operation of the new vessel it will be necessary to explain briefly the turbine engine on which her claims to superiority rest. In ordinary engines of the reciprocating type such as are used generally in steamships the steam passes from the boilers through cylinders of high and low pressure and thence is applied to the shafts which drive the vessel by means of pistons. In applying the power the motion is changed from the vertical movement of the piston head to the revolving movement of the shafts. The same thing may be observed any day by watching the piston rod that drives the wheels of a locomotive.

By this method of applying the power the piston changes its direction with every revolution of the machinery it drives, and this continual change of direction with every stroke of the engines causes the vibration which is always present in this method of driving machinery.

The Turbine Engine.

In the turbine engine, which Mr. Parsons has perfected after fifteen years of experimental work, the steam is applied directly to the shafts which it drives. There are no cylinders and no pistons. The only gear used is carried by the shaft itself and by the chest which incloses it.

This gear consists simply of hundreds of small steel blades projecting from the shaft inside the chest and fixed at such an angle that the steam as it enters the chest exerts its power against them and turns the shaft. Similar blades are fixed to the inner walls of the chest in a stationary position. These are interposed between the rows of revolving blades and slant in the opposite direction in order to turn the full force of the steam directly upon the latter. The steam passing through the chest strikes the face of the hundreds of little blades and turns the shaft. The action is the same as that of water in driving a turbine water-wheel. The device seems simplicity itself, although it has taken fifteen years of experimental work on the part of Mr.

[NOVEMBER 26, 1899.]

KIMBERLEY MINES.

HOW PRECIOUS GEMS ARE SECURED
AND PROTECTED.

By a Special Contributor.

IN THE year 1867 the almost unheard-of and unclaimed division of South Africa called Griqualand West, came suddenly into prominence by the accidental discovery of a rough, unusual-looking stone in the hands of a Dutch child on a Boer farm, in Hope Town division, near the junction of the Vaal and Orange rivers. The odd pebble was noticed by a gentleman visiting the farm, who offered to purchase it. He was told by the child's mother that the stone was of no value, and could be had for the asking. It was carried to Graham Town, examined, tested, and found to be a gem of value, and sold for £500.

Claimants to this district speedily appeared, the most prominent being Waterboer, chief of the Griquas, and the Orange Free State, both of whose claims were recognized by Great Britain. Waterboer unconditionally ceded all his rights, in 1871, and the Orange Free State gave up its claim in 1876, for a consideration of £90,000.

News of the discovery of diamonds spread rapidly among natives and Europeans, creating a rush to the locality, and intelligent searchers obtained a quick and rich reward, not only from the banks of the Vaal River, but from various Kaffir chiefs, who, after great persuasion, gave up choice specimens, many of which had been long in the possession

Africa, and includes a large interest in the diamond industry of Brazil.

To the enterprise and management of this company must be given the credit for transforming a rough mining camp into a well-ordered town, with all modern improvements, including the model village of Kenilworth, where the white employees of the company have all the resources of a European town.

The excavations in various mines reached such a depth that, notwithstanding the improved methods of hoisting, the production of the diamonds was actually done at a loss. At this point shafts were sunk at the De Beers and Kimberley mines to a depth of 1200 feet through the solid rock, and drifts run off on 200-foot levels toward the center of the old excavations. From these drifts the "blue ground" was galleried and the excavated "blue" sent to the "depositing floors." This was economically accomplished by sinking a second shaft parallel to the main shaft, into which the blue was dumped, drawn off into cars at the lowest level, and thence transferred to an endless chain of buckets, working in the main shaft, which carries the ore to the surface, where it is carried by cable-hauled cars to the "depositing floors."

Some Large "Floors."

These "depositing floors" are level stretches of ground about six hundred acres in area, which have been cleared of brush and grass, rolled hard and smooth, and fenced in with picket fences, where armed guards protect the "blue ground" from the interference of trespassers. On these floors the "blue ground" is spread out to the depth of a foot and watered daily for about three months. The ultimate action of the sun and moisture disintegrates the ore, which is harrowed from time to time, in order to expose all portions of the conglomerate to the air. At the end

from top to bottom, and eventually find their way to locked boxes below the lowest level. From these boxes the gravel goes to the sorters, as before mentioned.

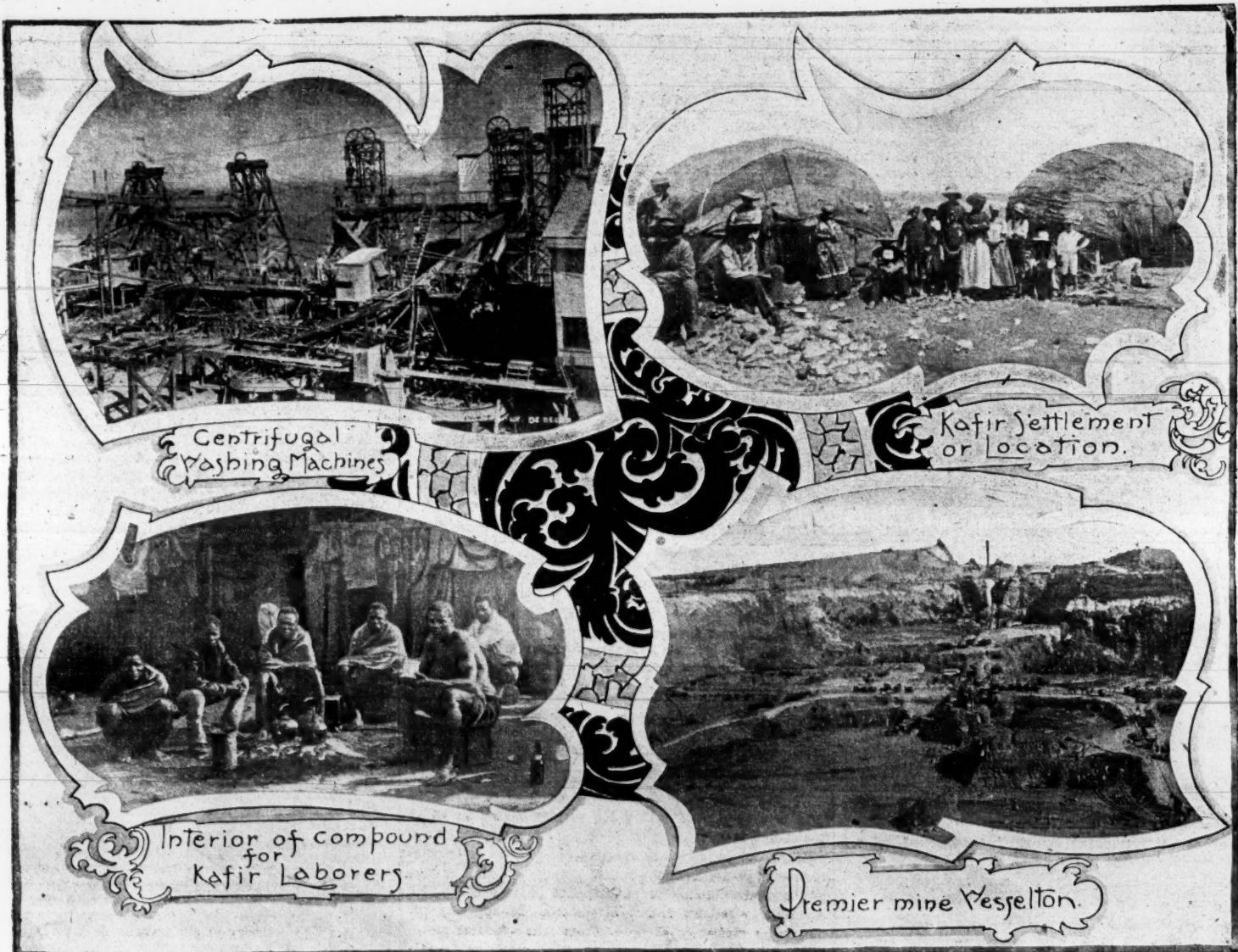
Native Methods of Stealing.

When the interests were consolidated, about the year 1888, and capital began to employ labor, a large percentage of the output of the mines was lost through the inability of the overseers to prevent the stealing of loose diamonds found in the drifts by the laborers. These laborers were the aborigines of the country, Kaffirs, Basutos, Griquas, Hottentots and Zulus, all classed under the general term of Kaffir. Many stories are told of their ingenious methods of secreting the diamonds in their ears, hair and nostrils, and by swallowing them, and in one instance of cutting open the calf of the leg and secreting the diamonds in the wound and binding up the leg. These attempts resulted in stringent laws of the colony, which now make it a felony, punishable by hard labor for life, to have a diamond in possession without a permit from the excellent detective bureau at Kimberley.

Formerly the Kaffirs were searched daily, in a most rigid manner, upon emerging from the mines, but even this rigid search did not prevent a large loss to the company.

The Compounds, In Which Laborers Live.

Obliging the laborers to live in compounds has reduced this thieving to a minimum. These compounds are large rectangular inclosures, in which the working Kaffirs agree to live for three months. Three sides of the compound are formed by "lean-tos," with long, sloping roofs, from the eaves of which extend inward, horizontally, for a distance of about thirty feet, a wire-gauze netting. The lean-tos are the homes of the Kaffirs. The gauze netting prevents any object being thrown from inside the inclosure to the



of these tribes. Of these latter stones many had an added value, because of some romantic story or wonder-working power supposed to be attached to them.

By the year 1869 the banks of the Vaal River were completely covered with claims and claimants, and every inch of ground was carefully searched for precious stones.

Kimberley Founded By a Restless Horse.

In 1871 a horseman, resting during the heat of the day under the shade of a tree, about fourteen miles from the Vaal River, found a diamond, which had loosened from the earth by the pawing of his horse. This tree was on the present site of Kimberley.

The news of this discovery caused a rush into Griqualand, and the subsequent location of the Du Toits Pan mine, about twenty-five miles from the river. Innumerable claims were staked out in the vicinity of the new find, and in spite of the ridicule and skepticism of the river people, the new system of surface mining yielded rich returns and induced further prospecting, resulting eventually in the discovery of the De Beers and Kimberley mines, and much later of the Wesselton Premier mine.

The excavation of the claims naturally resulted in either a clash or consolidation of the various interests, until, in 1888, the genius and energy of Cecil Rhodes accomplished the amalgamation of all vested interests in the De Beers Consolidated Mining Company, Limited. This company now practically controls the diamond output of South

of this period the disintegrated "blue" is gathered into cars and carried to centrifugal-washing machines, where all loose dirt is removed, reducing the conglomerate to a pasty mass of mud and stones. This mass is then transferred to pulsating machines, where by means of running water and vibratory trays the lighter and soluble portions of the mass are carried off and the heavier fall through the meshed bottoms of the trays into locked boxes in the shape of clean gravel. This gravel is then passed to the sorters, the first of whom are expert diamond searchers. By these the larger and more valuable stones are picked from the gravel and the refuse passed on by means of traveling trays to less expert sorters, and so through various hands to the dump, where convict labor is employed to sort for any remaining small stones of value. The stones here found are mostly garnets.

Two kinds of conglomerate are encountered; first, the "hard blue," in which the diamonds are encrusted, and next the "soft blue," which is capable of the disintegration above described. Both kinds of ore are sent to the surface indiscriminately.

When the "soft blue" is gathered from the "depositing floors" the "hard blue" is left until the floors are cleaned up for the next deposit; it is then gathered up and taken to the stamping mill, where the rock is crushed into small fragments, releasing the diamonds, whose hardness resists the crushing force of the mill. The diamonds are cleared from the refuse by means of a series of centrifugal pans with meshed wire bottoms, the size of the mesh decreasing

outside. On the fourth side of the compound is the main entrance, masked by a series of buildings, in which are the kitchen, storerooms, hospital, overseers, and guards, quarters, and the entrance to an inclined shaft giving direct access to the mine. Through this shaft the Kaffirs pass back and forth to the mine during their term of employment.

In the center of the compound is a large swimming-tank, constantly supplied with clean water for the use of the Kaffirs. An excellent system of drainage has been devised, by which all drains and sewers drain into tanks that are under the direct supervision of the overseer, thus precluding the possibility of secreting diamonds within the drains.

Inducement to honesty is given by paying substantial wages, and many of the Kaffirs have worked in the mines for years, coming and going as the need for funds prompted.

These Africans are of fine physique. Some of the chiefs resembling finely-molded bronze figures, so smooth their skin, so shapely their limbs; but seen in their own settlements or "locations" beyond the mines, huddled together and clothed in rags of every description, there is little in their appearance to attract or recommend them.

Kimberley borders on the Orange Free State, and is in close proximity to the southwest border of the Transvaal. It is about four hundred miles from Johannesburg, in a southwesterly direction, and 620 miles north of Cape Town by rail. From its mines have come wealth untold, and the resources still seem boundless. The country surrounding the diamond district is practically a desert, but is capable of cultivation by irrigation. A. H. E.

SONORA AND SONORANS.

LIFE AS SEEN ACROSS THE BORDER
BY AN AMERICAN.

By a Staff Contributor.

GUAYMAS, the "petty port," is the principal city of Sonora, and an index to the commercial and social development of the State, which is said by its citizens to be the most progressive in Mexico, and by some others to be the most backward. Being in closest touch with the United States, with the exception of Chihuahua, it is probable that Sonora has absorbed ideas of modern progress as rapidly as its population can assimilate them, and is as far advanced as any part of Mexico outside of the capital.

In municipal progress, Guaymas is not in a breathless hurry. She has an electric-light plant and an ice factory, but housemaids still throw slops into the street from front doors, having no other facilities for disposing of them, and the streets are paved with mud that has a very evil smell. The architecture of the city is purely Mexican, and somewhat ancient; and the adobe business houses are not adapted to making public display of the large stocks of merchandise carried by the heavier dealers. A leisurely street-railway system, operated by two mules, and a flat-car or two, serves to amuse the people on hot summer nights, but when one really wants to go anywhere he summons a carriage by clapping his hands, and four-wheelers, hauled by rats of horses, come whirling to the sound from every direction. Apparently half the population drives public carriages, and the other half rides in them. In summer, nobody walks, for it is a day's work and a Turkish bath to go three blocks afoot. The habit of driving or being driven is not to be taken as an indication of unseemly haste in the transaction of business, for nobody in Sonora ever is in a hurry about anything, and the native cannot be made to understand why anybody should desire to do today anything that can by any possibility be postponed until "manyana."

An air of indolent indifference pervades Guaymas. There are wharves and shipping, but none of the bustle of a seaport town. The ships in port seem to be there for a rest from the buffeting of the sea, and the little waves that come in upon the beach fall without tumult to their level, and make no sound.

Guaymas has a fine, well-sheltered harbor, and some day may become a port of importance, but the commerce of the port is inconsiderable as yet, because Sonora produces but little for export, and the needs of her people for foreign products are not great.

A Land Rich in Natural Resources.

Sonora is a land of great natural possibilities. The soil is rich and the climate kindly to plant life, but the proportion of land under cultivation is about that of one furrow in a forty-acre lot. There are large districts adapted to the growing of oranges, but the total output of the fruit last year was 225 carloads, which may be increased this year to 300 carloads, if the Yaquis will consent to come in from the warpath and pick the fruit. Sonoran oranges are marketable in November, and most of them are shipped by rail into the United States for the holiday market. Other exports consist of leather, cattle and peas. This year about fifteen thousand head of cattle will be shipped to Cuba.

A beginning has been made in industrial development, and Sonora has a few manufactories. The German house of Moller & Co. of Guaymas operates a cotton factory at Pesquiera, and is increasing the plant to make prints. Guaymas has a sash and door factory in connection with the electric light and ice plant and the lumber yard, and a cracker factory is projected at Hermosillo.

Sonora produces about five thousand tons of cane sugar annually, and a part of the home demand for flour and meal is supplied by local mills. And that is practically the whole list of factories in the State.

Sonora's Mineral Wealth.

The most important resource of Sonora is her mineral wealth, which is being developed by Americans and English. The Germans, French and Spanish pay less attention to the mines and devote themselves to trading. That business is on a conservative basis and not speculative or venturesome is indicated by the fact that commercial failures are almost unknown, and embezzlements, defalcations and other "financial irregularities" very seldom heard of.

Nearly all the metals are found in the mountains of Sonora, and mines of gold, silver and copper are worked profitably. Anthracite coal of first quality has been found 100 miles east of Ortiz. C. P. Huntington has bought the coal lands, and is opening the mines, and a railroad will be built from Ortiz to the mines very soon. The laws of Mexico are liberal to the miner, and in fact to any investor of capital, and concessions are given readily to all who show genuine purpose and financial ability to develop the natural resources of the country or promote commercial progress.

If the laws were not so framed as to invite the help of foreign capital, it is doubtful whether the resources would be developed at all, for native enterprise is spasmodic and inefficient, and only half does anything that it undertakes. President Diaz's Sagacity.

The impulse that has propelled Mexico along the line of progress has come from the outside, not from the inside, and the opportunity for that impulse to act upon Mexico has been made by President Diaz, who doubtless recognizes the limitations of his people, and saw long ago that only by the infusion of foreign energy and activity could he stimulate them to the regeneration of Mexico. Some of the upper class—for although Mexico purports to be a republic, her population is very distinctly divided into classes—are striving diligently to keep up with the procession that Diaz leads, and a few are making a very creditable success, but the great mass of common people lags far behind, and not a few of the middle class are straggling well in the rear. These conditions must be taken into account in observations of the progress of Mexico, which is still a nation of dons and peons, and they are

recognized practically by the government. The dons do pretty much as they please, and the peons do what they are told.

The upper classes are intelligent and educated. The lower classes are stupid, ignorant and illiterate. Newspapers have small circulation among the common people, and books are seldom read. One small shop in Guaymas supplies reading matter for the whole city, and sells fewer papers and books than are sold in an American town of one-twentieth the population. Not a few of the American magazines and weekly journals are bought by well-to-do Mexicans, who cannot read a word of English. These periodicals are placed ostentatiously upon center tables, to create the impression that the owner of the house has literary tastes and accomplishments, and the leaves of a magazine a year old will be found as fresh and unsold as when they came from the press. The bookseller of Guaymas conducts a circulating library, and there are very few gaps in the rows of books upon the library shelves.

Facts like these give one a clew to Mexican characteristics and throw light upon the pretensions of the people to a place among the enlightened and progressive races. In many ways the unread magazines upon the center-table are significant. They indicate the desire of the owner to be deemed a person of broad culture. Similarly, the incessant boasting of the wonderful "progress and development" of Mexico, that finds voice in the press and in official fulminations, is nine parts bombast to one part of fact. Spanish characteristics are persistent in the Mexican, and what those characteristics are was made patent to the world in the late war. Mexico's evidences of advanced civilization are mostly on the center-table.

Sonora's Boom Advertising.

An elaborately illustrated pamphlet, entitled "Sonora Ilustrado," widely circulated by the Southern Pacific, is amusing to one who has been in Sonora. The publication

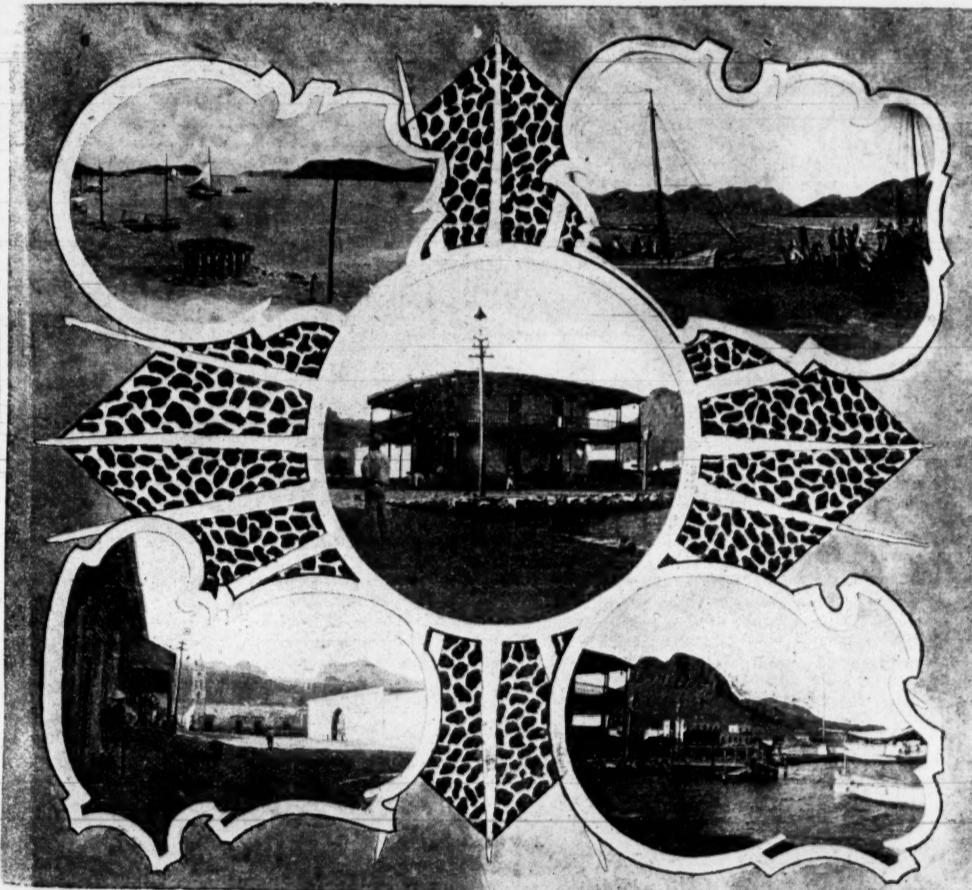
room and his shoes have run aground. It rained hard one night in September last, and I remained in bed until low tide, and then recovered my shoes, that had stranded on the window-sill, and went down to get breakfast. The dining-room was navigable to deep-draught wading boots, and the waiters were trying to bail it out with buckets. Not having a skiff, I postponed breakfast until afternoon, when the waters subsided to a depth of only an inch or two.

The Luxuries of the Table.

This hotel, that is said to rival the Van Nuys, just as everything else in Mexico compares with American or European institutions, is kept by a Frenchman, and the bill of fare bears such gems as "Mecceroni all gratings." The bill of fare, by the way, is chalked daily upon a blackboard at the dining-room door. You pay \$6 a day for lodgings and meals, and if you want butter on the table you have to send to store for it and pay \$1 a pound. And it is old enough to walk alone when you get it. "God sends meat and the devil sends cooks," and the cooks of Sonora are the devil's own. What God does not send in the way of food doesn't get there. The raising of vegetables and fruit means work; therefore, no vegetables and little fruit are seen on the hotel tables.

Guaymas has electric lights and electric fans. The lights in houses are about eight-candle power, and it takes three of them to make a reading light. Electric fans are immensely popular, and every little shop has one. They serve to keep flies off and save the labor of fanning. Inventions that save personal exertion are popular in Sonora. Machinery that makes demand for more labor is not so popular.

With a few jimmicks of modern civilization, but without sewers or pavements, Guaymas represents progress in Sonora, and sleepy basks in the sunshine at the foot of the



PORT OF GUAYMAS.

is stuffed with fulsome "write-ups," paid for by the persons and interests written up, and is composed almost entirely of what is known in a newspaper office as "slobber." It is fully as reliable as a "boom" circular exploiting villa sites on the slopes of Mt. Lowe. The reader is told that Guaymas has a hotel that is fitted with all modern improvements, and compares favorably with any first-class hotel in the United States. This hotel is kept, of course, by a "genial host," a "prince of landlords," whose strong suit is making his guests "feel at home."

The hotel is a two-story adobe barrack surrounding a central court that was intended to be a garden, but has been allowed to lapse into a convenient dump for rubbish. A one-story bath-house has been built in the placita, and its roof is piled high with broken cracker boxes and refuse lumber. This bath house, slovenly kept, and two closets comprise all the "modern plumbing" bragged of in the write-up. In the placita is a fenced-off office and clerk's desk, but no clerk ever is in the office, and the "genial host" shows up there only twice a day; when passengers come in from the train and when they are about to depart. He is as "genial" as a cigar-store Indian, and he makes his guests feel at home by leaving them to attend to their own wants.

When It Rains.

The rooms in the hotel are furnished with the elegance and completeness of a country boarding-house. Iron cot frames are used, and are well adapted to promoting the comfort of guests. When it rains they do not float, and thus the occupants are guarded against seasickness. But the landlord has neglected to provide rafts for the shoes of the guests. Still this is not a serious oversight, for it generally rains in the night, and one can refrain from getting up until the water has leaked down into the dining-

hills that surround a bay whose waters are troubled as little by the heels of commerce as the plains of Sonora are by the plowshare.

ALLEN KELLY.

TIMOTHY BROWN.

Oh, Timothy Brown was a terrible scamp,
And lessons he voted a bore!
French, grammar, geography, history, sums,
He vowed he'd not learn any more.
At the end of a year he knew nothing at all
About anything under the sun—
French, grammar, geography, history, sums,
He'd forgotten them everyone.

One day a rich uncle said, "Timothy Brown,
I'll ask you a question or two.
If I'm forty-five, and you're younger than I,
How much am I older than you?"
Well, Timothy Brown he thought for a while,
And at last he discovered this fact,
That he hadn't a notion how long he'd been born,
And he didn't know how to subtract.

"Come, when is your birthday? I'll give you a tip."
Said his uncle, and patted his pate.
But Timothy Brown he burst into tears,
He couldn't remember the date!
That's the end of the story of Timothy Brown—
A story that is perfectly true.
And perhaps there's a moral for no one at all,
And perhaps there's a moral for you!

—[Eric Parker, in St. Nicholas.]

NOVEMBER 26, 1899.

X-RAY DEVELOPMENTS.

BY MRS. CHARLES STEWART DAGGETT.
Author of "Mariposa," "The Broad Aisle," etc.

V.—ROSITA.

ROSITA'S tiny house in the Arroyo Seco looked like a brown bird's nest, snugly tucked beneath the far-reaching limbs of a great liveoak. Through the open door floated the measure of a Spanish love song. Rosita was very happy. She was admiring herself before a sadly cracked looking-glass, and praising the dear saints for her new hat. It was a beauty; and stylish like the hat of an Americana. Two rows of even, white teeth parted between the smile of rich lips and the dark head swayed vainly from side to side. The toppling mass of artificial flowers quivered on high, and then Rosita laughed aloud.

"Linda!" she cried in childish glee. She craned her neck far to the side and threw her eyes backward with satisfied, critical delight.

"Now will the sparkling little one look at me only; only at Rosita!" she declared confidently. She tossed her dark head and spoke on unconsciously. "Antonio shall die with fury, and I care not. I am sick of his sullen tempers. His angry eyes tire my soul. I love him no more, for I have promised the little fair one to be his alone."

She danced about in wildest fashion. The hat trembled with its weight of humble finery, and the vivid green grasses and bright pink roses quivered to the time of the girl's quick heart. She was glad to be alone in the miserable little hut she called home. Her good-for-nothing father and lazy brother Jose had deserted her the week before, and Rosita knew that the men were now lying hopelessly drunk, or else idly sunning their worthless bodies before a Mexican saloon in San Gabriel. She was always happy when they went away. Her father got crosser every month and now he sometimes struck her. Jose grew ugly when she refused to cook him a late supper, and called her vile names. It was good to breathe in peace, and she went to the door of the poor little hut and looked out eagerly.

girl stubbornly postponed her marriage day. He was grieved that his sister's child took certain risks with her reputation, and had wisely determined to compel immediate obedience when next she came to confession. Rosita should marry Antonio at once. Her headstrong will must be broken. Once settled in a little home of her own, the girl would follow her mother's worthy example. She was, after all, a kind and affectionate child, and soon all would be well. Meanwhile she should cease her willful roaming, and behave like a modest maiden.

Rosita had established her vogue with the artists of both Los Angeles and Pasadena, and each week she made a tour of the studios. In the winter season she gathered a welcome little fortune, and posed often as the perfect model of her dark, rich type. As yet the hand of nature had touched her lightly; she was lovely to behold. Later she would grow fat and coarse; but now she was delicately luscious. The early rains had sweetened the earth, and brought again the artists to the southern country. Rosita hoped to drive many goodly bargains during the season, and with an independent income increase her store of finery. Her father would give her no money, but soon she could buy beautiful clothes with her own earnings. Then she would delight the heart of the little stranger and shine by his side at the Orpheum show in Los Angeles. She had already earned enough to buy the wonderful hat, and upon Thanksgiving day, now almost at hand, she intended to wear it abroad for the first time. Tomorrow she was going to the high hill where once had stood the great hotel. There she would see the spangled little one arise with his giant balloon. He had even asked her to come; had bade her behold his flight upon the trapeze, and watch his descent, holding to a sky parasol! As yet Antonio knew nothing of the invitation. He foolishly supposed that Rosita would accompany him in the old buggy, in view of the great holiday. The girl laughed scornfully to herself. The Mexican would die of rage when he found her already gone. The priest, her uncle, would be angry and call her a fool, and if he learned the truth in time he would seek to defeat her happiness. He did not believe in the virtue of the silver-spangled little one. If he knew of the plan he would not allow her to go with the aeronaut to the Orpheum, and later to the Spanish supper upon Thanksgiving evening. Rosita hugged her secret tightly. Oh! the ecstasy

away with her old lover. And so each day she watched foolishly for the stranger. When he came lazily out of his tent he always discovered the girl beneath the little porch of her humble home. The small veranda was fashioned from stray laths, which were now covered with a lace canopy of Australian pia vine, and beautiful pale blue Japanese moon-flowers. Rosita took great pride in her leafy bower, and the blond stranger had pronounced it perfect. She was indeed a fortunate señorita. To entertain so grand a lover upon a veranda was delightful, and the ro-



"SHE WAS GLAD TO BE ALONE IN THE MISERABLE LITTLE HUT SHE CALLED HOME."

The freshly washed Arroyo stretched before her. The first heavy rain had tufted the arid bed of the great sandy wash with deep emerald oases. Dull undergrowth had suddenly burst into rich luxuriance. The giant liveoaks spread like Druid temples beneath the overshadowing, glistening, amethyst range. As if to challenge the lofty Sierra Madre, dense clumps of eucalypti shot up like plumed arrows, straight and daring, almost into the far, serene bosom of the sky. The Arroyo Seco smiled again for the artist. Rare pictures glowed in its long, vivid, magnificent stretches. Rosita saw none of them. Her dark eyes swept over the tops of the intervening liveoaks and fell rapturously upon a white tent in the distance. Here dwelt in temporary dangerous vagabondism the cloud-scraping artist; the little blond aeronaut who flew against the sky in spangled tights. A month before Rosita watched a huge balloon launch into space, with the hero of her ignorant dreams dangling at the mercy of a fragile trapeze. It was like a beautiful silver spider performing upon a silken web. The poor child had held her breath, and implored the mother of God every moment until he dropped safely with the parachute. When he sprang up gaily from the solid ground she believed that the Holy Virgin had indeed heard her prayer. She had seen a miracle! Then Antonio, the Mexican, beheld the rapture in her face. The boy knew the truth at once and pushed his fickle sweetheart savagely away. Rosita cared not; and from that hour Antonio was miserable. He still came to the little hut in the Arroyo, but now he sat outside in sullen silence, peering always from beneath the liveoak, watching over the little white tent beyond. Rosita knew his thoughts, but alas! the youth's jealousy only inflamed her foolish dreams. The dapper, smiling aeronaut had stolen her tickle fancy, and she thought constantly of his long, searching glances, and meaningless words. She loved the young Mexican no more. His slouchy dress and shambling walk filled her with disgust. Now she admired silver spangles. The peachy cheeks and yellow curls of the little stranger had effaced all other images from the surface of her poor little heart. She grew defiant, and despised the advice of her uncle, the good old priest, who continually counseled her to give her love to Antonio alone. The brother of her dead mother was often anxious about this handsome, willful niece. He strongly approved of the young Mexican, and grew angry and perplexed because the

of it all. To possess a fine new hat and great plans! To keep every one in ignorance of her new-found bliss, and to be free at last from the tipsy demands of her father and the insolent orders of Jose, was greater joy than the girl had dared to hope for. The world was, after all, a kind place; beautiful! Rosita drew in a long, happy breath. The fresh sunny air had called her to the open door, but now she came back and stood again before the cracked mirror. She must remove her hat and complete her new dress. She had bought lace for her wrists and a fresh ribbon for her throat. She took off the hat reluctantly and kissed its gay flowers and patted the bold, upright, staring pink bow with childish pride.

"Thou art sweet," she whispered.

The door of her own little bedroom stood ajar and she entered. The small place was neat and pathetically fantastic. Its cheesecloth walls were thickly adorned with gay advertising pictures, and the little cot bed was covered with an old counterpane, spotlessly white between its several carefully mended rents. The small window was curtained with dotted muslin, the remains of an old frock. Upon a shelf, neatly covered with flowered chintz, stood a row of the girl's dearest treasures; poor little cast-off ornaments, and baubles that she had picked up here and there among the artists. Rosita loved her little room. When her father and Jose were at home she always kept the door locked. It maddened her to have the men fall upon her white bed with filthy feet and reeking clothes. With a half guilty sigh she remembered that the now forsaken Antonio had put the lock upon her door. He had also done many more kind things. Once when a heavy rain came through the roof of her little retreat and almost ruined her treasures upon the shelf, he spent a whole day searching about the deeper gullies of the Arroyo for cast-off oil cans. When he had found enough, he flattened out the tins and then bought paint and made the new covering proof against rough weather. At the time Rosita had been very grateful. Now she could not quite forget the many happy drives she had taken in the young Mexican's old buggy. On Sundays they had gone to church in the old mission at San Gabriel, and then to dinner with Antonio's family.

Rosita now sat at home with her sewing. She plead excuses and gave all her thoughts to the adventure of the bespangled aeronaut. He might come! She must not go



"AS THE PERFECT MODEL OF HER DARK, RICH TYPE."

mantic child was sure that the blue moon-flowers sympathized with her new-found joy. Each day when she swept the rough platform and dusted the two wooden chairs that faced each other, she smiled at her rich possessions. And soon the shining little one might come! Then her happiness would be complete. When the waiting chair once held his precious weight the hour would be glad. Then she would listen to airy tales of sky-scraping adventure, and promise to forget Antonio forever. Today she had not yet seen her new lover and she waited eagerly for his coming. She wanted to show him her beautiful hat, and hear him praise the taste that chose it. Perhaps he had issued from the tent before she awoke. When her father and Jose were away she slept late. She chafed at the uncertainty, and wondered vainly if her friend had gone to Los Angeles. He had much trouble about the balloon; and she did not believe Antonio when he declared that the man went away to gamble. The Mexican's



"DOWN, DOWN, HE CAME; STEADILY DOWN."

jealousy compelled him to lie! He was not to blame. When the aeronaut was absent for several days at a time it was upon business! Business about the great balloon. He had said so.

The girl drew one of the chairs forward and sat down. Her sewing fell idly in her lap, and her eyes turned at once in the direction of the little white tent. The blue moon-flowers were beginning to think about going to sleep. In the morning they were always cheerful, now they seemed to look up sadly. Why did the little one not come? Rosita's impatience increased as the long day lengthened. Soon it would be 4 o'clock, and for a month the sun had never touched the middle of the sky without the coming of the aeronaut.

Behind her back the girl heard footsteps. The hard, bare ground beneath the liveoak resounded with a man's tread. Her lover had come another way! He had prepared a surprise for her and to tease him she would refuse to turn her head. Until he spoke she would sew diligently. The coquetry of her race awakened in her throat a little song,

She hummed as she bent above her work. Her anxious ears listened nervously, but no voice relieved the strain, and she could no longer endure her suspense. She turned her head impatiently, but the shining little one had not come. Antonio, the Mexican, dark and sullen, stood behind her. Rosita's face hid not her disappointment and her eyes dropped without smiles upon her work.

"Sit down," she commanded, coldly.

Antonio slid around silently into the empty chair. He crossed his legs and beat with his hand upon his knee, then he glanced jealously at the tent beyond the liveoaks.

"He comes not?" he questioned sneeringly. "Perhaps he has other business? Perhaps the balloon has flown with him to heaven? Perhaps his wife has at last arrived upon the overland train?"

Rosita stamped her foot. "Liar!" she cried.

The Mexican smiled a convincing, deadly smile. "I have said the truth," he declared, sulkily. "This morning early I saw him slide forth from the back of his tent, and again at noon he entered like a thief, with a large woman. She is his wife and follows her husband to California."

Rosita ran the point of the needle far into her finger. A drop of blood spurted upon her work.

"What mean you?" she implored, half persuaded before the sudden, terrible truth. Then a wild revulsion of feeling swept away her doubts. She lifted her dark eyes proudly and repeated the question. "What mean you?" she cried, in miserable defiance.

The Mexican smiled. "I am sorry," he answered, "but the high fier hath fooled thee. At this very minute a wife is with him inside of his tent. She came this morning, and her trunk also has gone in by the back entrance. Tomorrow her husband will take her to the ascension and perhaps she will herself rise into the air. She often performs upon the trapeze, for she once belonged to the circus. The sky-scraper will soon tell her of thy silliness and together they will mock behind thy back."

The girl's dark face paled the shade of ashes and her eyes darted fire.

"Thou liest! Thou liest!" she hissed. "By reason of thy own foolish jealousy I am miserable, and I will not believe what you have said."

She flung her work upon the ground and pressed her temples with her doubled fists. Her vision leaped forward in a wide, wretched search. She longed for any kind of convincing evidence, but she saw no sign of human life about the tent. Only a great hungry vulture circled above it. She watched the bird until his air path widened and his flight led upward to the purple mountains, then she dropped helplessly into a chair. She covered her face with her hands and refused to speak. Antonio came and stood repentantly beside her, but she would not notice him.

"I am sorry," he said gently. "If you command I will break his cowardly neck."

"No! no!" Rosita cried. "Thou shalt not hurt him, and I will not believe thee. My eyes alone shall accuse him." The child sobbed aloud for the first time.

Antonio felt no pity before the tear-stained face, and with savage joy he pointed in the direction of the fatal spot. "Behold! behold!" he cried, with no mercy in his angry voice.

Rosita uncovered her face and looked upon the truth. Between the front flaps of the tent she saw the form of a tall woman. She was darkly dressed and showed plainly against the background of white canvas. Then the aeronaut drew her inside with a brazen show of affection. Rosita saw all and burst into cries of rage. Hate and anger darkened her young face and Antonio, the Mexican, knew that the child's one poor solace was revenge.

"Tomorrow he shall fall from his sky parasol," he whispered. "My cousin, Pedro, has an acid which eats to the death. I will get it and soak the ropes until they snap with his worthless weight. He shall fall. Pedro shall help, and the saints shall forgive us."

Rosita smiled a hard, terrible smile. For the first time in weeks she moved closer to the youth's side.

"Good Antonio," she said in a strange, thick voice.

The Mexican bent above her with fond eagerness. His dark eyes glowed fiercely through fresh hope, while he hastened to unfold his plan for revenge.

"I will do all that I have promised," he whispered. "Thou shalt never see his lying face after tomorrow. Pedro knows how to mix the deadly stuff well, and while they sleep we shall find the sky umbrella at the back of the tent. The saints will help us. Tomorrow shall make thy revenge, for the acid shall gnaw the ropes until they rot with the weight of his silver spangles."

"No! no!" Rosita cried, then she turned and impetuously patted Antonio's swarthy cheek. The boy mistook the caress and glowed with fiery transport.

"I must go at once to San Gabriel," he said reluctantly. "If I find Pedro before nightfall I must search in the saloons. Tomorrow I will come with the buggy and take you to the hill."

The girl shuddered, but her face did not relent. "Go," she said, harshly.

Antonio stretched his arms to embrace her, but she pushed him fiercely away. "Not yet! not yet!" she cried. She burst past him and rushed into the house. He heard the key turn in her door and quickened his eager, evil pace for San Gabriel.

Thanksgiving dawned bright and beautiful. In the San Gabriel Valley the day held its full measure of joy and prosperity. The disheartening drawbacks of two comparatively dry seasons had been forgotten in the full refreshing promise of the present opening year. During the morning glad hearts had joined in Thanksgiving anthems at the churches, and later the fattened soul of the community burst into fresh ecstasies upon the picturesque brow of the holiday hill. Several years before a great frame caravansary had burned to the ground, and upon its stone foundations had been placed a mammoth flooring. Dotted here and there about the rambling surface were band stands and small refreshment pagodas. It was indeed a gala site for open-air festivities.

Upon the lofty hill was tethered the balloon, and by 3 o'clock all the seats of the immense platform were crowded with lively spectators. The wealth and fashion of Pasadena promenaded about in rich attire, while traps and superb drags lined up the driveways of the famous site.

Happy children romped with one another, and pet dogs followed devotedly at the heels of their masters. Pretty girls and gay young men idly speculated upon the fate of the balloon now rapidly filling at the east end of the hill. Every one had come out for a holiday. In the distance the dazzling Sierra Madre half circled the glorious horizon. The flashing snow-crowned peaks of the range curved boldly to the southeast and seemed to catch hold of the dancing hills beyond. Above, the air was blue and sweet with liquid fragrance. Below, the valley stretched in tender promise, while the famous town arose and held the wondering eye. Pasadena shone like a queen surrounded with the natural glory of a perfect kingdom.

Antonio and Rosita had arrived in the old buggy and were soon hidden guiltily away in a sheltered corner, made by a short flight of steps, leading from the platform to the ground. The Mexican had tampered with the ropes of the parachute during the night, and now sued vainly for his sweetheart's renewed favor. As yet Rosita would not smile. Her countenance was frightened and miserable. Just beyond them was the great balloon, securely tethered to the earth with numerous stakes and ropes. As the hot gas poured into its swelling belly it swayed and floundered in drunken joy. At the end of each rope stood a proud volunteer. Each helper stayed at intervals the premature ambitions of the wobbling monster. A darky, a Chinaman, a garrulous Paddy, and mob of half-grown boys bore down with force and shouts when the rising gas belched impatiently upward. The huge thing longed to soar. Meantime the aeronaut's wife-bustled importantly about. She was a large, common-looking woman, with painted cheeks and bleached hair. She carried a long stick and flourished it wildly above the heads of the cringing Chinaman and the lazy negro. From her crowded corner Rosita observed the woman with deep disgust and jealousy. How she hated the tall, bold figure and loud, confident voice. The poor child's angry, half-crazed little heart lifted and fell through savage excitement; but she said no word. If Antonio spoke she frowned upon him, and once she displayed a relenting spirit.

Once, when the shining little one rushed past her to push away the man who poured the kerosene into the ditch that led into the boiling belly of the balloon, she half betrayed her presence. She would have cried out the awful truth, but Antonio thrust her rudely back into the crowded corner. Then the chance was gone. She covered her eyes and wept softly. She began to long for a last look; she would gaze once more into the fair face, and with stubborn will she fought her way forward. Now she saw more plainly and the Mexican tried in vain to restrain her. The aeronaut knelt gracefully. His theatrical personality was the prologue to his ascension. He was without his hat, and his peachy cheeks and taffy-colored curls dazzled poor Rosita afresh. His spangled body glistened fiercely in the brilliant sunshine. As yet he had not removed the dark trousers drawn above his nether magnificence. The girl's wild passion awoke through fresh jealous tears as she watched him. He bent above a carefully tipped can of kerosene and bailed the oil out eagerly. As he tossed it into the fiery ditch that led beneath the balloon, a ruddy tongue shot forth with each hot cupful. A voice that seemed to issue from the infernal region of the great black ball called out the gage at frequent intervals, and for every added foot of gas the guards bore down upon the swaying ropes. The nervous monster, scarred with many ugly patches, belched and rolled about in tethered rage. Meantime the sparkling little one swore frightfully and continued to feed its roaring interior with speedy charges of oil. Then the mysterious voice called out victoriously the necessary gage, and the aeronaut flew to his waiting trapeze. The parachute was also stretched upon the ground. He fingered each rope carefully and dropped it almost lovingly to its place, before he ran back to the burning ditch. Here he tossed in a cup of oil for luck and called loudly to his assistant to cut away the stays. Then he tore off in frantic haste the dark protecting pantaloons, and stood for an instant before the admiring crowd in all his dazzling splendor.

Rosita held her breath. Even yet she did not realize what she was doing. She pushed impatiently through the crush and Antonio dared not hold her back. Then a long shout arose. The awful time had come. Without warning the mighty black ball lunged forward. With an almost human cry it struck the deep sky as it shot from the hill triumphantly aloft.

Dangling like a silver spider upon a silver web, the dapper, agile, shining little one sailed away before the perilous currents of the air. Rosita stood breathlessly beneath and knew she had willed a soul to Eternity. She raised her guilty hands and implored in vain. The balloon sailed on; but still she spoke not. Antonio's arm was about her tightly and she leaned weakly against him. Now she heard the words of the crowd; the aeronaut was performing upon the trapeze. All were delighted. The yellow curls shone beneath the dainty heels of the shining little one. His wife was screaming bravio and waving the long stick wildly.

"Good-by, Joe," she called, amid the hubbub of the crowd. Then the balloon went higher! higher! higher! It seemed to Rosita that it would never stop rising. How terrible would be the little one's fall! And now he was getting ready to cut loose with the parachute. Rosita heard the tragic truth from the expectant crowd, and shrieked. The terror in her voice held no significance for the thoughtless crowd and Antonio clapped his hand at once above her mouth. He flung her back with an oath, and whispered to her in terrified Spanish.

"Wilt send us both to prison?" he asked, stealthily. The girl cowered for an instant, then rushed from his side. In her excitement her gorgeous hat had fallen from her head. She had forgotten its magnificence and now it dangled heedlessly by her side. She clutched the pink roses cruelly and her great eyes streamed tears. Her upturned face and moving lips told Antonio that she was praying. The crowd grew silent, chilled by the danger of the impending descent. For an instant the outcome tarried—then the sky parasol slowly unfurled. Holding tightly to its sturdy handle the shining little one began his downward journey. Down, down, he came; steadily down. The crowd cheered wildly, but Rosita prayed on. Antonio stood silently by and wondered. The saints had soured on his revenge! He stared stupidly upward, and still the parachute dropped down, down, down. In the soft valley it fell at last, and from a rich, green patch of bursting spring the shining little one arose. He bowed gaily to the distant audience;

kissed his hand; and scampered away to a waiting carriage.

In the sky above floundered the debauched balloon. It had turned over and was descending with a reckless course. It seemed to be directly over the crowded hill and in haste the excited spectators vanished. Rosita and Antonio alone did not move. They both stood riveted to the spot, facing in dumb wonder, the scene of the withheld tragedy.

"It is a miracle!" the girl whispered, "a wonderful miracle!"

Neither understood and before Antonio had found his wits they were facing Rosita's angry uncle.

The old priest was stern and terrible to behold, and the guilty couple quailed when he spoke to them.

"Wicked, wicked children," he said, in severest Spanish.

To punish the boy he drew the girl away from his side and placed her trembling hand within his own.

"Thou shalt go to the convent and make ready for thy wedding at once," he declared. "No longer shalt thou trifl with shame and foolishness."

Rosita shook before his rage.

"And thou, foolish boy, would have opened the gates of San Quentin for thyself and thy sweetheart. Had Pedro not fooled thy stupidity, the sin of murder had been upon thy jealous head. Go from my sight until thy next confession; then will I attend to thy case. When thou hast done full penance thou shalt have thy wife. Come!" he commanded sternly, and Rosita followed humbly, weeping and praying as she went.

MEN OF NOTE

Sammann, the noted artist in tapestry, has his studio in the Byrne Block.

Bishop Simar of Paderborn, Westphalia, has been elected archbishop of Cologne.

Ex-Senator Sawyer of Wisconsin has given \$6000 for the building of a home for friendless persons in Oshkosh.

Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, when asked about Cuba, from which he has just returned, replied: "Cuba is a smile of the sea."

Prof. Evander B. McGilvray has succeeded Prof. James Seth in the incumbency of the sage professorship of moral philosophy of Cornell University.

Senator Beveridge of Indiana owns a remarkably good collection of autographs, in which is a letter from President Kruger to a friend distinctly foreshadowing the present war.

According to the latest report of H. Clay Evans, Commissioner of Pensions, there is now only one survivor of the war of 1812—Hiram Cronk of Northwestern New York. He is 99 years of age.

Li Hung Chang is living in Peking. He has the office of Grand Secretariat, and as such holds a very high place in the government. He is very close to the Empress Dowager, and is often consulted as to foreign affairs by the Emperor and his Cabinet.

Father Osborne, of the Episcopal Church of St. John the Evangelist, Boston, who has spent seven years among the lepers of South Africa, is raising a fund to establish an American medical station for the benefit of the sufferers from leprosy in that part of the world.

The Wichita Eagle says that Gen. Fred Funston looked out of the car window at a small town in Western Kansas and saw a seething mass of humanity at the depot to do him honor. Turning to his wife, he said: "Two years ago I lectured to an audience of seven in this town."

William R. Moody, a son of D. L. Moody, has resigned the editorship of the Record of Christian Work and will assume the editorial management of the Northfield Echoes, which will hereafter appear every month and be the regular organ for the work at Northfield, Chicago and the Northfield field extension improvements.

Harry J. MacDonald, who died in a hospital in New York recently, was the son of a native king on the African gold coast. He was taken from his country by slave traders, was rescued by a British ship, became a servant in the English army, where he was given the name of MacDonald, and later came to the United States.

THE CITY OF NASSAU.

[New York Tribune:] Nassau, the capital of the chief island of the Bahamas, is a perpetual tropical garden. This is the more singular because there is practically no soil on the island of New Providence. The pretty, low houses, the smooth white roads, walls and gardens are made of the same rock, a composition of coral and limestone, of which the island itself is constructed.

Nature in this luxuriant land has a thousand charms. Nearly every tropical fruit tree and flower can be seen there—stately palms, bananas, lemon trees, tall cocoanuts, pineapples, mangoes, limes, oranges, guavas, tamarinds, grapes, citron, pomegranates, dates, peanuts, almonds, luscious melons and all sorts of vegetables and game.

Oleanders of every shade grow thirty feet in height, and are never out of blossom. The night-blooming cereus, roses without limit, shell flowers, tuberoses, jasmines, geraniums and cacti of many sorts are conspicuous. The famous silk cotton trees and the wide-spreading laurels always command admiration.

There is one amusement at Nassau unique in character. It consists in scanning the ocean bed beneath the clear crystal water with eyeglasses—rude square wooden tubes with a piece of common glass fitted to one end. The water is so clear that objects from thirty to forty fathoms are plainly visible, and the sea gardens, or coral reefs, like marine fairyland, are brought to view. In the lights and shadows below can be seen tropical fish, some like burnished gold, others blue and silver. Here may be seen the live red lobsters, and white crabs as well.

Another wonder is the phosphorescent lake, which at night, with every touch of an oarblade, becomes alive with flashes of light so bright that one can easily read by the brilliant glow.

The Queen of Portugal, who is said to have taken up medicine as a fad, became so interested in it that she completed the course and took the degree of M.D. She is now the chief physician of her husband, herself and her children.

**SNOW-BOUND
IN THE SIERRAS.
A THANKSGIVING STORY.**

By a Special Contributor.

PERRY made the motion, which was enthusiastically seconded by both the Photographer and myself. We three were looking forward to our usual Thanksgiving celebration—an afternoon on the football grounds, dinner at 6 at the Palace, and an evening with the victorious team at whichever theater they elected to patronize. But man propositus, and his "boss" disposed.

Perry, who was a mining engineer, received a telegram summoning him immediately to Slate Creek, where he was to superintend the placing of machinery at Gold Bar mine. It was then that Perry proposed that we accompany him, which proposition, as I have recorded, was promptly accepted. The morning of November 20 found us at the depot, the first stage of the journey being made by rail. The Photographer had brought, in addition to his camera and roll of blankets, a telescope that must have weighed ten pounds. He was with difficulty persuaded to abandon the telescope, leaving it in charge of an accommodating baggeman.

On the morning of the second day we breakfasted at Oroville. The table was laid by an open window, through which a red rose leaned, its subtle odor mingling with the

shoes we were carrying, progress was slow. At an elevation of 5000 feet we found ourselves at the summit, with another and still loftier peak confronting us across the chasm. Binding the shoes to our feet, we started on the down grade. As the arrow speeds from the bended bow, so we shot downward at an angle of 45 deg., gliding between the straight, brown trunks of spreading firs or darting through the open, with the wind whistling shrilly in our ears and the sharp sting of it like the stroke of a whiplash across our faces. It was glorious! The descent was made in an incredibly short time, and without a single "spill."

The waters of Onion Creek, tumbling over the stones at our feet, seemed to bar further progress; but a fallen tree provided a way out of the predicament, and on this primitive bridge we passed to the other side. Another rough-and-ready scramble was before us, over bare rocks—for we were on the sunny side of the ridge and the ground was almost clear of snow. Here and there among the crevices of rock the scant herbage still held a tinge of green. Two hours of incessant climbing brought us to the top, and scarcely waiting to take breath we put on the shoes and plunged down the slope in the direction of Last Chance ravine.

In the shut-in mountain regions night comes on earlier than elsewhere. At 4 o'clock it was dark, and we had not yet found a suitable camping place. To add to our discomfort, snow began falling heavily. We reminded each other that it was the night before Thanksgiving, and prophesied darkly for the morrow. As we were debating the probable risk in going on until we found a more sheltered situation, the bark of a dog came to our ears; and listening intently we heard the sound again. Picking up our packs with alacrity we made for the sound, which had

Having nothing to do while away the time, we concluded to make the ascent of Pilot's Peak, in the shadow of which old John's cabin stood. The fresh snow made climbing difficult, and at every step we sank to our knees. It was a wallow, rather than a climb. We struggled onward, skirting canyons hundreds of feet in depth, clambering over rocks and catching at roots and branches—up, up, until we stood on the summit, and Onion Valley lay 7000 feet below.

The inhabitants of Onion Valley scarcely know what summer is, for snow covers the ground during nine months of the year, being oftentimes twenty feet deep on the level.

Half-way down the mountain we came upon fresh bear tracks of enormous size. Perry returned to the cabin for the old man's gun, and we followed the trail over the snow for some distance. We had covered no more than half a mile, however, when the Photographer—whom we had left behind, perched on a rock, engaged in capturing "snow effects" with a No. 2 kodak—came running after, minus hat, kodak, and his customary air of blasé indifference. Questioned as to the cause of his unwonted agitation, he confessed that a sudden noise as of some animal crashing through the underbrush had so startled him, that, believing a whole regiment of bears to be at his heels, he had "cut and run." The hat and the camera were eventually recovered, but the bear got away.

When we reached the cabin, old John pointed triumphantly to a hide which hung over the branch of a tree, and then conducted us within where a dinner, of which the beef roast was the feature, smoked upon the table. Later we sat before the fire, enveloped in clouds of Old Judge; and under the genial influence of the warmth and tobacco combined, our host waxed loquacious. For thirty years he had lived a solitary life, seeing no one save, occasionally, a stray hunter or a party of prospectors. By turn he was hunter and miner, and many were the stories he told us of adventures that had beset him in the lonely mountain wilds. As he talked the dim eyes would kindle, and the rugged face glowed with something akin to boyish enthusiasm.

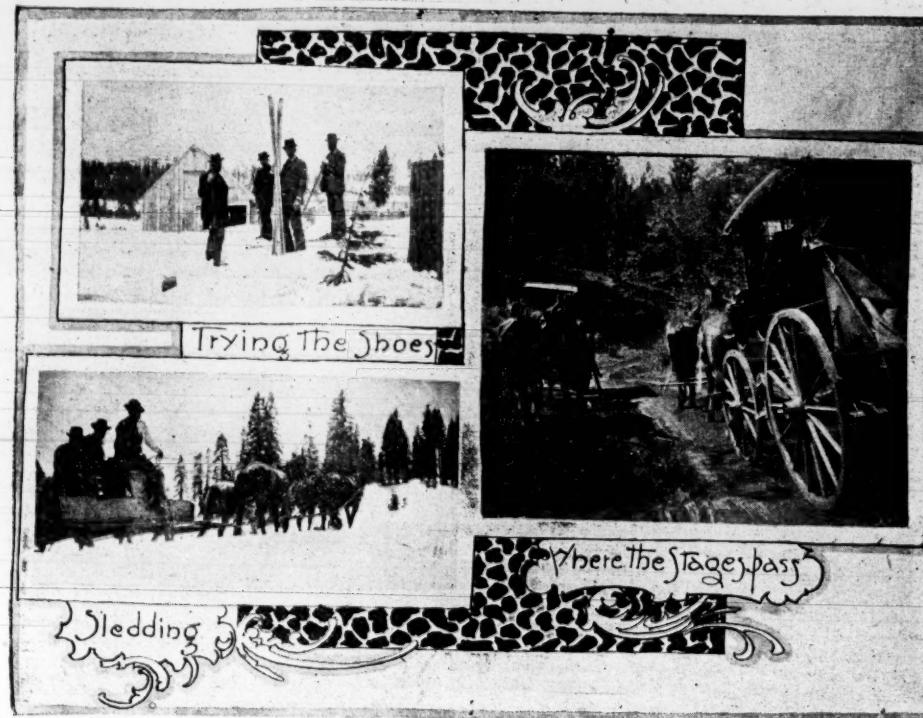
A very interesting character was old John. He was a small, wiry man, with not an ounce of superfluous flesh on his bones. He was bald, and wore a short, shaggy beard. His skin was wrinkled and parched out of all semblance to human cuticle. He possessed a wonderful set of false teeth, the upper part of which sometimes dropped unexpectedly with a sharp click. To prevent this he kept his lips tightly drawn over the teeth, which imparted a strained, anxious expression to his countenance. When engaged in telling a particularly thrilling story he would take an extra grip on his teeth, fold his arms tightly across his sunken chest, and cross his bow legs.

"Thar's one Thanksgiving I shan't fergit if I live t' be a hundred," he remarked, as he stooped to put another log on the fire. "Go on," we urged; and between pulls at a long-stemmed pipe he related the following:

"When I was a young man I jined a gov'ment survey party, bound for Death Valley. The day before Thanksgiving we was slowly and painfully makin' our way across a trackless waste that 'peared t' begin whar the sun riz, and t' end whar it went down. Thar wasn't a thing t' be seen, as fur as the eye could reach, but cactus and sagebrush. Hot?" He paused, dramatically. "Wal, I should smile! The sun was like a ball of fire, and thar wasn't a breath of wind. We kep' a-goin', though 'twas at a snail's pace. All t' once one of the party signaled some obiect off the trail a piece. He made out that 'twas a dead burro—callin' our 'tention t' the buzzards swarin' around it.

"Most likely a dead coyote," said I, without so much as turning my head.

"It hadn't a-been fer the curiosities of the feller what made the discov'ry, my bones and the bones of the rest of the party would be a-bleachin' in Death Valley t'day. The feller was bound t' investigate. He went back, and all t' once he began t' wave his hat and yell like mad. What do you think? 'Twas a burro, sure enough, a-lyin' thar with a broke leg. He had been shot through the head. The small water bar'l that had been part of his load was two-thirds full—and water's water on the desert, 'specially when your supply is gettin' low. We took the bar'l and struck out. Course we kep' a sharp lookout fer the owner of the burro, and we found him at the next water-hole,



of You Hop's excellent coffee. As Perry remarked: "A fellow needs to keep a finger in the almanac, here in California, to know whether the month is June or January."

Then followed the long journey by stage, through stretches of country literally honeycombed with placer diggings. It brought to mind memories of the days of '49, when the wild rush for gold began and the highways and byways of California swarmed with humanity, pursuing its eager race for wealth, regardless of fatigue or hardship. We passed a Chinaman, industriously agitating an old-fashioned rocker beside a shallow stream. Now and then he would refill it with sand and gravel, scooped from the bank of the stream, and while he rocked the rude machine with one hand, with the other he dipped up water in a tin bucket and poured it into the rocker.

Further on, at Strawberry, where the stages pass, there was a hint of frost in the air, and at 10 a.m. the following day, we first encountered snow. The lumbering stage was then changed for a sled, and snowshoes were fitted to the horses' feet. They were odd contrivances—squares of sheet-iron, riveted to horseshoes, the sheet-iron uppermost, and held in place by straps of rubber a half inch thick.

The air was crisp, but so ardent were the sun's rays that overcoats and mufflers were speedily discarded; our Jehu, indeed, with the fine disregard of all sturdy mountaineers for pneumonia and kindred ailments, made the trip in his shirt sleeves.

La Porte was the next stopping place. Nestling in a valley rimmed around by mountain ranges, the city lay as though shrouded in a winding sheet, so deep, so white was the snow. As the greater part of the trip was to be accomplished on snowshoes, Perry suggested that we have a preliminary skirmish with the novel footgear. Accordingly, having satisfied appetites made voracious by a long ride in the bracing mountain air, we repaired to the suburbs, and for an hour or more furnished unlimited sport for a crowd of small boys. Many were the grotesque capers cut, as, mounted on the long, narrow runners, we strove to shape a straight course down hill.

Occasionally a man's leg would become entangled with fourteen feet of snowshoes, which necessitated his being dug out of an adjacent drift. It was at such a crisis as this that the Photographer invariably got in his most telling "snap shots." Retribution finally overtook him, however, as I shall presently relate.

At 4 a.m. the next day we were off, staff in hand and pack on back—in a mountain climb every man carries his own blankets and provisions. For a time we wore the shoes; then, as the ascent became steeper, took them off and made our way along on the crust. It was a hard climb. What with the fifty-pound packs and additional burden of the

meanwhile increased to a yelping chorus. Before we had gone far we came upon a lone cabin, tenanted by a miner, who, when the clamor of the dogs had subsided somewhat so that he could make himself heard, extended a hearty welcome. Although we had provisions in plenty, the old man insisted on supplying our needs from his own store; and soon an appetizing meal was placed on the table. Never was banquet partaken of with the relish with which we dispatched that rabbit stew; and never before nor since have I tasted such delicious coffee as that which our host brewed in a battered tin bucket.

Weary by the long tramp we wrapped ourselves in



ON PILOT'S PEAK.

our blankets, when supper was over, and were soon snoring peacefully before the open fire. The morning dawned, dark and lowering. Snow was still falling, though fitfully, and it did not require much persuasion on the part of our host to induce us to stay over. As an extra inducement he promised to have a roast from beef fresh killed, for dinner, nor could he be persuaded that game, which was plentiful in the vicinity, would be much more of a treat.

with his face in the sand. The poor feller had tried to make his way along with a little canteen of water, and when he came t' the water-hole and found it all choked up with sand, he just give out.

"Wal, when we figgered up, we concluded 'twas Thanksgiving day—fer all of us. The feller had saved our lives, and we saved his'n. You see, thar wasn't more'n a cupful of water apiece fer the crowd of us, when we struck that

water bar'l."

More stories followed, and then Perry suggested that we take a look at the weather and turn in. To our surprise we found that the stars were shining. "Wake me early, mother dear," caroled Perry, as he swathed himself in blankets.

"Sorry t' lose such good comp'ny, but I s'pose you'll be a-movin' in the mornin'," said the old man, as we bade him good-night.

I drifted off to sleep, and dreamed that I was lying on the sands of the desert. A fiery sun was swinging pendulum-wise over my head, nearer, and nearer, and nearer—

A strong hand plucked me like a brand from the burning—but not before a corner of my blanket had been singed—and Perry's voice, trembling with excitement, roused me to instant wakefulness.

"Don't you hear the dogs barking out there? I tried to wake old John, but he told me to take the gun and go out and investigate, if I wanted to, and if there was anything worth getting up for I was to come and call him. Come on. It's game of some sort, and I'm bound to have a shot at it."

We opened the door cautiously, and the three of us filed out. It was dark, but I could see the dogs as they ran around the liveoak, down by the stable, barking incessantly.

"It's the bear," whispered the Photographer, "and he's coming this way! See his eyes! I'm going to get under cover."

He backed toward the door, and I edged a few steps nearer shelter myself; but Perry stood his ground.

"I'm going to have one shot, at any rate," he remarked.

To my excited imagination it seemed that the beast was moving slowly, cautiously, nearer and nearer; but as the moments passed I realized that it was still standing by the tree. The dogs ran up to us, and then returned to their prey.

"One of you fellows go throw something at him, and I'll shoot the minute he makes a move," said Perry, at length.

"Oh, you want to take it on the wing, do you?" growled the Photographer.

Just then old John framed his face in the doorway. "Can't you boys find nothin' better t' do than tree a cow-hide?" he cackled.

Perry gave one incredulous look at the "game," which the dogs had pulled and worried until they had nearly succeeded in dragging it from the limb, and without a word returned to his blanket.

It was many a long day before we talked over our "bear hunt," for Perry shied whenever the subject came up. Indeed, this is the first time that I have ever fully related the story of our adventure while snow-bound in the Sierras.

J. TORREY CONNOR.

ORIGIN OF THANKSGIVING DAY.

[Teacher's World:] Far back in 1631, when our great country was but a tiny baby in its English long clothes, it happened that there was a great scarcity of food, and the little colony settled on Massachusetts Bay found themselves threatened with a famine. The prospect grew darker and darker, the hearts of the people, brave as they were, were filled with anxiety, and they knew not which way to turn. Finally, feeling that God alone could help them, a special day was appointed for fasting and prayer. But before it came, the long-expected boat containing an abundance of provisions made its appearance, and the day of fasting and prayer was transformed into one of good dinners and hearty thanksgiving.

This is the first general Thanksgiving of which we have any record, but by no means the last, for from that day to this, successive Governors and Presidents have set apart many different days for special thanksgiving for some propitious event in State or country. After the revolutionary war was successfully ended, Washington appointed one which was universally observed with the greatest rejoicing, as we may well believe, and after our own sad war of the rebellion was nearly over, President Lincoln proclaimed another, and though many hearts were full of sorrow, there was a great deal to be thankful for.

For more than a hundred years the States of New England have set apart a day in the autumn for giving thanks to God for the many blessings of the year. It gradually came to seem a very pleasant, appropriate custom, and one State after another adopted it, until for several years past the President has issued a proclamation for a day of public thanksgiving throughout the Union—usually the last Thursday of November. It is now a legal holiday, so that rich and poor alike can spend it as they will. It is a great day for family reunions and great dinners, where roast turkey, pumpkin pie, and the like are always to be expected. Boys and girls anticipate its coming and welcome it with delight, for who in all the wide, wide world have more to be thankful for than the young folks of America?

THE OATH OF THE BOERS.

This peculiar, solemn pledge was subscribed at a meeting held by the Boers on April 12, 1879, at Wonderfontein, the Transvaal, and is given as reproduced in the Natal Witness:

"In the presence of Almighty God, the searcher of hearts, and praying for His gracious assistance and mercy, we, burghers of the South African Republic, have solemnly agreed for us and our children to unite in a holy covenant, which we confirm with a solemn oath. It is now forty years since our fathers left the Cape Colony to become a free and independent people. These forty years were forty years of sorrow and suffering. We have founded Natal, the Orange Free State and the South African Republic (Transvaal), and three times has the English government trampled on our liberty, and our flag, baptized with the blood and tears of our fathers, has been pulled down. As by a thief in the night has our free republic been stolen from us. We cannot suffer this, and we may not. It is the will of God that the unity of our fathers and our love to our children should oblige us to deliver unto our children, unblemished, the heritage of our fathers. It is for this reason we here unite and give each other the hand as men and brethren, solemnly promising to be faithful to our country and people, and, looking unto God, to work together unto death for the restoration of the liberty of our republic. So truly help us, God Almighty."

RAISING BEARS.

PERHAPS THE MOST UNIQUE FARM IN THE WORLD.

From a Special Correspondent.

U KIAH (Cal.) Nov. 20.—About sixty miles west of here, in the highest, wildest depths of the Coast Range Mountains, is the cabin where Bog Bowman and his mother and sister live. They run what is probably the queerest farm in all the world, for they raise bears for the market. This is how it came about, told in his own words, and it is all true:

"We started out to raise sheep and hogs, the same as the other ranchers, but the bears killed them faster than we could raise them.

"The bears ate up more of our stock and all of our profit, and there was no way of getting shut of them with so much waste land about. The bears were the best crop every year, so I made up my mind that they would have to pay for their keep."

They have.

Bog Bowman is known by his fame as a hunter of bear to every sportsman in Northern California, and any sportsman who is so lucky as to receive an invitation to visit the Bowman ranch in the autumn or winter, when the animal "clearing out" occurs, has tales to tell all the rest of his days, of "Bowman's Bear Ranch."

Ten miles from Laytonville, Bog says his cabin is, but it is ten miles as the crow flies, not by the up-and-down road a horse walks.

Crop Prospect Good.

It was the first of September when I went there, and as we rode along from Laytonville, Bog, looking up at the trees, had said half a dozen times: "There's a fine mast this year; that means a good crop."

"Mast" means the nuts and acorns, but the "crop" meant bear, deer, grouse, quail and rattlesnakes, as well as pork and sheep. Abundant "mast" means prolific fauna and fat pocketbooks for the mountaineers. Crossing Ell Creek we came to the first gate of Bog's place, and when we had passed at least twenty others, each with its own individual manner of fastening and hinge, we came suddenly upon the cabin and the deep-baying dogs, whose voices had sent a cheery welcome to us while we were still far below.

My horse nearly dismounted me before I had invited him to stop, and it took all my force to keep him from bolting, so that I had little opportunity to look about for the cause of his fright. Mrs. Bowman caught his bridle, and I jumped down, but if I had not become absolutely nil admirari by my previous experiences in those mountains, I believe I should have bolted myself. Everywhere were dogs growling and baying and fawning, and those half-grown bears were rolling their ungainly heads and surrounding Bog with the dogs, begging for caresses. A great, full-grown bear was growling and pacing, not ten feet from me.

"You need not be afraid," Mrs. Bowman assured me. "Pansy is tied, and the others are as harmless as kittens."

Then I was happy to see a great chain, one end at Bruin's collar and the other around a tree. If Mrs. Bowman had not been the incarnation of hospitality she would have laughed at me, but she did not until we were better acquainted, and then she always reproached Bog for not telling me of the bears.

A Plucky Woman's Story.

Away back in the forties the Bowmans had crossed the death-trailed plains, a young couple from Missouri. When the gold hunters came, Bowman opened a tavern at the ford of the Sacramento River, where the city stands today, and here nine children were born. It was the first outpost of civilization which the returning miner came upon, and it was not infrequent that the Bowmans took in \$100 in the morning before the children had eaten their breakfast, all in gold dust, at \$16 an ounce. It was Mrs. Bowman who answered with the rowboat the miner's summons from the opposite bank of "Ho-Ferry," and it was she who cooked the almost priceless vegetables, carried around the Horn in tins, and sold to the miners for an amount gauged by the number of tins remaining in the larder.

When Bowman did the best thing he ever had done in his many drunken years—died—his wife sold out the place. She knew what seed was in the soul of the drunkard's children, and in order to save them she moved with them up into Humboldt county's fertile hills, and made a home. The Indians came and burned her house and barn and drove off her cattle; but she never bent her head to fate. Wounded in the thigh, with her children, the older ones leading and carrying the younger ones, and a babe of 3 months in her arms, she kept her pursuers at bay with her rifle and covered her retreat to the nearest neighbor, five miles to the south. It was the last outbreak of the Indians, but it cost Mrs. Bowman her all, and the Federal government is still delaying her claim for reimbursement.

She moved farther south into Mendocino county, and took up her present home, which with the children's aid she has managed to make support them.

Bear Were Everywhere.

There were so many bears on the ridge that they ate the sheep and hogs and even the chickens, and the brave woman watched her own brood that none of them were carried away by the demons. The children have all grown up and married to homes of their own except Bog and Mary. Mary is almost as famous a hunter as her brother, and many of the pelts which go to the city in the spring have her name written inside. When any of the family kill the mother bear, it is an invariable custom to bring home the cubs. To Mary falls their rearing, from the bottle up. Pansy is the only bear they have ever kept many years, but she became such a pet that none of the family were willing to part with her till she began to break her chain and wander about creating havoc. Then Bog hired an Indian to shoot and bury her—pelt and fat and all. Sitting with her apron full of apples Mrs. Bowman would give them one at a time to the brute, rapping her smartly

over the nose if the bear showed impatience. But Mrs. Bowman always got out of range of the great, black-clawed paws before the end of the apples was reached. Six feet tall, with snow-white hair, Mrs. Bowman steps over the steep, rough trails about her home as lightly and flat-backed as a boy, as if up there so near the sky she had found the fountain of eternal youth to nullify her 76 years of hardship and womanly burdens.

Simple, Brave Folk Are These.

Bog is like his mother, six feet four inches tall; thin as an Indian, afraid of nothing he has ever met, and, like her, he will be a child all his days. Simple, honest, hospitable, but with strange ideas of the majesty of the law, they live at the top of the mountain ridge, owners of all the land in sight from the height where the cabin stands. Bog is a Czar of all the Russias on his own land, with a patronizing amiability for "city folks," of whom he stands in great awe when in their own confines, but considers less than children in his. He has laid down laws, and whoever comes within his domain must obey them. No dog which noticed a deer could stay longer than a man who would shoot a doe or yearling or a bird in the mating season. Even a bear has its rights, and they must be respected.

And the ranch pays well. There are from fifty to 100 pelts every year, and they bring in from \$10 to \$30 each. The oil from a 600 to 700-pound bear sells for from \$30 to \$40. Besides, jerked bear meat is very good indeed, and so is bear steak, when the bears have lived on nuts or an occasional pig or sheep for sandwich. Add to these items an occasional \$25 to \$100 for a cub, and as farms go, Bowman's bear ranch pays, without counting the annual band of hogs.

The Worst Kind of Bear.

Now, these bear are the ferocious black bear, and their cousins or brothers the cinnamon bear. Bog says the two are brothers—often sons of one mother, notwithstanding scientific classification—and Bog ought to know, for he has lived among them, hunted and raised them for twenty years. Bog is a hunter, and a true, fair sportsman, and truthful as hunters and sportsmen are. When his words are of his imagination, and of the things which are not, his eyes and lifting eyebrows tell the truth, and I know which of his tales to retell.

He called my attention to the dogs with as much pride as he ever evinces for any of his own achievements. Early enough to make an excuse for their existence, the dogs are bred to hunt bear. They are a judicious mingling of bloodhound and foxhound—for nose and fight. Short-legged, with deep hound voices and badly-shaped bodies, only a small portion of any, and frequently none, of a litter are worth raising, but when they are good they train into skillful bear hunters and ferocious bear fighters. Taught not to molest the frequent deer or small game on the range, they will bring from \$50 to \$125 each, and Bog never lacks for a purchaser for a good dog when he has any too many for himself.

The dogs start out coupled, but when a scent is found he uncouples them, and the chase begins. I have been in at deer deaths in the summer time, but September saw my first bear hunt, and the pelt will always harbor a reproach in its black softness.

A Bear Hunt.

When we heard a distant "ah-hooing" from the dog in the lead, Bog knew a bear had been located, and quickly slipped the couples, and away the dogs went, with Bog after them. He loses no time, for the dogs in worrying the bear are sometimes wounded or killed, or their courage broken, so that they will never fight again. The chapparal and chamisa thickets parted, seemingly of their own volition, to let Bog pass, so swiftly did he get through the thickets which held me back. I had to make my way, guided by the howling and barking of the dogs, and when I came up Bog had one dog by the collar, and the others were howling and prancing about the base of a great sugar pine. Away up in the tree was Bruin. He panted from his enforced run and climb, and looked down at us with a what-can-you-do-now air, as if he felt himself absolutely secure. He leaned his ugly head down and peered at us, keeping it constantly wagging. I knew Bog's law, that no bear might be shot except through the head—if I missed that ungainly wagging head Bog would be disappointed, for whomsoever he honored with a shot at his game he expected to invariably hit their mark. Two or three failures meant a lapse of friendship.

And Then the Bear Fell.

I fired. The bear looked down, surprised, as if she wondered what we were doing. I fired again. Striking and bouncing from the limbs, accompanied by a shower of twigs, the bear fell with a great thud among the howling dogs.

Then we began the hunt for her cubs, and the dogs trailed them for half an hour before we found them. There were three, like half-grown kittens, and Bog put them in his coat pockets, and we took them home for Mary to raise. In a couple of years they would be of value enough to shoot for the pelt and fat.

Only one dog was seriously hurt in the fight. He came out of it with a badly-scratched face, which Bog carefully dressed when we reached home. He examined all the dogs, washed their wounds, and tied them up. One dog he had held by the collar during the fight to restrain him. He had been his best hunter in days gone by. One day he had gone out hunting without Bog, who was cutting wood out on the hills. Hearing the "ah-hoo," which told him Violet had a bear, he hurried toward the sound with his rifle. Violet was worrying the bear, biting his heels and exasperating the beast, who got in some good defense against the dog, whose worrying agility offered no front for a fight. Bog shot the bear, but Violet would never willingly go near another. She started out all right, and trailed till the bear was in sight, and then she would go home by the shortest route. She got all the bear she wanted in her single-handed encounter.

HELEN GRAY.

The will of the late Ottmar Mergenthaler, the inventor, was probated in Baltimore on Thursday. It gives \$2000 to the German Orphan Asylum of Baltimore and to the widow one-third of the residue of the estate. The remainder goes to the children.

[NOVEMBER 26, 1899.]

JACK'S THANKSGIVING.

HOW HE AND HIS SHIPMATE, THE MARINE, SPEND THE DAY.

By a Special Contributor.

TO JACKY and his shipmate, the marine, Thanksgiving and Christmas are holidays of a peculiarly personal import, and though official exactations may upset the traditional joys of the Fourth of July and the 22d of February of their boyhood understanding, they accept with very bad grace anything that may hamper the happiness of these other fete days, especially if far from home.

This year more than one-half of our sailors and marines and something over one-third of the officers of the navy will eat their Thanksgiving dinner and celebrate Christmas in faraway ports, and the major part of these absent ones will be guarding our newest interests in the Orient. No record of this kind has ever been approached in the annals of the service, and Jacky and his shipmate intend to mark the occasion in their own way, even though a condition of war is about them.

To most of us, who know our sailors only as one unit in a splendid organization of matured discipline, his childlike participation in a holiday comes in the way of a revelation—particularly so when the rigid routine of his surroundings is relaxed and he is virtually given the run of his ship from "colors" in the morning till the ensign flutters to the deck at sundown. During that time he is free within reasonable bounds, and when night falls he seeks his hammock in a spirit of heartfelt contentment and an expectation grandly realized. The bulk of these men have been through months of war-time stress, even though not one of continual strife, and great preparations are making for the celebration of Thanksgiving in the Far East as has never been known before.

Jacky is not alone with the marine in the plans for this coming event—every officer in the squadron is nearly as much concerned, and where he may not be able to participate and encourage in so many words, still he gives his tacit aid by being blind to more things than a near-sighted man could possibly miss.

The Dinner the Big Event.

Of course the prime event is the dinner or all-day banquet which is spread on the berth deck or gun deck as the type of ship may prescribe, while the various races, tests of skill, trials of strength, and other athletic features fill in the time between bites and drinks.

For weeks before, the men put aside their spare pennies ready to be turned over to the caterers of their several messes or tables as we should say ashore. A very tidy sum is thus accumulated for each mess, and to the caterer is left the responsibility of securing a bounty of the best the market affords—of course having thought to the sanitary side of the matter. Of course, the market of the tropical East doesn't boast either the turkey or the cranberry dear to the traditional Thanksgiving feast, but there is an abundance of other delicacies which pretty nearly make up for the absent bird and its relish. For the nonce, roast pig, that staple delicacy of the Chinaman, is given the place of the piece de resistance, while the finest of mutton, juicy joints from Australia, dainty fowls of the Orient, and a wealth of fine native vegetables and seasonable fruits crowd the mess tables. The doctor has to keep his eye peeled to see that none of the doubtfully healthful products of the tropics find their way to the banquet, for Jacky is very much like a child of a larger growth in such things.

A week or two before the day, a general invitation is sent to all the ships of friendly naval powers present not only to partake of the commensality of the occasion, but to join in a long list of games and good-natured contests. Pretty nearly every naval power interested in the East has at least one, if not more, vessels now at Manila. Jack spreads himself in the diction of this invitation, and he sees to it that the cards are severally delivered with a show of considerable ceremony. He waives, however, the formality of the conventional r.s.v.p., for he knows every mother's son of his foreign brothers will come that can be spared, and it is his appearance, not his regrets, that is heartily wanted.

The Opening Ceremonies.

Almost before the day dawns, Jacky is up and astir and busy washing down decks, rubbing up bright work, and giving the finishing touches to the cleanliness and routine appearance of his ship. Everything is white that should be so, while the brass work and steel that should shine are soon glittering with a light that dazzles when the sun reaches them. With this work over, he dons his muster clothes of immaculate white for the tropics, and answers to the shrill call of the boatswain to 8 o'clock "colors," as Old Glory rises to greet the birth of the official day. With this ceremony over, he is piped to breakfast, where the arrangements for the day's full measure of joy are finally discussed, and parting injunctions are given to the mess cook, the caterer, and such of the men that can volunteer to help out in the added work of preparation for the occasion. Jacky may not be an epicure as we understand the term, but he is certainly a gourmand—the glutton politely discounted, and he is pretty fussy about having some of his dishes cooked in a way long popular with seamen, and woe to the mess cook that fails on the momentous day. The galley, or stove of the ship, is a sight not to be forgotten by the landsman. Ordinarily, on one of our big ships, cooking is done there for quite 500 persons, while now preparation is making for double that number of hungry visitors. This will be the same story on each one of our ships gathered at Manila. The air is redolent with roasting meats, boiling coffee, and the sweeter smells of baking bread and cooking fruits, or possibly puddings. The culinary arrangements of a large hotel are nothing compared with the galley arrangements of a large man-of-war, for what the latter lack in unstinted space they make up for in the cunning manner in which every inch has its work to do and to do it well.

With routine generally ended, save for the day's watch, after breakfast, the day of pleasure and sport begins about

9:30, and Jacky rolls up both sleeves and trouser legs, figuratively, and wades in for hours of unabating joyous indulgence.

The International Boat Race.

Except in the table hospitality of our men, the French and Germans, as a rule, enter but little into the spirit of the moment, but it is different with the British, Russians and Japanese, who join heartily in the sports, whether they be national or not. Of course the main event is the international boat race, in which only the crack crew of each navy participates. On the result of this race, Jacky and the marine have wagered all of their present cash and frequently most of that which is to come for months, while the prized possessions of each are pledged one after the other to give added zest to the moment's wager. These races are pretty keen sport and, generally, no end of hard work for the competing crews, for they frequently cover quite two or three miles, if not more. To the average layman, who knows only the fragile shell as a racing boat, the sight of those heavy, stoutly-built boats of the navy come as a shock, but let him wait to see what the sinewy jackies will do with it. Our naval boats are acknowledged the world over as being the best in form and finish, and most of our vanquished rivals have promptly accredited our victories to the advantage of our material. One old American admiral, not many years ago, pooh-poohed the idea of his barge being responsible for his crew's victory over the sturdy tar of a Russian flagship, and, to prove to the Russian admiral that it was all in the men, the race was pulled right over again, each crew stepping into the other's boat. Even then, despite the heavier Russian barge and the greater lightness of our men, we won by several lengths, to the infinite delight of our admiral, who ever after was easily persuaded into lengthy eulogies upon what he was pleased to term "The personnel of my men, sir." The vigorous type of the Britisher is our most dangerous competitor, but the little Japs are now putting up a very pretty fight in all these contests. They have adopted our long, swinging stroke, and their action is making them very formidable rivals notwithstanding their smaller frames. The sturdy toil of their forebears is telling, and their compact bodies are putting a deal of life and pull into the work of their oars, while many of their ship's boats are being modeled upon the lines of ours. When we are not in the contest, our boats are always in demand, and the last time the British beat the Russians at Chemulpo, they did it in the Boston's trig cutter.

The "Consolation" Race.

Next to this prime race, comes the race which is open to all boats—it is something in the shape of a consolation race, and in this there is usually a vast deal more fun than skill. Nearly every boat is in demand, and crews are mustered from all parts of the ship—from the decks to the stokehold, where the handlers of coal show up in all the prime of well-trained muscle. Just who wins the race, so it be national, is not of much importance. Recently, one of our large, twelve-oared cutters was trebly manned, seamen, firemen, and marines being tolled off to the tune of three to each oar, while a band of ten pieces filled up the stern sheets and blew away encouragingly from start to finish. Heavy as the boat was with its own weight and the load it carried, it kept up with the van and finished in close touch with the winners. The cheers which Jacky must normally suppress are let loose on this day, and the lusty shouts of half a thousand in hearty unison is enough to quicken the nerves of the slowest into at least momentary enthusiasm.

Then the Roast Pig Appears.

By the time the bulk of the races are run, noon is upon them. At the yardarm the red meal-pennant is broken and Jacky and his guests know that the feast below is ready. The mess deck is indeed a sight by this time. Bunting, tastefully draped, brightens up every place, while tiny flags are merged in the glories of the tables, themselves. Jacky has a well-defined talent for decoration, and he lavishes his skill upon his table, to which the Japanese stewards and officers' mess attendants lend willing and skillful hands. The prime "set piece," so to speak, is that roasted pig, which occupies the center of the table, while the rest of the very palatable edibles are massed around with a spectacular effectiveness fit to put a Delmonico in the shade. Candles and pink shades there are not, but there are hundreds of little devices peculiar to Jacky and his oriental helper, which make up the difference in plenty. No one sits at the usual meal—it is a buffet banquet with all the satisfying solidity of a three-hour meal. As host Jacky is a host indeed, and to hear him essay the several tongues of his foreign guests—tackling French, German, Japanese and Russian in turn, is something to delight

the polyglot while entirely discouraging the advocates of one official language the world over. Little niceties of pronunciation are cast to the winds, while the purpose of the speech is uppermost and from hospitable fullness which comes from deeper than the heart. What Jacky can't compass in speech he covers by signs, and long years of rubbing with the sons of many climes has given him a facility in this that meets his needs full well.

For the nonce, his pipe may go steadily the day long anywhere but below his mess deck, while for the occasion his beer can be served on his table instead of being drunk from the usual bumboat alongside. With all this indulgence, the instances of abuse are few and far between, and the delinquent has to face the frowns of his shipmates as well as the censure of his officers.

Tables Kept Loaded Till Night.

From the foreign ships, parts of each watch are tolled off to visit the American vessels, the boats going where choice of acquaintance leads them; and the port gangways of the visited ships show a pretty continuous stream of visiting foreigners. The officers, too, of the foreign ships come aboard, and none misses a chance to go forward and below to see the seamen at their feast. The tables are not unshipped after the first rush at noon, but are kept loaded during the rest of the day, and when our bluejackets and their friends are not absorbed in some friendly contest, they adjourn below for another bite. By nightfall, it is easy to tell of Jacky's satisfaction by the stress on his trouser band, and then comes light work for the doctor and the pharmacist and the sick-bay attendants.

Of the sports, other than the races, the principal are tugs-of-war, in which our British brothers usually go off with the palm, climbing to the mast-head or truck, climbing greased poles, catching a greased pig, boxing, foot races, and a dozen or more contests of an amusing character. If the weather and sanitary conditions permit, there are tub races and swimming races, but in tropical waters infested with sharks the exposure of such trials hardly pay for the humor in them.

When Jacky's day is done, then comes the turn of the officers, as it is quite the common thing, if the society about permits, to follow the big wardroom dinner with a dance.

On our home station, apart from the dinner which seldom lasts longer than the usual hour, the athletic side of the occasion is generally given over to races and to baseball and football matches.

For Christmas, the celebration is practically a duplication of the sports and good cheer of Thanksgiving, only there is usually less for Jacky and the marine to wager on the outcome of the sports. This year, our seamen afar will, perhaps, find more in the mail for them than ever before because of the very strangeness of their situation, and the Solace, which has just left San Francisco, will prove for them a veritable nautical Santa Claus. The hearts of all their countrymen go out to them on their distant stations in Cuba, the islands of the Pacific, and the faraway Philippines, and are glad of the joy they can make for themselves and their friendly neighbors under a tropical sun. Jacky's holidays are few and far between, and when they come he has earned a right to enjoy them to his fill—even though that be in excess of the usage of polite society.

ROBERT G. SKERRETT.

UNCONSCIOUS JESTS OF THE TYROLESE.

That the Tyrolese are possessed of quaint humor has been long reported, but the best proofs come from the reports of a German traveler, who examined some of the epitaphs which he found in a cemetery in the Tyrol. That the humor is sometimes unconscious does not diminish its value, but rather heightens it. On a tombstone in the Valley of Tux was this inscription: "In pious remembrance of the honest widow, Ann Kriedl, 40 years long." A miller is thus remembered: "In Christian memory of —, who departed this life without human assistance." A farmer, whose initials only are given, and appears to have been the author of his own epitaph, has this memorial: "Here rests in God F. K. He lived 26 years as man and 37 years as husband." On the tomb of a man who fell from a roof and was killed are these words: "Here fell Jacob Hosenknopf from the roof into eternity." This wail of a desolate husband caps the climax: "Tears cannot bring thee back to life, therefore I weep."

CLOCK WORKED BY A GEYSER.

One of the most curious clocks in the world is that which Amos Lane of Amidee, Nev., constructed some time ago. The machinery, which is nothing but a face, hands and lever, is connected with a geyser, which shoots out an immense column of hot water every thirty-eight seconds. This spouting never varies to the tenth of a second, and, therefore, a clock properly attached to it cannot fail to keep correct time. Every time the water spouts up it strikes the lever and moves the hands forward thirty-eight seconds.



MARKET SQUARE, JOHANNESBURG, LOOKING EAST.

Stories of the Firing Line . . . Animal Stories.

British and Boers Fraternizing After the Battle.

AS THE fighting did not finish until after nightfall, it was necessary for the men to bivouac on the field. This they did cheerfully, and in an orderly manner, despite a soaking downpour and the chilling cold. From the moment of the "Cease firing," both British and Boers fraternized in the care of the wounded. The stretchers were found to be missing in the confusion necessarily consequent on an attack against modern weapons, and great labor was experienced in moving the wounded men from among and behind the rocks and down the slippery hillsides. But every one worked loyally, and the staff in Ladysmith labored so effectively that, though the first doolies, or native stretchers, only arrived at midnight, special trains were ready throughout the night to convey the wounded to the hospital, and with the first stroke of dawn sufficient doolies were waiting to convey every man.

The Red Cross workers attached to the Boer forces were equally ready, and it was pleasant to see the mutual good feeling. The British soldiers treated the Boer wounded as solicitously as their own, and round one of the few camp fires which were lighted I saw all the best places occupied by the enemy's wounded prisoners. Armed Boers even appeared with the object of searching for their wounded. They were allowed to pass freely about the hill, and gave no sign of any desire to abuse the privilege. They talked freely and good-humoredly with our soldiers, and then, having fulfilled their mission, disappeared in the darkness.—[London Mail.]

* * *

A Story of De Gallifet.

A STORY that seems to be about equally pleasing to the friend and enemies of Gen. de Gallifet has been recalled—or invented—in connection with his recent order forbidding army officers to appear in public in civilian dress. It is supposed to prove that the general has always been opposed to anything tending to assimilate soldiers with "pekins," and, therefore, serves as a basis for either praise or blame, according to individual opinions of such tendency. Anyhow, it's rather funny, and that makes it unnecessary even to wonder whether the tale is true or not. Thus it runs. Once while on a tour of inspection Gen. de Gallifet was invited to a dinner given by several officers of nearly as high rank as his own. On preparing to return to his hotel at the end of the repast he was annoyed to find that it was raining heavily. As he stood hesitating in the doorway, Gen. Vincendon, then commander of brigade, approached him and said: "I have an umbrella, and if you wish will accompany you home." Arrived safe and dry at his own door, Gen. de Gallifet turned to Gen. Vincendon—an old comrade, by the way—and coldly said: "General, you will consider yourself under arrest for eight days as a punishment for carrying an umbrella while in full uniform." There are no documents to show that this somewhat severe decree was literally obeyed or not, but one can hope, just for the sake of the story, that it was.—[New York Times.]

* * *

The Gordon Highlanders' Dash.

THE air seemed thick with bullets, while above our heads the shriek of the shells and the thunder-claps of the bursting shrapnel made a din that was appalling to those who had not had previous experience of modern projectiles. So keen were the rank and file of the Devonshires that more than one man exposed himself to the deadly aim of the Boers merely in order to satisfy himself as to the progress of the fight. I heard one soldier invite his comrade to put up his head and see how the Boers were getting on. "I will as soon as there is room for it," was the reply—a very natural one, considering that the air seemed to consist of flying lead.

The Gordon Highlanders were especially anxious to teach the enemy a lesson. Their regiment was represented at Majuba Hill, and the Boers had afterward referred to them in derision as "Kaffirs clothed in kilts." The men were keen on wiping out the insult, and to this end bore themselves with the most reckless courage. Nor were the Manchesters one whit less ardent or determined.

It was a magnificent and soul-stirring spectacle as our gallant fellows dashed straight at the enemy, driving him irresistibly from point to point. The Boers stood their ground to the last, with the courage of despair; but they were no match for our men in personal combat, and were driven back in hopeless confusion. Fifty or sixty of them, mounting their horses, made off at full speed over the hills toward the east. Another fifteen minutes of deadly work and the last shot had been fired.

With a loud cheer, and a shout from the Gordon Highlanders of "What price Majuba?" our men dashed down the opposite incline right into the heart of the Boer position, with bayonets fixed. But the white flag, stuck into the muzzle of a Mauser, was already flying in the laager, and the officers checked their men in mid-career.

No praise can be too high for the courage and self-sacrifice of our officers. Their behavior was worthy of the finest traditions of the British army.

Their courage was not mere recklessness, but deliberately calculated, with the object of encouraging and directing the men who followed them. Yet it is only just to the rank and file to say that they would have advanced as steadily on their own initiative.—[London Standard.]

* * *

Bunu and Dinizulu.

THREE native chiefs in Southern Africa of whom in the near future the world may hear a good deal—Lerothodi, the paramount chief of the Basutos; Bunu, "King" of the Swazies, who is only just beginning to "feel his feet," as the saying is; and Dinizulu, the keen, clever, intelligent and lately repatriated chief of the Zulus.

For a long time Bunu's position was akin to that of the Emperor of China—he was overweighted and overshadowed by the Queen-mother, a very determined lady indeed, and.

quite a character in her way. Bunu's position has always been a little curious, and to this day there is a good deal of indecision about his movements and character. He still lets "I dare not" wait upon "I would." He does not love the Boer. Bunu, with all his faults, is no coward, and perhaps the time is not far distant when he will prove himself—as he has not done up to now—worthy to be the head of a race whose valor is undoubted.

Dinizulu, chief of the Zulus, may be said to be on his trial. He has only been back a short time among his people, from whose society he in 1888 was banished to St. Helena for rebelling against British authority. This was some four years after he had succeeded Cetewayo. Curiously enough, Dinizulu's capture was effected by a party of Boers, headed by Luka Meyer, who is now in command of a large Boer force against the British.—[London Mail.]

* * *

How Gen. Miles Won a Medal.

GEN. NELSON A. MILES would not be wearing his medal of honor today if he had followed out the plan which the officer critics of the continental armies declare to be the proper one for the English officers in South Africa. In the early part of May, 1863, the general, then colonel of the Sixty-first New York Volunteers, was in command of skirmishers. A line of abattis had been built, and the New Yorkers, with their Massachusetts commander, were behind it holding off a horde of the enemy. Things were getting warm for the Federal force. In order to encourage his men Miles kept jumping on to the abattis, thus making of himself the only human mark which the enemy could see. Miles ran along the abattis inspiring his men by his voice. He simply was following out the instructions which every American army officer receives. Miles fell finally, so badly wounded that for a long time it was thought he could not recover.—[Chicago-Times Herald.]

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Col. Torrey's Generosity.

COL. J. L. TORREY, the author of the bankruptcy law and later the commander of a regiment of Rough Riders, found among his troopers two young men in whom he has taken great interest. One of them, Charles Blake of San Creek, Wyo., has sent to the Kansas State University for the full collegiate course. To the other, Truman Fox of Sundance, Wyo., he has given \$5000 for a course in art, to be begun in St. Louis and finished in London.—[Omaha Bee.]

ANIMAL STORIES.

The Dogs and the Door.

TWO of my favorite dogs I called Jack and Cuffy. Jack was a great black St. Bernard, weighing nearly two hundred pounds. Cuffy was a pure Newfoundland, with very black curly hair. These two dogs were the gift of the late Senator Sanford. With other fine dogs of the same breeds, they soon supplanted the Eskimo and mongrels that had been previously used for years about the place.

I had so much work to do in my very extensive field that I required to have at least four teams always fit for service. This meant that, counting puppies and all, there would be about the premises from twenty to thirty dogs. However, as the lakes and rivers there swarmed with fish, which was their only food, we kept the pack up to a state of efficiency at but little expense. Jack and Cuffy were the only two dogs that were allowed the full liberty of the house. They were welcome in every room. Our doors were furnished with the ordinary thumb latches. These latches at first bothered both dogs. All that was needed on our part was to show them how they worked, and from that day on for years they both entered the rooms as they desired without any trouble, if the doors opened from them.

There was a decided difference, however, in opening a door if it opened toward them. Cuffy was never able to do it. With Jack it was about as easily done as it was by the Indian servant girl. Quickly and deftly would he shove up the exposed latch and the curved part of the thumb piece and draw it toward him. If the door did not easily open, the claws in the other fore paw speedily and cleverly did the work. The favorite resting place of these two magnificent dogs was on some fur rugs on my study floor.

Several times have we witnessed the following action in Cuffy, who was of a much more restless temperament than Jack: When she wanted to leave the study she would invariably first go to the door and try it. If it were in the slightest degree ajar she could easily draw it toward her and thus open it. If, on the contrary, it were latched, she would at once march over to Jack, and, taking him by an ear with her teeth, would lead him over to the door, which he at once opened for her. If reason is that power by which we are enabled to combine means for the attainment of particular ends, I fail to understand the meaning of words if it were not displayed in these instances.—[Rev. R. Young, in Popular Science Monthly.]

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A Church-going Cat.

WATERBURY has a feline marvel. It is a cat, or rather a kitten, which dotes on going to church. Where or from whom the animal acquired its love of the sanctuary is a deep mystery. Miss Tabby, for such she is, lives somewhere about the Central-avenue section of the town. She wears to church, and on all other occasions as well, a gown of speckled cat fur. Notwithstanding this common gown, she carries her head as high as she would if her willowy form was wrapped in sealskin. Last Sunday was a "corker" of a day for people who attend church. It was wet and gloomy, and consequently only the very choicest of the elect risked their good clothes and poor health at public worship. Miss Tabby was one of the brightest of the glittering exceptions. She first tried the Second Congregational Church. Pausing at the door for a

minute to arrange her bonnet in a devotional attitude, and also to inspect millinery exhibits of the other ladies, Miss Tabby started up the aisle to secure a front seat. Not having a pew, however, she was politely shown the door.

Undismayed, she sought the fold of the First Congregational Church. She had better luck here and was allowed for a little season to make one of the party of four which occupied the pulpit. Here contented, she might have remained had she not had so much of the old-time Methodist in her that she insisted in interjecting cat "amens" during the rendering of the solos. As Kit's voice was far from the choir pitch, the esthetic sense of the worshipers was shocked, and the sexton tenderly and quietly removed her from the religious influences of the church. When last seen Puss was waiting in front of the Y.M.C.A. building for Secretary Ross to commence his regular Sunday services.

Who says there will be no cats over there?—[Waterbury American.]

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Intelligent Dogs.

SAYS a lover of dogs: "Some fourteen years ago a gentleman living near my house had a Mount St. Bernard dog of the best blood, that would dive into any depth of water for objects thrown in for him to retrieve. I have seen him myself dive into a pool called Bromborough pool (which was not deep enough in water to cover his large body, but the mud was very soft and very deep,) and retrieve stones. Even if he had no previous knowledge of the pool he never refused, and often have I seen him with head covered with mud, but he always brought out what he was sent for. It was wonderful to see him mount a bridge to have a clean, fair dive into deep water, and more wonderful the time he would spend before he came to the surface again. There is a very funny tale told about him, which is, as far as ever I could find, true. One night the police officer on his rounds heard a noise in the stable yard where the dog was kept, and thought he would just go round and see that all was right, but never gave the dog a thought; but when the dog got him in position for attack, he just got him, the officer, on the ground, and made a bed of him till help arrived in the shape of the groom, who rescued the watchman, who was quite stiff from cold on one side, the other nice and warm. Once I had a liver-and-white common spaniel dog that would dive after and capture water hens under water, and once he made a mistake and took hold of a half-submerged branch of an oak tree, and would have drowned himself if I had not entered the pond to make him lose his hold."—[Chicago Record.]

Dog Settled the Dispute.

JOE TEAHOU, traveling passenger agent of the Wabash, returned from a trip through the State and tells this story: "As we were approaching Talmage the other day a lady with a poodle dog came into the smoker. A traveling man called her attention to the character of the car and told her she had better go into one of the others. She declared that she was going to stay right there, and she told him he must not light and smoke the pipe he was filling with tobacco. He opened the window and calmly lit his pipe and was puffing away when she again demanded that he desist. He again told her that she could go into one of the rear cars. It went on for a few minutes, when she leaned over and snatched the pipe from his mouth and threw it out of the window. The traveling man was at a white heat with rage and, turning around, grabbed the poodle and chucked it out of the window.

"Then she went on the warpath. She declared that she would have him arrested at Talmage, where, she said, she knew everybody, and he said if she did he would have her arrested for stealing his pipe. The argument was hot and heavy, and when they got off the train they rushed around for the Town Marshal and finally found him and were telling their troubles when the poodle came running up the track with the pipe in his mouth."—[Omaha World Herald.]

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A Motherly Cat.

SOME years ago the attention of a family in Ohio was called to a brood of young chickens by a cat who seemed to devote her time and attention to them. They were regularly fed by the mistress of the house. The cat frequently purred to them, and they came at her call, and followed her as closely as chickens follow the mother hen. They lodged together in a woodshed adjacent to the house for about three months; but in the early spring the chickens being well fledged, abandoned their winter quarters and flew into the higher branches of a fruit tree to roost. The cat purred and mewed, and seemed much disgusted at their change of lodgings, but soon accepted the situation, and climbed to the tree-top and roosted with the chickens.—[Our Dumb Animals.]

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Mr. Peyton Was Misquoted.

ABLUNDER on the part of an interviewer brought upon the devoted head of John H. Peyton, army secretary of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, a storm of criticism and scathing denunciation. Mr. Peyton, on his return from Manila, was quoted as saying that American soldiers in the Philippines were "rakes, gamblers and drunkards." What he did say was that Filipinos regarded American soldiers as rakes, gamblers and drunkards. Quite a difference. Mr. Peyton adds: "Let me say right here that never since the world was formed has any government sent to a foreign country a nobler, grander body of men than the American government sent to the Philippines. They are brave. Not only brave in war, but morally brave as well."—[Omaha Bee.]

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Ex-Senator Henry G. Davis of West Virginia, will present to that State a home for orphan children. There is at present no such institution in West Virginia, and destitute orphans are boarded at various places until homes can be found for them in good families.

HENDERSON'S HOBBY.

HE BELIEVES HEARTILY IN THE OLD-TIME DEBATING SOCIETIES.

By a Special Contributor.

SETTING aside questions of public policy, there is no subject upon which David Brenner Henderson has more pronounced views than upon the importance to young men of thorough training in the art of disputation. This is quite natural in a man whose exceptional abilities as a public speaker and a debater have been such powerful aids to advancement as they have in Col. Henderson's case. It is true that as Speaker of the House of Representatives, one of the most difficult bodies in the world to control, he will need to bring comparatively untried faculties into play, but beyond a doubt his speeches and debates on the floor of the House, in conventions and on the platform have been a special training which will be of immense advantage to him in his new place. His predecessor, Thomas Brackett Reed, was all the stronger as presiding officer because of his skill in debate.

"There was no progressive American neighborhood without its debating society when I was young," said Col. Henderson the other day. "Some communities boasted of two or more and the young man who took no interest in their meetings was decidedly at a disadvantage in more ways than one among his associates. Every sort of topic was discussed by the youthful debaters, and with quite as much earnestness as if the decision of the judges at the close of each dispute were binding upon the whole world. At first blush you may not perceive how general and thorough is the training received; how wide the range of information acquired by the young man who throws himself heart and soul into general debating, but a little reflection will convince you that the ability to express his views is only one of the advantages he derives."

"One of the most desirable things about regular debating is that the speakers are forced to read extensively and study deeply. In no other way can they hope to stand a chance of making a good showing. Such reading and study is far more beneficial than ordinary preparation for classroom work. In the one case he must take the initiative, must bring out every possible point in favor of his contention in order to sustain his side of the dispute. Besides, he must understand all the points likely to be advanced on the other side, that he may the more readily answer them. In the other case he has only to acquaint himself sufficiently with the subject to make a fairly satisfactory recitation possible. It is not expected that he will take the initiative at all; the instructor does that."

Should Have a Larger Place in the Schools.

"The higher institutions of learning in this country could do the young men of America no greater service than to make a specialty of instruction in disputation and public speaking. It would increase the hold of the students vastly upon the things they know and so would be of great advantage, even to those who do not enter public life; to those who do it would be simply invaluable. The simple power of thinking on his feet is something which many a man has had to learn long after his school days have passed; but it is something that must of necessity be acquired by every youngster who attends a debating school of the sort that was common in Iowa in the fifties. Nowadays few such organizations are to be found anywhere, I am afraid."

Speaking on Both Sides.

When Col. Henderson was a boy, living at home with his father's family on "Henderson's Prairie," the debating school was his greatest passion, and undoubtedly he owes much to the experience he acquired then. There was a debating society in the home neighborhood which held its meeting in the "Henderson schoolhouse," there was another in the neighborhood to the west, and yet another to the south. As the schoolhouse in which the societies in the adjoining neighborhoods met were within easy riding distance he joined all three and gave up three nights each week to disputation. Naturally, he had to devote virtually all his spare time to preparing himself for the debates. This gave him little opportunity for the ordinary amusements of youngsters of his own age, for often the questions at issue before the three debating societies were of the most diverse nature, and it was his practice always to inform himself as thoroughly on the opposite side as on his own.

On one occasion the question to be debated was very intricate, and, moreover, one regarding which a good deal could be said on both sides. Young Henderson noticed this in his reading, and soon after he arrived at the schoolhouse was mighty glad he had. It was customary to have three speakers or more on each side, the question generally being worded so that one side took the affirmative and the other the negative. Henderson's reputation had come to be such that he was generally chosen, as on this occasion, to open the debate in support of the affirmative. Naturally, the next best debater in the society was invariably selected to lead for the negative. Henderson had already enjoyed some close disputes with the young man who was to oppose him that night, and was wondering how he could best him, for the negative side was at least as strong as the affirmative. But when the meeting was called to order it was announced that the leader of the negative was not present and would not be there. In the regular course of events the duty of answering Henderson on behalf of the negative contention would have devolved upon the second speaker on that side, but that individual declined to accept the responsibility and so did the next speaker. In the circumstances it was at first proposed to give up the debate. Before deciding upon that course, however, the presiding officer suggested that perhaps Henderson would consent to lead both sides.

He demurred for a moment, but on second thought concluded to accept the proposition, and then ensued a debate the like of which had never before been heard in the little schoolhouse. For the affirmative side Henderson made so many strong points that a decision in its favor appeared

to be a foregone conclusion, and when he had finished the speakers who were to support him in opposition to himself felt that he had hardly treated them fairly. After a brief interval for rest he arose again and proceeded to answer his own arguments. He seemed fairly to outdo himself, and when he sat down the second time not one person in the room could decide which side had fared best at his hands. The feeling of uncertainty was not dispelled by the subsequent speakers on either side, and the result, in fact, was a draw, the judges being entirely unable to decide as to the weight of evidence adduced.

A Paternal Admonition.

A few hours after his enlistment in 1861 David B. Henderson went home to talk the situation over with the family. The possibility that some member thereof might go to the front had often been discussed with bated breath, though, as in so many other instances, it had seemed exceedingly remote hitherto. But David had transformed possibility into certainty, and his announcement was like a bombshell in the household.

Besides him there were five Henderson sons—James, Thomas, George, William and Alexander. As soon as David had explained the situation a family council was called. Every one understood that David's step was irreversible and therefore no one sought to discuss its wisdom. Apparently none of the sons doubted it; at all events everyone of them was eager to follow David's example. But this wouldn't do, of course. The father had passed the age limit and therefore he must stay at home, but it would be impossible for him to carry on the necessary farming operations alone and some of the sons must remain. It was David himself who pointed this out. Not all could fight, he said; the industries of the country must go on despite the war, and the duty of the loyal stay at home was as noble as that of the soldier. This was clear enough, and the night was given over to a heated discussion as to who should not enlist. It was finally agreed that three should stay and three should go, the selection of soldiers and stay at homes to be based upon considerations of sound sense. Alexander, next older than David (who was the youngest) had always been closest to him, and Alexander declared with flashing eyes that no matter who else remained at home he should go if David did. But the final decision was that James and George, who were married men, should stay at home, Thomas and William should follow David's example and enlist. While Alexander should remain with his parents to help work the old farm. He finally yielded, though protesting bitterly.

It was 6 in the morning when the family council was ready to disperse. Mother Henderson had sat weeping all night because David, "her baby," was going to the front, and she remained weeping while Father Henderson knelt and prayed aloud at the end of the deliberations. No member of the Henderson family ever forgot that prayer. Father Henderson habitually spoke with a broad Scottish burr, but in prayer or exhortation he generally dropped it for "pulpit English," clear and forcible in construction. In the gray dawn of that fall morning his diction was clearer and stronger than usual, and at the conclusion of his prayer, when all arose from their knees, the mental atmosphere was calm and clarified.

Then, taking David by the arm, Father Henderson led him from the house and out behind the barn. There the two had a long talk, at the close of which the elder of the two men said solemnly:

"Now, David, I am sure you don't yet appreciate what you have done; you don't realize what you have to face. But you are doing what is right and I have only to say this: Don't falter. I don't want to see your face again unless you can come home with honor."

Then the father kissed the son and they shook hands with a grip that was like a clasp of steel.

A Memory in Battle.

The memory of that paternal admonition remained with David B. Henderson all through his soldiering days. It was weeks after his company—in which he ranked as first lieutenant—had gone South, before he was under fire, at Fort Donelson. Col. Henderson had often confessed to his intimates that the crucial test of facing death, of advancing against flying shot and shell and singing bullets gave him a strange, uncertain feeling. But above the roar of the guns, the screaming of the shells and the song of the bullets he seemed to hear the solemn, measured tones of his father:

"Don't falter. I don't want to see your face again unless you can come home to me in honor."

Then there arose from the young lieutenant's heart an inarticulate prayer, while, in wordless self-communion, he reasoned out the situation, something to this effect:

"You are in the place you should be in. You are doing your duty. Face it. Don't falter."

Then all fear rolled away, and when he turned to encourage his men, some of whom showed pale faces and quivering, ashen lips, he was cheerful, almost smiling, and it was given to him to shout the order in ringing tones:

"Close up, men! Close up!"

Then, with a dash, they made for the breastworks, here and there a man falling by the side of their young leader till eleven had been stricken. Just at the moment of triumph Henderson felt a stinging pain in the lower part of the face, there was a plentiful gush of blood—he had been shot the first time he was under fire. His jaw was broken and it was thought for a time that he must surely die. However a furlough spent at Henderson's Prairie, where he had the care of his mother, pure air to breathe and plenty of good country fare, brought him round right speedily and he was soon at the front again. In the battle of Shiloh his brother Thomas, the second son of the family, was killed instantly; shot through the heart in the thick of the fight at the locality which has since been termed the "Hornet's Nest."

Henderson and Allison.

No two men have ever worked together in closer harmony than Col. Henderson and Senator Allison. The Senator likes to tell how and when he first saw Henderson. It was when the latter took his famous band of student recruits to Dubuque.

"Someone said one morning that a countryman wished to see me," says the Senator, who was in charge of the

Dubuque recruiting station. "I asked that he be shown in, and a tall, clean limbed, clear-eyed youngster entered. He had a lot of recruits with him, and he said his name was Henderson. I looked at the recruits; they were all right. Henderson had not only brought those boys in on his own responsibility, but he had done it with almost no expense to any one; his enthusiasm had been so infectious that the farmers had been glad to feed and transport them free."

That was the sort of chap Allison was looking for, and the friendship then begun has never been broken. After the war was over it was Allison who advised Henderson in politics and law; it was Allison who suggested to Henderson that he should run for Congress and backed him up in the canvass; they have been together in every campaign ever since and could not feel bound together in closer friendship were they born of the same mother.

I. D. MARSHALL.

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WOMEN OF NOTE.

Miss Schletzbaum was elected County Clerk of Doniphan county, Mo., by a majority of 781, and she was the leading Republican candidate.

Lady Colley, widow of Sir George Colley, the victim of Majuba Hill, is now Mrs. Wentworth B. Beaumont, having in 1891 married the Squire of Bretton Hall, in Yorkshire. One of her stepsons is W. C. B. Beaumont, M.P., Liberal member for Hexham division of Northumberland.

A large number of women students has lately been received into the Swiss universities. The Neuchatel Academy has 937; Geneva has 292; Zurich, 231; Berne, 172; Lausanne, 130; Bale, 35, and Fribourg, 25. Most of them are enrolled in the faculties of medicine and philosophy.

Three Pittsburg girls—Misses Mary B. and Eliza G. Maloney and Gertrude McCaffrey—were lately accorded an unusual favor by the Pope. They arrived in Rome after the regular audience at the Vatican, and succeeded in obtaining a private audience. They describe the Pope as seemingly in perfect health.

Among the many new industries which are opening to wage-earners is a factory for soft soap in Denver. It is being established under the direction of the Charity Organization Society, and at the suggestion of Mrs. Izetta George, secretary of that society, who believes that such an industry can be made a success.

London Truth reports that the Queen of the Netherlands is practically betrothed to Prince William of Wied, second son of the Prince and Princess of Wied, but their engagement is to be kept as yet a secret, and there is to be no official announcement for some time, because Queen Wilhelmina has decided not to marry until she has attained her twenty-first birthday, which will be in August, 1901.

On the occasion of Patti's recent performance of "La Traviata" at Craig-y-nos Castle, the guests staying at the house were one day led by the hostess in the course of conversation to tell which was his or her favorite gem. As the outcome of this conversation each one has now received from the Baroness Cederstrom an article of jewelry made of the stone preferred as a souvenir of the performance of "La Traviata" at Craig-y-nos.

According to the best authorities, No. 5 Market street, in Coventry, Eng., is the house in which Miss Ellen Terry was born, and a marble slab, giving the date of her birth—February 27, 1848—appears on the front of the house. Miss Terry recently visited that town, and was gazing at this slab when she noticed a similar one just across the street, and, thinking that it marked the shrine of some other famous person, she crossed over and took a look at it. She was much surprised to find the identical inscription that appeared on the other stone. As she had no particularly definite recollection of the occurrence which the slabs commemorated, she was left somewhat in doubt as to her exact birthplace.

SMALLEST THINGS IN THE WORLD.

The smallest shears in the world is the result of the skill of a Sheffield, Eng., workman. A dozen of these shears weigh less than half a grain, or about the weight of a postage stamp. They are as perfectly made as shears of ordinary size.

The smallest horse in the world is a Shetland pony owned by the Marquis Carcano. It is not quite seventy centimeters high. It has often been harnessed to a coach of illiputian proportions.

The smallest cows in the world are found in the Samoan Islands.

The smallest camels belong in Persia. They are only fifty centimeters high.

Berlin has the smallest elephant in the world. It is only one meter high and weighs eighty kilograms.

The smallest book ever printed is the story of Perrault's "Hop-o-My-Thumb." This book is one and one-half inches long by one inch wide, and one-fourth of an inch thick. It can be read only by the aid of a microscope, but is complete in every way and has four engravings.

Gaut is the smallest republic as to area, which is exactly one mile. The population numbers 150. It is situated in the Pyrenees. Zavolara is the smallest republic as to population, having only fifty-five men, women and children. It is twelve miles from Sardinia.

Tristan d'Acunha, in the South Atlantic, sends out its mail once a year to the outside world. It has a population of 64 persons—18 men, 19 women, 15 boys and 12 girls.

Chinese streets are the narrowest in the world—some of them being only eight feet wide.

The smallest locomotive ever made was at the Omaha Exposition in 1898. Its height from the top of the stack to the rail is 25 inches, and the gauge is 12 1-2 inches. The cylinders are 2x4 inches; the boiler is 1 1-2-horse power, made of steel and tested to 300 pounds pressure, and will hold 24 gallons of water. The diameter of the driving-wheel is 10 inches; the firebox is 10x10 inches. The weight of this small engine is 600 pounds, and it will run on a rail 3-4 of an inch square. It will draw 10 cars, each containing 2 persons.

GOOD SHORT STORIES.

Compiled for *The Times*.

Mr. Gabber on Giving.

"ISN'T it almost time to decide about Christmas presents, dear?" timidly asked Mrs. Gabber. Henry dropped his paper and glared savagely, just as Mrs. Gabber expected him to do.

"Of course it's time!" he exclaimed. "It always is time. I never got in the middle of an interesting editorial in my life that it wasn't time to decide some nerve-rasping thing! Now it's 'What'll we give Aunt Jane, and Bobby wants an automobile, and what can we do about Uncle Peter?' The same old story, year after year—how to give thirty people a hundred dollars' worth of things they don't want, for \$26.32!"

"I've saved \$48.19," put in Mrs. Gabber, triumphantly. "That won't be enough to supply your Canadian cousins," sputtered Mr. Gabber. "Then there are five of us, the cook and the maid and Mike, dozens of relatives, scores of dear friends, hundreds of ordinary friends, thousands of intimate acquaintances, millions of regulation acquaintances, and billions of waifs, strays and vagabonds! In another five years we'll be in the poorhouse, victims of a blanketly-blanked custom that grows worse all the time! In ten years—"

"Henry! Do listen a moment! It isn't half as bad as you're making it out, and you know it. The hardest presents to choose have always been Aunt Jane's, and she writes me that, owing to the hard times, she won't be able to make presents this year, and wishes us to distinctly understand that she is unwilling to accept any. If you'd only kept still, I'd have told you this in the first place."

Mr. Gabber looked as if he would burst with righteous indignation.

"Well," he howled, "of all the stingy, miserly, close-fisted old women I ever heard of, your Aunt Jane takes the prize! After we've given her, to my knowledge, fourteen afghans, an easy chair, and two foot-rests, she has the presumption to sing 'hard times!' What does she think Christmas is for, anyway? To hang on to every penny you've got, and begrudge a few measly presents to your friends? Well, if I was as mean as that I'd leave this Christian land and seclude myself in some heathen country, where the glorious practice of giving has never been heard of!"

Mrs. Gabber, being wise among women, said not a word.—[Wallace Dunbar Vincent in the Criterion.]

* * *

The Story of a Furnace.

THE host looked at his guest.

"Come down to the basement," he said, with a slight wink. "I want to show you my furnace."

The hostess glanced up with a queer little smile.

"Mr. Stiverson is quite daft about his furnace, Mr. Jolly-boy," she said. "I've no doubt he'll have you down there every time he opens a damper."

The host turned away and choked slightly, and then they stepped down the stairs together.

Mr. Stiverson went straight to the furnace room, and, reaching above the bricked-in heater, pulled down a squat black bottle and a small glass. He filled the latter.

"Here's to the furnace," he said with a hoarse chuckle, as he passed the glass to his guest. "Have to be a little careful, you know, on account of the old lady. Best woman in the world, of course, but prejudiced. How's that?" The guest gulped and took down the contents of the glass.

"Now, what would you call that?"

"Well," replied the visitor, with a horrible grimace, "to be frank with you, I would call it a mighty good sample of spoiled cider vinegar."

"Eh! What?" And the host hastily poured out a glass and took a mouthful. "Wow-w-w! So it is. Hang it all, the old lady has discovered the hiding place! Wonder what in thunder she did with the real stuff? Heavens! what a contemptible trick. Let's go upstairs." And they went.

"How did Mr. Jollyboy like the furnace?" inquired the hostess as she looked up with a pleasant smile.

The acidulated guest did his best to call up a smile in return.

"It's a splendid furnish—I should furnace," he remarked. "I don't think I ever saw one with better appointments outside and inside."

"And on top, too?" queried the hostess sweetly. Then she pointed to the open register at her feet.

"It's quite wonderful," she added, "how distinctly the sound of voices in the furnace room below comes up through the register. I could hear every word you said!"

Then she laughed softly.

But the men made no comment.—[Cleveland Plain-Dealer.]

* * *

Not So Savage As He Looked.

MANY years ago a number of Peoria Indians organized a show company and made a tour of the East. They were mostly half-breeds and all were thoroughly educated in English, but it was stipulated by the management that they must talk only in their native tongue, and when they got on their tugs they looked savage enough, indeed. Among the company was Will Labadie, well-known in Galena, and one evening he was standing in the corridor of an eastern hotel, dressed in his chief robes and looking every inch the savage man of fiction, when he was approached by an elegantly gowned lady, and the following conversation ensued:

"How—"

"Ugh."

"You big chief in your own country?"

"Ugh."

"You go to Washington to see great White Father?"

"Ugh."

"You cannot speak white man's tongue; you no speak English?"

"No, madam. I regret to say that I do not understand the language."

The poor woman was greatly surprised and embarrassed,

but perhaps not so much as a bevy of girls on a later occasion. In almost every town some of the audience would remain behind to get a better view of the awful savages. One night Labadie had taken his seat in the orchestra box after the show, and four or five young ladies who were standing near commenced to comment on his personal appearance. "How would you like to kiss him?" said one of the maidens. "Oh, girls! let's all do it just to see how it would feel to kiss a real Indian!" exclaimed one more daring than the rest, whereupon Labadie turned calmly to them and said:

"Ladies, nothing would afford me more pleasure than to give you a practical illustration of the osculatory accomplishments of the red man."

There was a chorus of little screams, a swish of skirts and the theater was empty.—[Galena Republican.]

* * *

Not Much of a Haul.

"HERE is a family of my acquaintance," said P. Worthy of Baltimore at the Fifth-avenue Hotel yesterday, "where the children are all boys. They are very rich, and each of the three sons is in receipt of a liberal allowance, but the manner in which they expend it and certain of their characteristics were as succinctly and tersely described as possible the other day by 'Bob,' the eldest one, in telling the story of a burglary that occurred last summer at their country place. 'Bob' is the eldest, 'Jack' the second, and Albert the youngest son. 'Bob' in telling the story said:

"He didn't get very much, as some one of the servants thought he heard something about 3, and in going to investigate probably scared him off, but when we discovered the next morning that a burglar had visited us we naturally took an account of stock. The only rooms in the house he had entered were those of my two brothers and myself, and in each of them he had gone through the clothes we had been wearing the day before. Out of my clothes he got 10 cents. From 'Jack' he got nothing, and in going through 'Bert's' jeans he got in debt."—[New York Tribune.]

* * *

Bunch of Short Stories.

AN OFFICIAL who quite generally knows what he is talking about, was dilating the other afternoon upon the funny hopelessness for all reasonable purposes of many of the little creeks and rivers for the "improvement" of which Congress was asked to appropriate money under the River and Harbor Bill.

"When Grant was President," said the official, "he used to alternately chuckle and fume against the expenditure of good government coin for the 'improvement' of measly little streams that he himself knew could never be made fit for any human purpose. There was a Virginian who, failing to get Congress to stick in an appropriation for the dredging of a little stream down in his section, finally importuned Grant in the matter.

"Let's see," said Grant, musingly, "I believe I crossed that stream in 1864, wasn't it?"

"The Virginian, who remembered Grant's crossing of the stream pretty well, replied affirmatively.

"Look here," said Grant, after a pause, his face lighting up suddenly, "why don't you macadamize it?"—[Washington Post.]

* * *

Bound to be Safe.

WASHINGTON has an old blind colored man who makes his living by traveling from door to door selling matches. As he is a good-natured old fellow, he has many friends, who are careful to see that he is in need of nothing. One day not long ago his customers heard that he and his family had had the misfortune of losing their house and their few personal belongings by fire. Many offers of assistance were made. The morning following his loss the old man was on his beat as usual. A certain lady who took considerable interest in him, gave him an overcoat and some other clothes for himself and his wife. It being early in the day, the lady said: "Uncle Joe, you'd better leave these things here till you go home tonight."

"No," said Uncle Joe; "it hain't no use. I'm gwine to kerry 'em long."

"Yes, Uncle Joe," said the lady, "but they'll be heavy and bother you."

"Dat's all right, missus," said the darky, "but I hain't gwine to run no chances, for Ise afraid when I gits back you'll change your notion."—[Washington Star.]

* * *

A Bargain Overcoat.

IT WAS a light gray fall overcoat which Mrs. Jones had bought for her husband at a great bargain, and when he beheld it he indulged in a few rather forcible remarks when safely out of his wife's hearing.

"It was so cheap, dear," she said, "I really couldn't resist it."

"H'm; 99 1-2 cents, marked down from \$1, I suppose?"

inquired Mr. Jones, with a growl.

"Oh, no," replied Mrs. Jones, sweetly; "it was \$10, reduced from \$16."

The next day Jones started for downtown at about 8:15, wearing the new overcoat. He returned at 7. Mrs. Jones, watching by the window, gave a scream as she beheld him. His hat was gone, his glove split open, and as for the new overcoat, well, the remains of it floated out behind him on the breeze, as he marched grimly up the steps.

"What has happened, John?" she gasped, holding the door knob for support.

Jones entered slowly and closed the door carefully behind him. Then he stood before his wife.

"Maria Jones," said he, solemnly, "you saved my life."

"What do you mean, John?" she asked in alarm.

"Well, I was coming up on the elevated train. I was reading the paper and didn't notice how far up town we'd got till the guard opened the door and yelled 'One Hundred and Sixteenth street! Step up lively!' Up I jumped and rushed to the door. He was just closing the gate. I jumped and my coat caught on the spike of that confounded gate. If this coat had been made of good stuff I wouldn't be here now. As it was, the thing ripped down the whole length and I landed safely on my feet. And now, Maria S. Jones, I'll forgive you for buying that purple smoking jacket you got me last week; that pair of chamber slippers that are two sizes too small, that half-dozen collars that nearly cut

my ears off, that pair of brown trousers, and all the other bargain things you ever bought me. Just you trot 'em out tomorrow and, by George, I'll wear every one. After this, Maria, just you buy anything you want to at a sale, and I'll never say another word about your bargains."—[New York Sun.]

* * *

Jess What He Done Said.

IN AN address delivered at the summer meeting of the Virginia State Bar Association, James P. Harrison of the Danville bar told this story of an eminent judge in Virginia, who sat on the bench with his feet up before him, showing their soles to counsel and audience: "The defense had offered a little negro as a witness for their client, and the commonwealth's attorney challenged the witness as too young to testify. When the pickaninny had been sworn on the holy evangelists, he was asked by the commonwealth's attorney what he had done. 'I swared,' said he.

"And what will happen to you now if you tell a lie?" the lawyer roared.

"My mammy, she'll whip me."

"Is that all?" insinuated the defendant's attorney.

"No, sah; de debble he'll git me."

"And then the judge took his feet down, and leaning over the bench, with menacing finger, said: 'Yes, and I'll get you, too, sir!'

"When, quick as a flash, came the boy's ready reply: 'Boss, dat's jess what I done said.'"

* * *

Verisimilitude.

ONE of the leading lawyers of the Northwest is William John Hahn of Minneapolis, for many years Attorney-General of Minnesota. In his younger days Mr. Hahn was as good an amateur actor as he is a lawyer, which is high praise. He was the leading man in a company headed by Mayor James Richardson, now of Connecticut, and "Mat" Stroup, now of Aberdeen, N. D.

It was twenty years ago that this locally-famous aggregation gave an English drama. Mr. Hahn played the part of an idle vagabond—the ne'er do well son of a squire, who had through evil associates been accused of a crime. The last act was a court scene in which the prisoner was convicted and sentenced to penal servitude for life. Mayor Richardson was the judge and Mr. Stroup was counsel for the defense. The house was crowded, and, as was usual, the nearby country had sent in a fair delegation of farmers and their families. The lawyer made a stirring plea for mercy, which visibly excited the audience.

"A good lad, Yo'r Honor," he pleaded, "and honest, too; good to his parents, and a friend of his neighbors, and—"

A Glasgow farmer, carried away by the realism of the scene, had risen:

"Sure!" he called out, "and you don't want to forget, Mat' Stroup, that 'Johnny' Hahn never charged a poor man a dollar, and he never lost a case in his life. He ain't guilty no more than I am!"

"Order in the court!" cried the judge with admirable presence of mind, and while the farmer's friends restored peace sentence was pronounced and the curtain fell.—[Philadelphia Post.]

* * *

Helen Hunt Put Her Into "Bits of Travel."

"GRANDMA," a character who was immortalized by Helen Hunt in her "Bits of Travel at Home," is living in abject poverty in Colorado Springs. Her heart is broken. To add to her misery, Tommy, her boy, who also came in for a share of attention at the Colorado poets' hands, has left the parental roof. And Grandma is inconsolable.

When Helen Hunt met the old lady and Tommy the latter was a boy of 16 years of age. This was twenty years ago. Tommy left home two years ago, and Grandma thinks he enlisted under an assumed name in the Spanish-American war. Her two eldest sons had been in the Confederate army, and were killed in battle. Grandma cannot believe that Tommy has met a similar fate.

On the west outskirts of Colorado Springs, close by a creek, on the way to Manitou, is a 10x12 tent. This is Grandma's "home." The old, weather-beaten tent has weathered many a storm, and during the intense cold last winter she thought she would freeze to death. The locality is sparsely settled and winter's chilly blasts have full sweep.

Since Tommy has gone Grandma has been the sole occupant of the tent. Her only companion is a mongrel cur.

The tent is kept scrupulously clean. The floor is carpeted with a dark material that has seen better days. An old-fashioned kitchen stove is in one corner, and in the other is an improvised bed. The tent is papered and the walls contain several photographs, one including Grandma and Tommy taken together. Several chairs and considerable sewing material complete the interior. She is fond of knitting.—[Denver Times.]

* * *

An Artful Evasion.

THE Jacobite lairds of Fife were once, on the occasion of an election, induced to sign the oath of abjuration in great numbers in order to vote for a friend of their party. It was much against their conscience, but the case was such as to make them wish pretty hard. During the carousal which followed, Mr. Balfour of Torrat, a Jacobite of the old stamp, began, to their great surprise, to inveigh against them as a set of perjured scoundrels, not remembering, apparently, that he had signed as well as the rest. They all burst out with one universal question: "How can you speak this way, Torrat, since you are just as guilty as any o' us?" "That am I no'," said Torrat, with a triumphant air of innocence; "look ye the list of oor names, and you'll see the word witness at the end of mine, I just signed as witness to your perjury."—[Licensed Victuallers' Gazette.]

The Mayor of Mafeking, South Africa, is Frank Whitley, a native of Bradford, England, who went to Natal when he was 16 years old. He was at first favorable to the Boers, but has been compelled by events to alter his views, and to denounce their domineering conduct, and to criticize the corrupt oligarchy in the Transvaal. He regards the Jameson raid as a blunder, and a move which has put back the clock in South Africa for several years.

Thanksgiving With the Soldiers. By F. G. Carpenter.

TURKEY, PIG AND GAME.

LUXURIES SOME OF THE MEN IN OUR NEWLY-ACQUIRED POSSESSIONS MAY ENJOY.

From Our Own Correspondent.

WASHINGTON (D. C.) Nov. 20, 1899.—Thanksgiving day with the soldiers! It will be celebrated in the barracks of Porto Rico, in the camps of Cuba, upon the transports which are carrying thousands of American boys across the Pacific, and also, it is to be hoped, on the very battle fields of the Philippines. Cuba and Porto Rico have as fine turkeys as any part of the United States. There is plenty of game in the Philippines, and the Chinese of the islands will probably supply our soldiers with the great American bird, which they also raise, and with the succulent Chinese pig, fed on sweet potatoes and chestnuts, for which parts of the celestial empire are so famous. The transports which have left have already laid in their supplies for a Thanksgiving dinner, and the turkeys, oys-

him in perfect health. You can find there the rations he needs for life in the tropics, and those which he should have if perchance he should be ordered to the frigid zone. More than that, you will find directions as to how such things should be cooked, and if you bring the right influences to bear you may perchance get a look at the army cookbook which has been prepared by our government for the use of the cooks who supply the soldiers.

Uncle Sam's Army Cookbook.

An army cookbook! Yes; a cookbook gotten up under the immediate direction of the Commissary-General, and published by the authority of the Secretary of War for use in the army of the United States. A cookbook published at the Government Printing Office, but only for army cooks and not to be distributed all over the country, like Congressmen's seeds or Agricultural Reports. I have a copy of the book before me. It contains 300 pages of recipes, not recipes clipped from old newspapers nor gotten up by professional cookbook makers, but recipes all of which have

and out in three or four waters. In the last water dissolve a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda. Fill the body with this water, shake it well, then pour it off and rinse with fresh water. Now wipe it dry inside and out, and rub it inside with pepper and salt.

"Next prepare a dressing as follows: Mix into enough grated bread crumbs to fill the craw and body of the turkey a half teaspoonful of pepper, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of summer savory, thyme or sage, with sufficient butter, beef drippings or lard to make the mixture slightly moist. After this has been thoroughly mixed stuff the craw and body with it. Now tie a string tightly about the neck, sew up the incision, tie down the wings and legs and then lay it on its back in the baking pan. Wet the skin, season it with salt and pepper and dredge it with flour. Distribute on the upper side of the turkey small pieces of butter, put into the pan about a pint of boiling stock or a quarter of a pound of butter. Bake with a brisk fire to a rich brown. Baste at least every ten minutes. If it browns too rapidly, lay a wet sheet of white paper over it until the lower part is done. When the turkey is browned on the breast, turn it over in the pan while in the oven.

"Now again pepper, salt and dredge the back with flour, and bake until brown, basting as above. When baked remove the string from neck and body, put it into a hot dish and serve with a gravy prepared as follows:

Turkey Gravy a la Commissary-General.

"Cleanse the gizzard, liver and heart of the turkey thoroughly in cold water, mince them and put them into a pot with enough cold water to cover them. Stew gently until tender and keep warm. When the turkey is removed from the pan add the giblets with the water in which they were stewed to the drippings remaining in the pan, put the pan on the fire, thicken with two tablespoonfuls of blended browned flour, stirring it in gradually, let it boil once, then season with pepper and salt, pour it into a separate dish and serve.

"Some prefer to omit the dressing from the body in order that the turkey may be more thoroughly cooked. The stuffing thus omitted may be made into cakes and fried. The turkeys may be stuffed with sausage meat, fresh oysters or roasted chestnuts."

Plum Puddings Recommended by the Department.

In nearly every camp plum pudding will be on the bill of fare. Every army cook will be thumbing this book and serving this dainty according to one of the following recipes. First, however, let me give an extract or two on general remarks on puddings, made by Secretary Root:

"Puddings are variously compounded. They are always either boiled or baked. When boiled a cloth or bag, well floured inside, should be used to envelop them. The bag must first be dipped into boiling water and wrung out before the flour is applied. The seams of the bag must be thoroughly secured, and room allowed for the pudding to swell. The water must be boiling when the pudding is put in, it must cover the bag and must be kept constantly boiling during the cooking. If more water is put in it must be boiling water. The bag should be turned several times under the water to prevent its resting against the sides and bottom of the vessel, and thus scorching. When the pudding is cooked, take it from the pot and plunge it into cold water for an instant, then turn it out from the bag or cloth on the dish upon which it is to be served.

Plum Pudding No. 1.

"The ingredients of this pudding, with the exception of the eggs and milk, should be prepared the day before the pudding is to be made.

"Before giving the quantities it should be remembered that the recipe is intended for a large company, and that young wedded couples who may attempt the same for their Thanksgiving dinner should make proportionate reductions if their dinner is to be confined to two. The recipe which follows is enough for thirty men:

"Two quarts sifted flour, two quarts bread crumbs; four pounds suet, freed from fiber and chopped moderately fine; four pounds raisins, picked, seeded, chopped and dredged with flour; sixteen eggs, white and yolks beaten separately; two quarts of sweet milk, a fourth of a pound of citron, cut fine and dredged with flour; grated rind of one lemon, two nutmegs, grated; one tablespoonful ground ginger, one tablespoonful ground cinnamon, one teaspoonful ground cloves.

"Into a deep pan or dish put the ingredients in the following order: First, the beaten yolks of the eggs; then one-half the milk; then the flour, bread crumbs, suet, spices, lemon rind; then the remainder of the milk, or as much of it as will make a thick batter; then the beaten whites of the eggs; and at last the dredged fruit.

"Beat the mixture for thirty minutes, put into the prepared bag or bags and boil seven hours. Serve hot with sauce."

Plum Pudding No. 2.

The quantities of this recipe will serve for a mess of five or six persons:

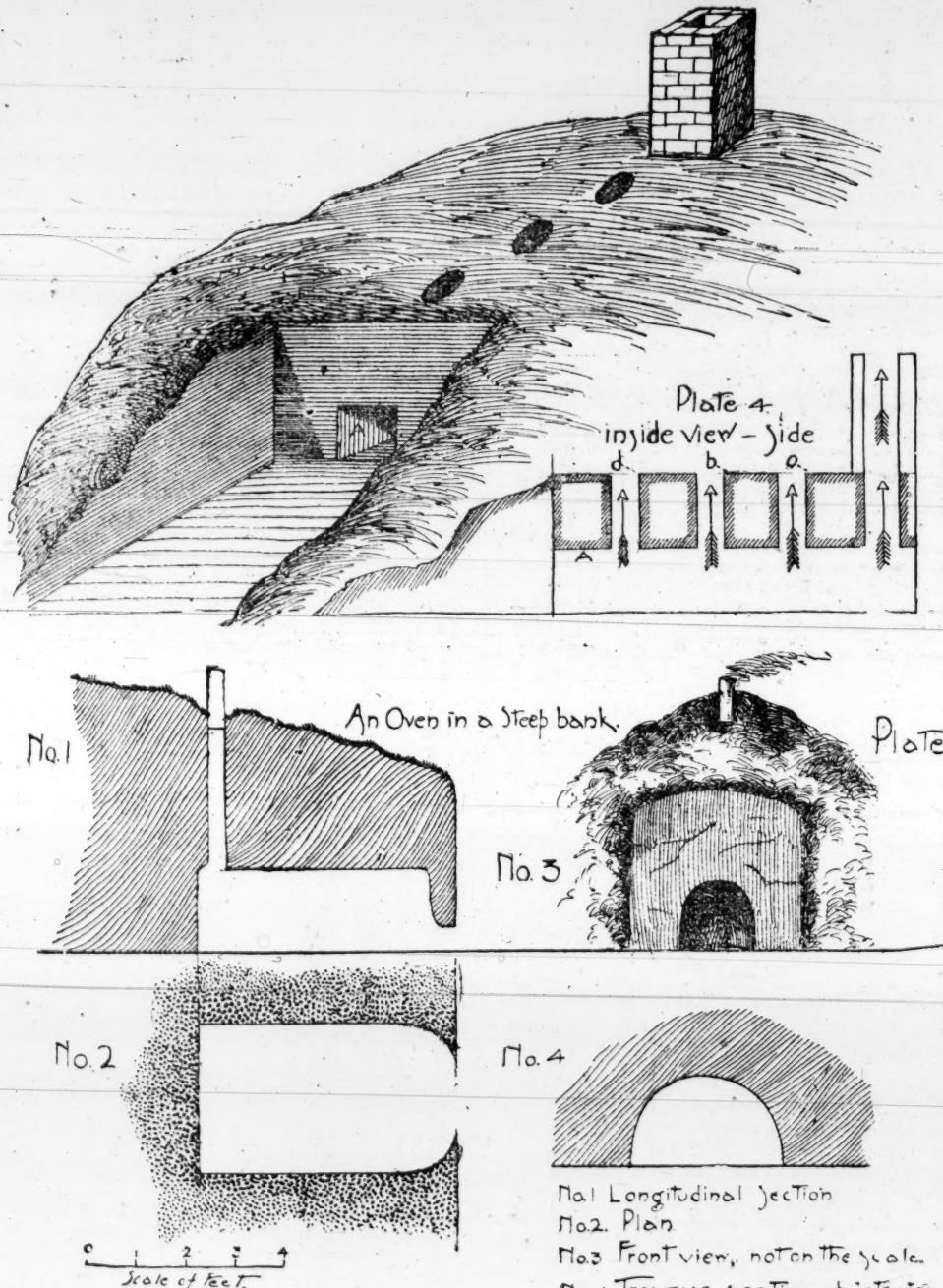
"One cup molasses, one cup beef suet, freed from fiber and chopped fine; one cup sweet milk; one cup of raisins, picked, seeded and chopped and dredged with flour; three cups of sifted flour; one teaspoonful salt; one teaspoonful ground cinnamon; one teaspoonful ground cloves; one-half teaspoonful soda; one egg.

"Put the soda into the molasses and stir very hard; beat the egg well and stir into the molasses, then add the flour, salt, spices, suet and fruit. Put into a prepared bag and boil three hours."

Cannon Balls.

Some of the names of the puddings are rather suggestive. Here is one for a pudding known as cannon balls. The amounts given are for twenty-two men. They are:

"Six pounds of flour, one and one-half pounds of suet,



IN SUCH OVENS ARE SOLDIERS' MEALS COOKED.

[From the Army Cook Book.]

ters and plum puddings will be washed down with the most delicious of coffee, which will taste none the worse from the fact that it is ladled out in cups of tin.

How Our Soldiers Are Fed.

Few people have any idea of the wonderful system which Uncle Sam has as to feeding his soldiers. We have now more than sixty thousand men in the Philippines alone. We have soldiers and officers scattered over the United States, and upon our islands of the West Indies, and every man of them must have his three meals a day. It takes shiploads of coffee, tons upon tons of bread, and a vast quantity of all kinds of supplies. It requires cooks and quartermasters. Indeed, the feeding brigade which Uncle Sam has would make a little army in itself. There is one branch of the War Department under the Commissary-General which has to do with the direction of this food. In the library of this department you will find all sorts of books on the health of the soldiers, on just what a man should have to eat from day to day and week to week to keep

been practically tested again and again before they have been given to the soldiers.

The book is full of practical suggestions, which are as valuable to the housewife as to the army cook. Every page of it teems with good things, and it is, I venture, one of the few books which are worth their weight in gold. It is from this book that I copy the following extracts, which show how our soldiers' Thanksgiving dinners will be cooked. It may be that from them some of our soldiers' wives and soldiers' friends at home may get suggestions which will aid them in the preparation of their feasts.

Baked Turkey a la Secretary of War.

Here, for instance, is what the Secretary of War has to say about turkeys:

"Tame and wild turkeys are prepared and cooked alike. The time for cooking is from fifteen to twenty minutes to the pound, depending upon the age of the bird. Success lies in cooking it long enough and frequent basting.

"Put the turkey into a pan of cold water, rinse it inside

three pints of molasses and one pint of water. Chop up the suet, mix with the flour; mix the molasses with the water; pour the flour into a bowl and pour the molasses gradually upon it, mixing it with the flour. When the whole is well mixed, not too soft, form it into any size balls required, flour some cloths, tie up each ball separately in cloth, not too tight, and boil one hour and upward, according to size.

"These will keep good for twelve months and longer. Where fruit is cheap fruit can be mixed with the molasses."

The following is enough for twenty-two men:

"Eight pounds of bread, one pound of suet, four dozen apples, two pounds of sugar.

Melt the suet in a frying pan, cut the bread into slices one-quarter of an inch in thickness, dip each piece into the melted fat and place them in the oven to dry. In the meantime get the apples peeled, boiled and mashed with the sugar. Cover the bottom of the baking dish with the bread, cover the bread with some of the apples, then some more bread over that, then the apples, and thus until all is used. Place it in an oven and bake for twenty minutes. This may be made with any kind of fruit."

How Our Soldiers Dress Salads.

Nearly every Thanksgiving dinner will have its salad, and this one, recommended to the army, may be of value to our people at home. The quantities are:

"Three tablespoonsfuls of oil; yolk of one egg; one teaspoonful mustard; one-half teaspoonful salt and one tablespoonful vinegar.

"First beat the egg; then rub the oil and egg together; next rub in the mustard; then the salt, and lastly the vinegar gradually. A few grains of cayenne pepper may be added. A boiled Irish potato mashed fine may be substituted for the yolk of the egg. If the oil and egg or potato do not mix well, a few drops of vinegar will facilitate the process. Instead of oil, melted butter, cream or the juice from boiled ham may be used. When about to serve the salad pour over the dressing. This dressing may be used

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

By Kate Greenleaf Locke.

[The housekeeper of "The House Beautiful" will answer any proper and clearly-stated queries addressed to her in care of The Times; and where she may not have been clearly understood on any particular point, will answer privately and make necessary explanations. A number of inquiries already received will be answered next week.]

Two Commonplace Rooms.

R. E. G.: You write me that you have two rooms, neither of which is a front room. To quote from your letter: "The first opens from a long, narrow hall, and is 12x15 feet, with old, faded, yellow paper, and an old, dark, marble mantel and fireplace. The floor is covered with white matting, over which an old blue and white woolen rug has been tacked (9x12); it has a bamboo bookstand, a couch, for which I have made a blue and white denim cover; also, two pairs of door curtains of the same, two little stands and two or three very neat chairs. The whole is decidedly commonplace. There is one window, with an ordinary lace curtain, which hangs to the sill. The next room is worse, it is 15x18, with three windows, two of which (twin windows) face south, the other east. As there is another building quite close, this room is rather dark. The wall-paper is a mixture of deep tan and yellow. The floor is covered with white matting, with a small figure in it. There is a mantel, just a little better than the other, of redwood; a chifforonier, some straight-backed cane-seated chairs, two small tables, an olive-green plush couch, with brown trimmings. This room has four ugly doors, each divided by only a narrow panel of the wall. Both of

that an ugly marble mantel is apparently hopeless, but you can partly hide it and give it an entirely new expression in this way. Have a board the exact length of mantel, but perhaps a little wider than the shelf, sawed smoothly. Cover this with blue denim and hang a flounce across the front and ends of denim a foot deep. Box pleat the flounce in shallow pleats six inches apart and between the pleats work a good scroll or disk design in heavy white linen floss. Do not trim the edge with tassels or fringe but hem it invisibly. Now at the back of your mantel shelf tack very smoothly and tightly a width of your denim, hiding the edge with a narrow molding that matches your woodwork. Before you put this width up, however, you must work in the two upper corners a conventionalized design which corresponds with the one between the pleats. You can scarcely realize until you have tried it how this will help to humanize your forbidding marble mantel. On one end of this shelf I would put a blue and white Chinese bowl with small sunflowers, chrysanthemums or other yellow flowers in it. A cheap but good plaster cast would look charmingly against this dull blue back ground.

If you have a common wooden rocking chair in here paint it a rich soft yellow and make two flat cushions of yellow silk, tying them to the seat and back with yellow ribbon of the exact shade. The second room I would curtain also with white muslin (sprigged) and hang there scarfs of pretty flowered cotton outside of the muslin. They can be caught back with it. In this way you will hide the wooden panel between your trim windows. Hang a curtain of golden brown jute over one of your many doors, —probably the one leading in to other living rooms— and make a cover for your couch of your flowered stuff, picking out one or two or its colors for plain pillows. Sell your lace curtains.

A Rest Room.

Emily, Pasadena: I think your best room need not be dingy, but it may be dark and softly rich. Things to be restful should be beautiful in quiet tones. Much depends upon the colors that are personally most restful to you. To me, brown does not seem so restful as green or dark dull blue, while a soft French gray is the most restful of all. I would treat the walls in the softest coolest tone of French gray. Hang photographs and carbon prints framed in black in it. Have the woodwork ivory white and curtain the windows in sheer white muslin. Over the muslin hang heavy curtains to sweep in straight folds, of a dark blue or green brocade lined with gray silk. A much less expensive material in these colors would do as well. One or two statuettes would look well in here and a bronze vase.

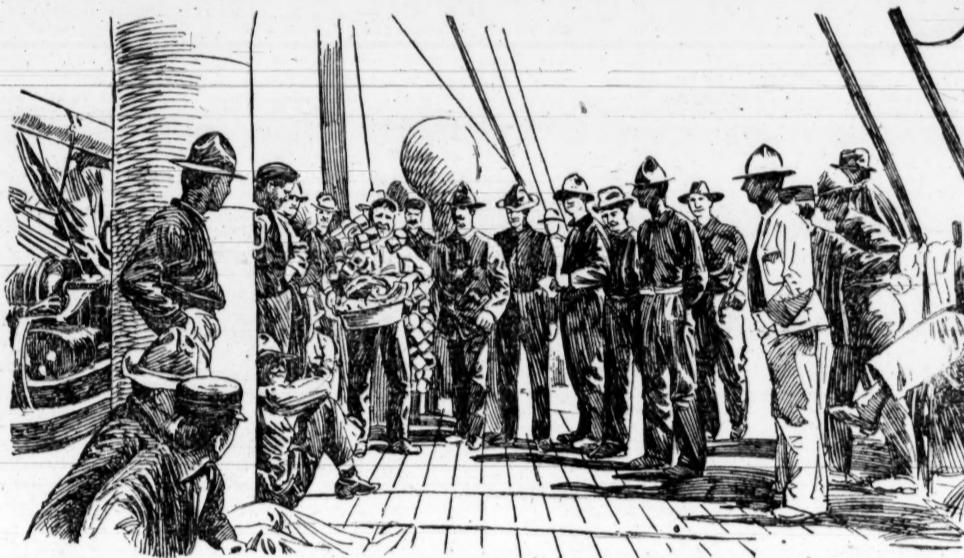
Cover the floor with fine white Japanese matting having black figures on it, and use a black fur rug. I would have an easy chair of dark green leather and would upholster the seat and couch in green corduroy. Your brass electric fixtures are quite right, but use ground glass shades with them. If you prefer a dark floor covering you can find in Los Angeles a Wilton carpet in one tone, with no figure, in the most perfect shade of moss green. A large figured border is brought for this exquisite thing, but you need not use that. If you put this carpet all over your room you will find the effect is that of a moss covering, and I imagine it would be restful to a degree.

Parlor and Sitting-room.

C. I. V., Pasadena: I gather from your letter that the coloring of your parlor is cream and brown and old rose, with redwood woodwork. This is a good combination, and if you can find a rug, either Wilton or Turkish, which has in it a good deal of old rose you will strengthen very artistically the work you have begun. Paint the border of your floor or stain and varnish it. There is a mahogany stain which would go well with your woodwork. If you wish to border your ceilings have your walls done plain in old rose, (a soft shade.) And lower your picture molding as much as possible, papering above it with a cream and gold paper which runs down to the molding. Do not use a frieze at all, but the gold arabesques or conventional design on your ceiling will look well brought down on the walls. Perhaps you can find a narrow frieze of a garland of pink roses on a cream ground. In that case you could effectively use it just above your picture mold, and let the ceiling paper come down and join it. Your ceiling in this case will not be lowered quite so much as in the other however. You have already an easy chair in brown corduroy. I would upholster my two dark wood chairs with an old rose brocade. You must see that with the coloring you have started out in, you are compelled to adhere to dainty and rather delicate effects. Your old rose and cream curtains in doorway urge this.

Introduce in this room a cushion or hassock of the old-rose plush, which is white in its high lights, and carry out the brown suggestion of your corduroy chair with a corresponding footstool done in the same dark stuff. I think your dining-room, with its dark wood furnishings, would look well carried out in the blue and white of your rug. I have given so many designs for completely decorating and furnishing a room in blue and white that I presume you would not wish me to repeat it. One thing I would suggest, however, if you wish to give the last touch to such a room, one which will emphasize its intention artistically, introduce one of two thoroughly Chinese or Japanese ideas. This may be either a pretty bamboo set of shelves against the wall for holding blue and white cups, tea caddies, etc., or a teak wood stool with a clear blue and white palm jar on it. When I have suggested muslin curtains and outside ones, I did not mean that the blind could be done away with, but rather that the muslin ones should come together, or nearly so, at the top, and the silk or chintz be so hung as to drape the frame of the window. Bring them a little forward on your muslin so as to drape them back gracefully, but they need never cut off your view or shut out the light unless you so desire. Blinds are indispensable, though they sometimes come somewhat in the way of drapery. The little brackets that are bought now for holding the brass work, are arranged to extend as far as necessary to keep clear of the blind.

M. P. G.: I will give you in my next letter directions for making a hassock, for either a bedroom or a parlor. I agree with you they are decidedly useful as well as ornamental.



THEIR COFFEE IS SERVED IN TIN CUPS.

with every species of lettuce, chickory, celery, cabbage, onions, tomatoes, cold boiled cauliflower, beets, beans, chicken, turkey, lobster, crabs, etc."

Cooking in the Field.

Many a soldier's dinner this Thanksgiving will be cooked in the field. His turkey will be baked in ovens made in the earth, and the soup may be prepared over fires made in pits in the ground. The suggestions of the Commissary-General direct how trenches for cooking should be dug. They tell how to make ovens of logs and clay, and recommend the kinds of portable stoves which should be carried from place to place. The book has a picture of one of these field ovens, many of which I venture will be in use in the Philippines on Thanksgiving. The oven is made as follows:

"A clayey soil is selected and a hole three feet square and two feet deep is dug. The best place for it is along the slope of a hill, and sometimes a shaft is run right into the hill and holes made in the top upon which pots and pans can be set. At the extreme end a chimney is erected. The clay forms the sides and bed of the stove. Such an arrangement makes a good oven, and it can also be used for every kind of cooking."

On another page the method of making field ovens is described. It states that two men with a spade and long-handled shovel can make an excellent oven in a deep bank in three-quarters of an hour. If they have not such tools they can make it with their bayonets, or even with knives. The oven described has a capacity of about forty rations, and will bake good bread in about fifty minutes. It would undoubtedly be excellent for turkeys, and probably many a turkey will be cooked in ovens of this kind this year. I copy from the cookbook the sketch of such an oven. It is marked plate 10.

Other pages show how to bake beans in trenches, how to make field bakehouses, ditches which can be used as kneading troughs, and all sorts of hints as to the use of water and wood. The book gives in detail everything that the army cook needs, telling him how to cook well the plainest things.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

[Copyright, 1899, by Frank G. Carpenter.]

Capt. R. C. Nesbitt, of the Mashonaland Mounted Police, who was in charge of the armored train wrecked by the Boers at Kraaipan, was the son of Maj. Nesbitt of Cape Colony. He was educated at St. Paul's School, London, and after serving four years in the Cape Mounted Rifles, he served with the British South Africa Police in the Pioneer expedition and then joined the Mashonaland Mounted Police.

these rooms I am obliged to use as sleeping-rooms, but convert them into living-rooms for day use.

"I know this is a very difficult problem, but I am sure you can solve it for me. Please suggest some artistic touches to make these dreary rooms more habitable. You perceive there is very little money to go to work with, but as you seem to create a great deal out of nothing, I appeal to you."

The scheme of your first room, as it stands at present, is yellow wall-paper (faded) and a good deal of blue and white denim, with some bamboo. Now, it seems to me that, as far as you have gone, you have used an artistic instinct. If you can freshen your blue and white rug, continue to use it, by all means; if it is past using, get another of the same coloring. Nothing gives a fresher, cleaner and therefore more satisfactory effect than blue and white and bamboo furniture. I have seen good jute, as well as cotton rugs in blue and white, which were cheap, of clear, soft coloring and good design. I like your blue denim door curtains. Now plunge boldly in and use some strong yellow with your blues. You will find the dinginess disappearing before it as before a streak of sunshine. When a beautiful shade of yellow silk can be bought for 39 cents a yard, there is no reason why we should not get some of its glint and softness to help you out. Have one pillow on your blue couch of this, remove your lace curtain, if you can afford to do so, and put fresh, white, ruffled muslin at your one window. It will be much more in keeping with its surroundings. Against the panes of your lower sash hang sash curtains of the thin, yellow silk, have them rather full, with a small brass rod run through a loose casing. You can push them back easily, and you will find that, instead of obscuring your window, you have thus invited the light and freshness from without to enter your room. Divert attention from your wall-paper and woodwork by tacking good pictures (such lovely-colored prints as come with Truth, etchings, or carbon prints,) to your wall. Mat them in black or white Bristol board and tack them up with brass tacks. Study the lights and positions for them as carefully as if you were hanging fine paintings, and they will afford you much genuine pleasure.

Ruthlessly remove and put out of sight every thing in your two rooms which detracts from the decorativeness of them. There are many useful objects which can be reached as conveniently when under cover, as if they were present to constantly obtrude themselves. Hang a curtain of dull blue silk over one part of bamboo for bookstand, and behind this curtain arrange any books which are shabby or give a disorderly appearance to the bookcase. I admit

In the Realm of Fresh Literature.

NEW BOOKS

AND OTHER RECENT PUBLICATIONS—NOTES AND REVIEWS.

"Sea Drift."

IT IS not often in these degenerate days, when the world's harp of song has seemed so out of tune, that a volume so informed with sweetness, and with such notes of pure harmony, finds its way into our hands. The lovers of real poetry will welcome it, for it never strikes a false note, and it realizes the high ideals of thought, and is warm with tender feeling. Read these throbbing lines, wherein the soul of nature hides:

"O happy fields! O fields with light o'errun,
Where golden poppies catch the glowing sun;
Fields by a thousand perfumed breezes swept,
Which late sweet company or orange blossoms kept;
A million tiny lives swarm safe among you,
The joyous lark song long hath oversung you,
Wooing his love; each creature hath a mate
In your glad range—not one is desolate,
O happy fields!"

And here is also another lovely bit of Nature painting:

"Where mockingbirds sing all night long,
And canyons lift and lift the song,
And strike the echoes up
To where the vestal yucca stands,
Swinging aloft in slender hands
Her snowy incense cup."

The whole volume is full of poetic fancies and the best sweets of song. Its ideals are always lofty, and pure and high, and the world should give it welcome.

[*Sea Drift.* Poems by Grace Ellery Channing. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.]

"Songs and Sonnets."

California has been called the land of poets, and perhaps not without reason, for many are the delightful singers that she has given to the world, who have sung, as the lark sings, for the very love of singing. The charming little volume before us is inscribed:

"To one who dwells unseen of mortal sight,
Beyond the ever-clouded, silent stream
I yet shall cross to find, or else I dream—
Who was my day, whose absence is my night,
Who in all darkness leads me to the light;"

and it is full of fine poetic flavor and tenderness. Here is a bit entitled "The Olives:"

"How softly sleeps upon your silvered leaves
The moonlit radiance of fragrant night!
How tenderly the sea-wind sobs and grieves
Its mournful music to the listening light
Of steadfast stars, that fail not or decay,
Till heaven and earth shall vanish quite away!

"A calmness like forgiveness from your sweet gloom drips,
And kisses into silence my complaining lips.
While watching your fair Mission tow'rs, upon mine ears
Fall faintly far-off knells of dead and buried years."

If space would permit how much we should be tempted to quote, but here is a picture of "January in California" which will thrill every lover of nature:

"There is no winter here save of the heart,
For this glad realm with roses is full sweet,
Where blue of sky and blue of ocean meet;
The canyons deep, where mountains right apart,
Are brimmed with bloom; swift, jeweled wings now dart
Across green glades, far up starred slopes to greet
The golden poppies glowing at the feet
Of hoary oaks, whose moss-hung, gray-limbs start
Afresh to life and leaf beneath a sun
Whose kiss outrivals June's. The opal west
Reflects this radiant land when days are done,
The violets and lilies on her breast,
The purple splendor of her heights' clear crest,
And thrills to silence those who love her best."

No more charming gift for the Christmas time, for eastern friends, could be found than this little volume of verse, so full of the breath of our hills and the fragrance of song.

[*Songs and Sonnets.* By Juliette Estelle Mathis. San Francisco: C. A. Murdock & Co.]

FICTION.

"Leo Dayne."

Although "Leo Dayne" is designated a novel of the "common people," the problems with which it wrestles are not the peculiar heritage of the lower classes. The weakness of creeds and the contrasting beauty of a deep, religious sentiment above mere dogmas; the cruelty of popular prejudice; the arguments for and against marriage as a sacrament and marriage as a bond—these are all problems for humanity to cope with, irrespective of high or low estate.

The book is one of undoubted power, its reasoning based upon a liberal habit of thought and a full comprehension of the wider responsibilities incumbent upon those who venture to order their lives according to the greater laws of God and nature, without reference to tradition, or to the shifting of the burden upon a creed which shall bear it safely over the stumbling places.

The incident of the story is small compared with the arguments that are its excuse for being, but these are of the kind in which lies the world's hope of largeness and advancement.

[*Leo Dayne.* By Margaret Augusta Kellogg. Boston: J. H. West & Co.]

* * *

"Postle Farm."

The picturesque Devonshire country, already the scene of so many English novels, is the locality in which George Ford places his story, "Postle Farm." It is purely a love

story, in which the plot is furnished by the struggle in the mind of a young man of rank between his love for a girl apparently belonging in the peasant class and his inherited feeling against a marriage of that sort. The girl herself is rarely beautiful, of an exceedingly strong character and attractive personality, and her independence and strength of mind aid in making things very difficult for the young man. There is a good deal of incident, and the plot moves slowly, but the author has succeeded in making his book interesting, notwithstanding its length of over three hundred and fifty pages, mainly by reason of the fire and force with which he has endowed his heroine. He has worked up to his climax with much skill and the denouement is a surprise which the reader will scarcely have suspected. The book is a piece of remarkably virile, picturesque writing, notable as a novel for its clever construction and for the noble, passionate nature of the heroine, who, indeed, is so forcefully endowed and so skillfully portrayed that she deserves a fair standing among the heroines of romance.

[*Postle Farm.* By George Ford. Dodd, Mead & Co.: New York. For sale by C. C. Parker. Price, \$3.]

* * *

"Flute and Violin."

The motive of James Lane Allen's series is nearly always melancholy. In this book of short stories there is no other theme. The finish that characterizes all Mr. Allen's work and the warm lights of sympathy and understanding against which his homely figures stand out, give to any book from his pen a high artistic value. There is nothing of sensationalism in his handling of tragedy, seldom anything of sentimentalism in his pathos; and his art, if somewhat too introspective, does not lack dramatic force. Yet it must be admitted that there is a certain weakness revealed in a book, every story of which deals with the frustration of hope and ends with death. Unremitting pathos is bad art, if only for the psycho-physical reason that the mind wearies with the strain of feeling and inevitably rebels at last, in a certain nausea of pure exhaustion. There is a German artist who paints always the same face—that of his wife; and sometimes gives us large

thought and twists of meaning. His humor is always especially marked by the element of surprise, and it is that upon which he depends for the most of his effects. It is much in evidence in his new book, "The Enchanted Typewriter," which is the best piece of work he has done in a long time. The typewriter, which is the chief dramatic persona of the book, is an antiquated machine, which the author had "monkeyed" with until it was impossible to guess what letters would be made by pressing given keys. It was a very pleasing sort of machine, for when he attempted to write his own name with it, "William Shakespeare" came from under the keys. This machine got into a way of writing all by itself at night, and its owner found out that it was being manipulated by shades from the other side of the Styx, who made use of it in the preparation of their copy for the Stygian Gazette. So the owner, being a canny sort of person, made use of them to get much very curious and interesting information concerning life in Hades, and also got their permission to use their copy for his own purposes, the copyright law not extending to the other world. By means of the typewriter, the troubles of Boswell and Xanthippe over the Stygian Gazette get a very thorough and amusing airing.

[*The Enchanted Typewriter.* By John Kendrick Bangs. Harper & Brothers: New York. Price, \$1.25.]

* * *

"Mackinac and Lake Stories."

A collection of Mary Hartwell Catherwood's strong and artistic stories of the region of the Great Lakes is published by the Harpers under the title, "Mackinac and Lake Stories." Most of the tales have already been published in the magazines. They include, "Marianson," "The Black Feather," "The Cobbler of the Devil's Kitchen," "The Skeleton on Round Island," "The Penitent of Cross Village," "The King of Beaver," "Beaver Lights," "A British Islander," "The Cursed Patois," "The Mothers of Honore," "The Blue Man" and "The Indian on the Trail." The stories are all done with a firm and skillful hand and with a thorough knowledge of the region and of the people of which she writes. Many of them are stirring and powerful in their handling of the strongest passions of human nature, others ripple with the humor of the characters whom she portrays and others are tender and appealing tales of sentiment. The artistic illustrations of the book deserve especial mention.

[*Mackinac and Lake Stories.* By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. Harper & Brothers: New York. Price, \$1.50.]

TECHNICAL BOOKS.

"The California Fruits and How to Grow Them."

The third and very considerably enlarged edition of this well-known work, finely illustrated and dated 1900, will be heartily welcomed by Californians. The incorporation of the latest experiments and ideas on irrigation, on fertilization, on the introduction of improved fruit varieties, and on fruit protection, render the book of particular value to horticulturists.

[Published by the Pacific Rural Press, San Francisco. Price, postpaid, \$2.50.]

* * *

"The Hygiene of Transmissible Diseases."

This book, by Prof. A. C. Abbott of the University of Pennsylvania, offers some three hundred pages of carefully-prepared matter on the causes, modes of dissemination, and prevention of transmissible diseases. Originally part of a course of lectures delivered to students, the contents are not too technical and will be found of very general interest, especially at the present time, when so much is being said and written on the subject of our more prevalent zymotics, and questions of vaccination and sequestration are being so warmly discussed. Among the causes, Prof. Abbott considers the general predisposing ones of age, sex, race, occupation, density of population, heredity, and season, and the immediate, exciting ones of chemical, physical, and mechanical agents, animal parasites, and bacteria. The diseases treated of are typhoid fever, Asiatic cholera, amoebic dysentery, tuberculosis, acute croupous pneumonia, diphtheria, influenza, the bubonic plague, suppurative and septic infections, venereal diseases, leprosy, tetanus, anthrax, glanders, actinomycosis, Madura foot, smallpox, chickenpox, measles, scarlet fever, whooping cough, mumps, malarial fever, yellow fever, dengue, typhus fever, relapsing fever, rabies, and the diseases due to animal parasites, such as trichinæ and tapeworms. All the data are given in the clearest form, with accompanying tables and charts, and the general prophylaxis of hygiene and the special prophylaxis of disinfection very thoroughly handled. The arrangement and presentation of the matter of the book are admirable, and the vexed questions considered seem to have been treated in a fair and scientific spirit, though not all may be prepared to accept the author's conclusions as to prophylaxis, especially the measures advocated in the case of syphilitic diseases.

Of quarantine Prof. Abbott says: "Because of the serious embarrassment to commercial intercourse that the older methods of quarantine entailed, and because of the demonstrated inadequacy to close all channels of intercourse completely by such methods, numerous congresses of experts have convened for the purpose of formulating a more expeditious and trustworthy system for the management of suspicious and dangerous matters arriving from infected districts. Though no uniform plan has been adopted as a result of these debates, still it is evident that the tendency, briefly stated, is to depart very widely from the practices of former years and to rely more upon the prompt enforcement of active, trustworthy, sanitary measures than upon the uncertain element of detention." (P. 300.)

Some of the rules of prophylaxis in cases of consumption ought to be widely disseminated. Dusting, Prof. Abbott says, should not be practiced in the room of the patient, "but when necessary all objects should be wiped with a



JAMES LANE ALLEN.
Author of "Flute and Violin."

groups, and even long religious processions, in which all the women, blonde and brunette, bear the same features, but slightly varied. Beautiful as is this painter's subject, one wearies of it unalterably. The most skillful artist varies the type of his central theme.

[*Flute and Violin.* By James Lane Allen. Harper & Bros. Price \$1.25.]

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"Differences."

This is a story of settlement life in Chicago, wherein a young woman, a Wellesley graduate, and a member of the "upper classes," goes down among the poor and the wretched and works for and with them according to the methods of university settlements. In the end she falls in love with a workingman, to whom she has been of much service, and he with her, and she gives up her family, friends, and all the life she had formerly known, to marry him. The book is written evidently with much intimate knowledge of the conditions described and with first-hand knowledge of settlement life and methods. It contains much keen and careful observation and shows a special faculty for clear and accurate expression. The writer, Hervey White, is evidently a woman, notwithstanding the masculine name, for it is all written from the woman's point of view, and over it all is the trail of feminine sentiment that has not been quite sufficiently trained. Apparently, it is a rather groping, experimental first effort, and it is not as interesting as a novel as it is as a study of sociological conditions. The author's faculty for keen and minute observation seems to have hindered her from taking large and comprehensive views of the construction and working out of her book as a whole.

[*Differences.* By Hervey White. Small, Maynard & Co.: Boston. Price, \$1.50.]

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"The Enchanted Typewriter."

When John Kendrick Bangs is not "grinding copy" he can be vivaciously amusing, with many unexpected turns of

cloth moistened in 1,000 corrosive sublimate, or 3 per cent. carbolic acid solution." . . . Kissing, caressing, shaking hands, and other modes of intimate association should not be indulged in by the consumptive. The hands should be thoroughly washed after manipulating tuberculous patients." (P. 106.)

And in commenting on the remarkably low death rate among the Jews from transmissible diseases, Prof. Abbott draws particular attention to the general sobriety of these people and their regard for the Mosaic laws of cleanliness.

[*Hygiene of Transmissible Diseases.* By A. C. Abbott, M.D. W. B. Saunders, Philadelphia. Price \$2.]

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"Outlines of Civics."

This book is not, in itself, a presentation of either facts or theories of our governmental system, but is intended to accompany the study of civics in connection with Brice's "American Commonwealth." It contains an analysis of this book, chapter by chapter, with tabulation of topics to be considered and lists of authorities on each topic. These selections are of wide range, excellent selection, and admirably definite. As a reference book on American history and the institutions of our government, the work is invaluable. Much of our history has only recently been written in any detail and is so scattered in separate volumes that the average reader is obliged to turn over many pages and devote much precious time to mere search for the particular facts he desires. The full topical references of this new volume will save him all this expenditure of time and effort.

[*Outlines of Civics.* By Frederick H. Clark, head of the history department of Lowell High School, San Francisco, Cal. Price 75 cents. The Macmillan Company.]

* * *

"The Insect World."

In this little volume, William T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education, has brought together short articles on insects from different sources by many different authors, the whole comprising an account of the habits, life, and structure of a number of our common insects and forming an introduction to more technical study. The book is intended for children and young people, and in most of its articles is admirably adapted to its purpose. The papers are all very clearly written, many of them—that of Dr. J. A. Lintner on the promethean moth, Dr. F. C. Clark on the cicada, and C. Bonnet on insect miners of leaves, for instance—charming in style; but one or two of the selections are hardly on the same age-level with the others. The article on the internal structure on insects, for instance, taken from the report of the Illinois State entomologist and intended for older people, is likely to prove difficult reading to the immature, clear as is its style. It is to be regretted that the technical statements of this article could not have been altered to form more easy of comprehension to the children who will be able to read the rest of the book with enjoyment and profit.

[*The Insect World.* Compiled and edited by Clarence Moores Weed, D. Sc. Appleton's Home Reading Books. Price 60 cents.]

JUVENILE BOOKS.

"Betty Leicester's Christmas."

Miss Jewett's pretty story of what a thoughtful little girl can do to make life brighter for others, has been appropriately garbed in holiday attire and published as a Christmas book. It is helpful and hopeful, like all of Miss Jewett's work.

[*Betty Leicester's Christmas.* By Sarah Orne Jewett. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York. For sale by Stoll & Thayer.]

* * *

"Plish and Plum"—"Max and Maurice."

These two little volumes of verse for children are translated from the German by Charles T. Brooks. They relate, with characteristically broad German humor, and with an embellishment of pictures to correspond, the adventures of four naughty boys, whose fate was what their lives deserved.

[*Plish and Plum. Max and Maurice.* By William Busch, Little, Brown & Co., Boston.]

* * *

"Peggy."

The "Peggy" of Mrs. Richards's story is a warm-hearted, impulsive, little schoolgirl, whose struggles to fit into an unaccustomed boarding-school life will appeal to girls who have known like difficulties, as well as to those whose trials are yet to come. Accounts of stolen pleasures and forbidden pranks make lively reading of Peggy's story.

[*Peggy.* By Laura E. Richards. Boston: Dana, Estes & Co.]

* * *

Chatterbox for 1899.

Chatterbox for 1899 retains all its old-time flavor, and is not less alluring than it has been any time for the past twenty years, or more. All that thrilling stories and vivid pictures can do to entertain is here exemplified, and the successful career of Chatterbox testifies that the audience for such entertainment may be easily found.

[*Chatterbox for 1899.* Boston: Dana, Estes & Co.]

* * *

"Madam Mary of the Zoo."

"Madam Mary" is a gray parrot, whose life in the Zoo, and that of her animal companions, is chronicled in detail by a sympathetic biographer. A gentle little girl, filled with tenderness for the sufferings of the dumb creatures, is also a character of the story in which the lesson of kindness is taught in a practical way.

[*Madam Mary of the Zoo.* By Lily F. Wesselhoeft. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.]

* * *

"The Boys of Marmiton Prairie."

All the breeze of the Kansas prairies is in these adventures of three boys, born and bred on the banks of the Marmiton River. The author has no namby-pamby ideal of what a thoroughly healthful, boyish boy ought to be, but has the skill to portray a very genuine and lovable article. Happening follows upon happening fast enough to keep up a lively interest in the narrative, while the unfolding of the three admirable characters is so subtle as to

surprise a boy into appreciation without feeling that he has been preached at through the medium of a story.

[*The Boys of Marmiton Prairie.* By Gertrude Smith. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.]

BIOGRAPHY.

"Study of Elizabeth Barrett Browning."

Under this title, Lilian Whiting has given us a character sketch full of sympathy and appreciation. The book contains some new matter, chiefly from the correspondence of the author's friend, Kate Field, and throws a pleasant heart-glow about the life of the married poets. It contains, also, considerable extraneous matter in the shape of arguments in defense of spiritualism and statements of its theories, to which the author repeatedly turns aside. So much matter of this nature, indeed, is introduced that it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that its introduction is not one of the objects of the book. It is impossible not to feel, even, that Mrs. Whiting's appreciation of Mrs. Browning is little biased and magnified by the latter's acceptance of spiritualism, as recorded in the book. The ardor of the propagandist runs through the whole. True poet as Mrs. Browning undoubtedly is, great poet as many believe her, few could quite endorse Mrs. Whiting's estimate, which places her, in some regards, alone beside Shakespeare. "Yet with the completest recognition one joyfully offers to other poets who have charmed the hours," she says, "it must be conceded that Mrs. Browning's power to kindle thought and to illuminate spiritual problems unsurpassed by any English-speaking poet since Shakespeare. . . . There are passages in 'Aurora Leigh' which may not unjustly be held to rival Shakespeare."

The English of the book is occasionally a little faulty. "Mr. Page," she writes, "painted one of the finest portraits of Robert Browning, whose Venetian coloring makes it a fit ornament of the Browning palace in Venice." And, again, "The inevitable seclusion of Mrs. Browning's life resulting from her invalid state doubtless contributed to intensify her spiritual vision, although this would not have been the result, had not her spiritual nature have been so developed as to have dominated her."

[*A Study of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.* By Lilian Whiting. Little, Brown & Co. Price, \$1.25.]

* * *

"Literary Hearthstones—William Cowper."

A totally different biography from the above, in a wholly different style, is that of William Cowper, by Marion Harland. The data for the book have been very carefully selected, and the treatment is conscientious, wholly objective, and dignified. Yet there still lingers about literary biography, a tradition of heaviness of style, not entirely pleasing to the average modern reader, of which Mrs. Harland's book is an exemplification. The author does not speak of Cowper's coming death, but of his approaching dissolution, rarely of the return of his madness, but rather of the descent of the familiar demon upon his prey with sullen power; and so on to the end, in the same style.

[*Literary Hearthstones—William Cowper.* By Marion Harland. G. P. Putnam's Sons. For sale by Stoll & Thayer. Price, \$1.50.]

LITERARY NOTES.

"Richard Carvel" is now in its nineteenth edition or two hundred thousand.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce "The Martyr's Idyl and Shorter Poems" by Louise Imogen Guiney.

A new translation of "The Arabian Nights," from the best Arabic edition, is in course of preparation in France.

Rev. Otto J. Gilbert, A.M., of Cincinnati, O., is translating into English F. Oehniger's "History of Christianity."

Charles Neufeld's account of his thirteen years' captivity in Omdurman will be published shortly by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Herbert Spencer, who was believed to be failing mentally and physically, so that his literary activity was definitely at an end, is now said to be partly recovered, and engaged on a new book, the nature of which cannot be ascertained.

Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co.'s autumn announcements include "The Future of the American Negro," by Booker T. Washington; a volume of "Pictures and Verses," by Oliver Herford; "Mr. Dooley; In the Heats of His Country," by Mr. Dunne, and volumes of poems by Father Tabb, Richard Burton, Richard Hovey and E. H. Crosby.

"Little Beasts of Field and Wood" is the title of a volume about some of the commoner small animals inhabiting the Northeastern States, which will be brought out shortly by Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. The author, William Everett Cram, has written from the close observation of some twenty years, and the book, though addressed to nature-lovers of all ages, is promised in a form especially calculated to please the young people, and will contain a notable series of twenty-four full-page illustrations by the author.

An interesting book, entitled, "Our Native Birds and How to Protect Them and Attract Them to Our Homes," by D. Lange, instructor in nature study in the public schools of St. Paul, is about to be published by the Macmillan Company. The author puts forward many of the ideas advocated by the Audubon societies in more than usually definite form, and greatly increased in value by his practical suggestions as to what to do. The book is another sign of the greatly-increased interest in bird life.

The Bookman says that Frank Norris, the young Californian novelist, author of "McTeague," "Moran of the Lady Letty," and "Blix," is contemplating the writing of a trilogy of stories which shall symbolize our national life on a large scale. The volumes will not be held together by a continuity of plot, but simply by the central symbol, American wheat, which he has selected as emblematic of American prosperity. The first volume will treat of wheat in the grain, and will portray life on the vast farming lands of the San Joaquin Valley. The octopus-like grasp of the western railroads, adjusting their rates so as to absorb the giant-share of the profits, in good years and bad alike, will form an important motif of the book. The second volume shows us the wheat brought to market, and will deal with the gigantic speculations of the Chicago wheat pit. The third has to do with the final distribution of the wheat; the scene is shifted across the Atlantic to some small continental town in a year of famine, the aim be-

ing to show the far-reaching effects of our prosperity, as the wheat rolls eastward, in a vast, unbroken flood to feed the mouths of hungry Europe. The three volumes will probably be called, respectively, "The Octopus," "The Pit" and "The Wolf."

Prof. Richard T. Ely of the University of Wisconsin has just finished a work on "Monopolies and Trusts," which will shortly be published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. The question of the concentration of capital has become such a vital one to every man and woman of late years that there is sure to be widespread curiosity to learn what an acknowledged authority like Dr. Ely will have to say regarding it. This volume is to be the first of a series on the "Distribution of Wealth"—a subject upon which Dr. Ely has been working for the past seven years.

The affairs of William Doxey, publisher and bookseller, of San Francisco, have been rearranged, and he once again enters business as the head of a similar establishment called "The Doxey Book Company. At the Sign of the Lark." This company announces a number of new publications and new editions. Among the latter are a second edition, fifth thousand, of Miss Mabel Craft's "Hawaii Nei," and new editions of the Lark Classics. The house will issue early in the coming year a new and handsome edition of the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," illustrated by Miss Florence Lunborg.

"The reminiscences of a Very Old Man, 1808-1897," is the quaint title which the distinguished engraver, the late John Sartain, gave to the attractive volume soon to be published by the Appletons. Mr. Sartain was born in London, where as a boy he witnessed the peace jubilee, and saw many picturesque phases of old London and its life which have since disappeared. In this country he knew Washington Irving and others of the Knickerbocker literary circle, and his close relations with Edgar Allan Poe form the subject of an interesting chapter. His "Reminiscences" include personal phases of the development of American art and letters for over sixty years, and the unpublished history which he presents is of great value.

In a letter written by Egerton Castle to a friend in New York, he says that under the literary phantasy of their garb, all the characters in "Young April" from the king to the philosopher are personages who were still living in the middle of this century, men and women whose doings and adventures had in days gone by been recounted to the author by one who had known them all, some of them intimately—namely by the author's own father. The names of the actors are, however, disguised, the dates suitably altered, and the exact situation of "the Germanic Confederation Kinglets"—as the irate Guardsman has it—is left vague with a purpose.

Until recently no official statement has been made explaining why the Joint High Commission, after-sessions of several months, were unable to agree upon any proposition respecting the Alaskan boundary line. Hon. John W. Foster, ex-Secretary of State and member of the Joint High Commission, in an article which appears in the National Geographic Magazine for November, reviews the American side of the dispute and gives the first official explanation of the want of agreement between the commissioners. Mr. Foster, in this article, "The Alaskan Boundary," shows that the British claim was first put forward in 1898, and presents the principal English maps bearing on the disputed territory, all of which actually agree with the American maps.

Henry Childs Merwin, the author of the article on Tammany Hall which caused so much discussion when they appeared in the Atlantic some years ago, has retold the life of Aaron Burr in the brief compass of a Beacon Biography, which is announced for publication next week. Burr was the grandson of Jonathan Edwards, a graduate of Princeton, a brave and skillful officer in the revolution, a Vice-President of the United States, the slayer of Alexander Hamilton, and the unscrupulous adventurer for an independent western empire, and died finally as an obscure New York attorney. In every phase of his varied career, however, Burr's motive, and in some degree his conduct, has been more or less a puzzle to historians; and Mr. Merwin's brief analysis, following the story of his remarkable life is one more attempt to get at the kernel of a difficult problem.

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Books Received During the Week.

From Dodd, Mead & Co.: *Siren City*, by Benjamin Swift; In India, by G. W. Steevens.

From D. Appleton & Co.: *Averages*, by Eleanor Stuart.

From Charles Scribner's Sons: *Fisherman's Luck*; by Henry Van Dyke.

From Little, Brown Co.: *The Bronze Buddha*, by Cora Linn Daniels; *The Sword of Justice*, by Sheppard Stevens; *Rob and Kit*, by the author of "Tip-Cat," etc.; *Behind the Veil*.

From Small, Maynard & Co.: *Things As They Are*, by Bolton Hall; *The Surface of Things*, by Charles Waldstein; *The Territorial Acquisitions of the United States* by Edward Bicknell.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: *A Dividend to Labor*, by Nicholas Paine Gilman.

From the Vernam Publishing Company: *The Cipher Is the Plays and On the Tombstone*, by Ignatius Donnelly.

From the Macmillan Company: *Via Crucis*, by Francis Marion Crawford.

From Herbert S. Stone & Co.: *San Isidro*, by Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield; *The Perils of Josephine*, by Lord Ernest Hamilton; *Lesser Destinies*, by Samuel Gordon.

From Harper & Brothers: *Hawaiian America*, by Caspar Whitney; *The Expedition to the Philippines*, by F. D. Millet, special correspondent of Harper's Weekly and the London Times; *Pictures and Rhymes*, by Peter Newell; *Red Pottage*, by Mary Cholmondeley.

From the Bancroft Company: *The New Pacific*, by Hubert Howe Bancroft.

From Cassell & Co.: *Antony and Cleopatra*, Cassell's National Library.

From the California State Library: *A History of Political Conventions in California, 1849-1892*.

Graphic Pen Pictures Sketched Far a-Field.

An Automobile Plow.

DR. RICHARD J. GATLING, who revolutionized methods of warfare by inventing the rapid-fire gun that bears his name, has invented an automobile plow. It will do the work of eight men and twelve horses. The propulsive power will be either gasoline or oil. In addition to its primary use in the field, the machine can be used in driving a thrasher, shelling corn or for hauling purposes. With it he expects to supersede the mold board plow that is now in general use for the preparation of land for cultivation.

The machine will be built on the principle of the automobile, with disk plows arranged as to do the work of the implements now in use with greater facility and rapidity and at a greater saving. He proposes to build the machine so that it can be operated by a single man.—[Chicago Correspondence Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

* * *

East Greenland Eskimos.

THE Amstrup Arctic expedition, which returned from East Greenland, as I wired you a week ago, brings back some stories of grawsome finds among extinct Eskimo colonies.

It appears that all the east coast of Greenland from 65 deg. 35 min. to 67 deg. 22 min. must have had at one time or other Eskimo inhabitants, but the colonies are now all extinct, though ruins of the towns and relics of instruments, weapons, and household articles abound. The Amstrup expedition has brought back many specimens of these finds.

At the farthest point north reached by the expedition was found a large and well-preserved dwelling-house, containing skeletons of about thirty Eskimos. It is probable that these were people who emigrated from Angmassalik about the middle of the century.

It is improbable that they starved to death, seeing that the explorers also found remains of whale and seal flesh and skeletons of dog, bears, whales and other animals.—[Copenhagen Dispatch to the London Chronicle.]

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The Oldest Chauffeur.

MRS. SARAH TERRY of Philadelphia, having arrived at years of discretion—she has celebrated her one hundred and eighth birthday—the other day went out in an automobile to see the town. The ride was a mutual pleasure and surprise all around, for the town seemed as much interested in Mrs. Sarah Terry as Mrs. Sarah Terry was in the town.

Once on Broad street, the wide boulevard which is the city's pride, the quaint little figure in the horseless carriage attracted endless attention. Busy men stopped to look, people driving in their carriages stared in open-eyed amazement, the policemen grinned, and "all the town wondered."

"I rode in about the first steam cars that were used," she said, "and I thought they were wonderful; but I never dreamed of riding in anything like this. Just fancy, no horses, no nothing; it all seems like magic. I should think the horses would be very jealous to see their occupation being taken from them in this fashion. When I was young, the only horseless carriages we knew were Sedan chairs. It's so exhilarating, I don't see why people use horses when they can go like this. I am not nearly so uneasy as behind a skittish pair of horses."—[Suzette, in Automobile Magazine.]

* * *

Moving Pictures of Klondike.

AREMARKABLE collection of films for a moving picture machine is now being developed at the laboratory of Thomas Edison in West Orange, N. J. The pictures are from the Klondike, and are intended for the exhibition Mr. Edison is to make at the Paris Exposition. All the films which have been developed have been successful. The entire series will show actual life in the Klondike as it has never been shown before. The photographing party started for the Klondike in June, 1896. Thomas Crahan and R. K. Bonine, the latter Edison's personal representative, were at the head of the party. Mr. Bonine had previously visited the region, and was in charge of the route and the selection of the views to be taken. Mr. Edison made a machine for the expedition which took pictures nine times the size of the ordinary ones. In order to use the larger film it was necessary to reduce the speed of the machine from forty-five to twenty pictures a second. The reduction in speed has resulted in a gain in clearness.—[Kansas City Journal.]

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An Army of Log-Cutters.

THE Chicago Times-Herald says that during the coming winter there will be an army of 35,000 men engaged in the remaining pine forests of Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan cutting logs for the market. The present supply of pine lumber is insufficient to meet the demand, and it will not be many years before consumers will be obliged to go out of the country to get any considerable quantities of white pine. In 1892 the three white pine States—Minnesota, Michigan and Wisconsin—were cutting at the rate of 7,000,000,000 feet annually, which they had six years later reduced to 5,500,000,000 feet. Today the country is back on the basis of consumption in 1892 and the basis of production in 1898, and it will take some time to make up the difference of 1,500,000,000. The forests of Michigan and Wisconsin are now so nearly exhausted that they can never make it up, and the entire burden will rest on the Duluth and Minneapolis districts, in Minnesota. For the next ten years these two districts can probably produce as much pine as they are now cutting. At that time the end of the white pine timber in the United States will be in sight.

* * *

Disappointed Pilgrims.

THE little band of religious enthusiasts who went recently from Missouri to Palestine, expecting there to witness the second coming of Christ, are in a bad way. The pilgrimage was the result of a tract written by Mrs.

Ida Dickinson, called "The City of the Great King." It convinced some farmers in Belham township, Mo., and others in Michigan that if they went to Jerusalem they could see Christ come again in all His glory, and that the faithful would be "caught up to Him." The pilgrims were headed by Mrs. Dickinson and her husband. They sold all their possessions and started for Palestine a little less than a year ago. A letter has just been received from them. The pilgrims are crowded into one small house. They are penniless and ill, but they are still hopeful that the Lord will come and they are waiting.—[New York Tribune.]

* * *

A Part of Greater New York.

BARREN Island is inhabited by about seven hundred and fifty men, women and children, twice as many dogs, several hundred pigs, chickens and ducks without number, and a few dispirited-looking cows and horses. The islanders, remote and isolated and engaged in unusual employments, subscribe to all manner of queer domestic conventions, and are distinguished from the common-place majority of residents within the boundaries of Greater New York by many peculiar traits. On the tugboat putting off from Canarsie you usually meet one or two islanders returning from visits to friends in Brooklyn or New York, although such excursions are so rare that they take on the aspect of events or epochs and are discussed accordingly.—[New York Sun.]

* * *

Building a Town Instantly.

IN OKLAHOMA they do not build towns as they do in other parts of the world. The people of that Territory sneer at the moth-eaten statement that Rome was not built in a day. They are well aware it required more than one day to build Rome, but that was a very long time ago, and, under any circumstances, nobody could expect genuine enterprise in Italy.

A new town was made in Oklahoma last Monday. It did not take half a day to build it. It was made at once. This new town is Billings, about thirty miles northwest of Perry, and it marks the terminus of a new branch of the Rick Island Railroad. The town site was marked out only four days before the town was established and Monday morning was fixed for occupancy. White Rock, a village about four miles away, decided to join the new venture. The 500 inhabitants of White Rock put their houses on wheels Saturday evening and on Sunday moved over to the edge of the new site. The White Rock postoffice went along with the other domiciles, and when 6 o'clock came on Monday morning the White Rock houses were moved to their several lots and the postoffice changed its name to Billings. Many other settlers came with wheeled houses or tents, waited patiently on the border line over Sunday, and moved in at 6 o'clock Monday morning.

Sunday evening there was not one house in Billings. Monday afternoon there were more than three hundred, and the town was established. Two banks were opened the first day and there were enough saloons to wash away all the dust that had collected in men's throats during the rush.—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

* * *

Queen Victoria's Aversions.

AMONG the Queen's aversions are coal, gas, tobacco and cats. All Her Majesty's fireplaces burn beech logs only. Of late years electricity has been sparingly introduced into Windsor Castle, but most of the artificial light required is still procured from wax candles. Smoking is strictly forbidden in the castle. Among all the varieties of pet animals owned by the Queen there is not to be found a cat of any description.—[Chicago Times-Herald.]

* * *

A Man's Right to His Face.

IN A DECISION handed down by Justice Hooker, the Michigan Supreme Court has declared that a man may use the name or print and circulate the pictures of another without his consent, and the latter have no legal redress.

The simple English of this is that a man cannot recover at law for an injury to his feelings merely, and that the law does not recognize a property right, either in a man's name or his face. These are as free to all our fellow-men as the air we breathe, and although it may be indecent in a camera fiend to take a snapshot of his neighbor's wife without her consent, there is no legal remedy for the impertinence.

The above conclusions were in the action of the widow of the late Col. John Atkinson, a well-known Michigan politician, to restrain a Detroit firm from putting upon the market the John Atkinson cigar, which bore a label with the name and likeness of Col. Atkinson.—[Philadelphia Times.]

* * *

Wears a Gold Enamored Nose.

A YOUNG woman artist in this city, who became an adept in delicate processes of enameling while studying in Paris, has just completed a gold and enamel nose for a woman who had lost that organ from cancer. The sufferer had tried to conceal her disfigurement by wax noses, but rain and sunshine played havoc with them. Rubber noses she found too heavy for everyday wear, and, besides, they had to be touched up frequently to keep them presentable. The rubber, too, irritated the skin.

The artist suggested an experiment. She offered to bear the expense in case of failure, and the woman without a nose consented.

From plaster of paris the artist moulded a truly artistic nose, suitable to the patient's style of face. Then she took the cast to Maiden Lane and bought gold and had it carefully shaped after the pattern. By drawing out very finely the edges where the metal would touch the flesh the lines of contact, when the nose was worn, were hardly detectable. A pair of spectacles fastened to the nose held the nose in place. Then came the most ticklish part of the work—the enameling.

The nose was re-enamed sixteen times before the artist

was satisfied that she had matched exactly the woman's complexion. As the patient's skin was dark and reddish and full of color it was difficult to imitate. Finally, however, when the nose was finished, it was as natural as could be—darkest at the roots, lightest at the bridge and on the tip, and it rose out of the face instead of resting against it. Now the woman has a better shaped nose than she ever had before, and, besides, the most durable one.—[New York Herald.]

* * *

Where the Champagne Comes From.

IT IS a well-known fact that there is more champagne drunk in one year than the champagne district of France can produce in seven. It is, however, not so generally known which countries consume most of the French output. The statistics for the year ending October 15 last, have just been made public. These show that the district in question exported 19,680,000 litres, valued at \$91,327,552, in that period. England purchased more than half the total, Belgium was second—a big way from England—with 2,778,000 litres, and Germany was third with 1,859,000. The United States and Canada are grouped together. But even then they have to put up with 1,419,400 litres. Can this mean? "But, never mind," suggests a writer in the Philadelphia Press, "it most probably means only that we are true to California, on the one hand, and Kentucky on the other. It might be that the Dreyfus case was to blame, were it not that Russia, that 'ally' of France, is satisfied with a fifth place and 498,500 litres."—[Kansas City Journal.]

* * *

Half Way Between Equator and Pole.

ASINGULAR mark of honor, and yet one to which it is naturally entitled, has just been conferred by the United States government upon North Perry, a little village situated in Washington county, about twenty-one miles from Calais, Me. That hitherto insignificant hamlet is located midway between the equator and the North Pole, and this memorable fact is to be noted on a shaft which will be erected within the next few days at one of the most central points in the village.

There is one church in North Perry, and the shaft will be placed on one side of the little path leading from the street to the church door. On the front of the pillar will be cut the words: "This stone marks latitude 45 deg., north, halfway from the Equator to the North Pole."

Naturally this unexpected incident has set the people of North Perry in a flutter of excitement. There are only about five hundred persons in the place, and while the men earn their living by acting as guides to hunting parties and by working in the lumber camps, the women and children earn a little money in the spring and fall by picking berries and sending them to the canning factories. Not often do they take a holiday, but they are determined to have one on the day when the shaft is placed in position.

The stone, which has just been completed at a granite quarry near there, was ordered by the government and the spot which it will occupy has been marked by the geographical surveyors of the United States government as being precisely midway between the equator and the North Pole.—[Chicago Chronicle.]

* * *

Artificial Oysters in Paris.

ARTIFICIAL, or manufactured oysters, are now being sold in Paris, where the real bivalve is very expensive. The only genuine thing about the manufactured oysters is the shell, which is purchased second-hand by the makers at small cost. The spurious oyster is fastened on with a tasteless paste, and is sold on the half shell. Those who have indulged in these counterfeit bivalves say that when lemon juice or vinegar has been added they cannot be told from the real article. The secret of the manufacture has not yet been disclosed, but the ingredients of which they are made are said to be harmless.—[Philadelphia Record.]

* * *

American English Interpreted.

DURING the present epidemic of American troops in Hongkong the following glossary of some of the terms in use by them may be found of use or interest:

"To rubberneck"—To look around to see what may be seen. To crane at a fence or over trenches.

"Rubbering around"—The act of "rubbernecking."

"Slumgullock," otherwise "slum"—Hash as obtained in the average Chinese restaurant.

"Cold feet," otherwise "cold footed"—To be afraid, a coward.

"To hike"—To chase along; "hiking," pursuing.

"Dog robber"—A soldier who acts as lickspittle to his superiors.

"To throw down"—To get a chum into trouble.

"To ship the straps" (i. e., shoulderstraps)—To get a commission.

"Bootleg"—Coffee.

"Gugu"—An insurgent. Name said to be invented by the Twentieth Kansas Volunteers.

"The Old Woman"—A term of endearment applied to Maj.-Gen. Otis.

"To call down"—To make an antagonist give in. To rate any one soundly.

"A rookie"—Any one who has been in the service ten minutes less than yourself.

"To shoot craps"—An interesting game played with two dice on a numbered board. Sometimes one wins, sometimes the other. (Generally the other.)

"To hit the pipe"—To smoke opium.

"A dope dollar"—A British, Mexican or any silver dollar except that of the United States.

"Bobtail"—A soldier discharged by reason of misconduct.

Here our informant tried to explain how unfair it was that he should be "bobtailed." Explanation proceeding as we go to press.—[Hongkong Telegraph.]

Daniel Hileman, who died at Oswego, Kan., recently, was a delegate from Ohio to the convention which nominated James K. Polk for President in 1844.

BIBLE STUDIES.
FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS AND
ALL BIBLE STUDENTS.

Prepared for *The Times* by J. S. Kirtley

For November 26, 1899.

PROVERBS XXIII:29-35. WOES OF INTEMPERANCE.

THE CONNECTION.

PROVERBS are the wise sayings of wise men about the great duties and moralities of life. Solomon collected them, though many different men composed them. He composed many of them and gave his name to the whole collection. There are seven sections in the book and our lesson calls in the fourth section, distinguished as "the words of the wise." In this section the writer assumes the attitude of a father counseling his son against three forms of fascinating wickedness, excessive feasting, licentiousness and wine drinking. The latter is our lesson today. And there was need of such warning, for, from of old, Palestine was a producer of grapes and of more or less drunkenness. It was especially true in the hundred years before the fall of the Northern Kingdom and it was true after the return from exile. In all the civilized world intemperance, with its woes, is frightfully prevalent, and the words of warning in our lesson, giving such a vivid picture of the drunkard in his tragic descent to his doom, were never more needed than now.

THE LESSON.

I.

"Its Sorrows." (Verses 29-30.)

"Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions?
Who hath complaining? Who hath wounds without cause?

Who hath redness of eyes?

They that tarry long at the wine;

They that go to seek out mixed wine."

The marks of a drunkard are here vividly given: (1.) His personal pain, physical or mental or moral that expresses itself in the outcry "oh," or "ah," which the word here translated "woe" really means. It is an outcry of the drunkard's pain. The word translated sorrow is really another outcry—"alas." It comes from a root which means poverty and it expresses a sense of loss. These two interjections were used by orientals to describe the drunkard, for they are the actual involuntary sounds which he makes. The first is the simple sound of his discomfort, the second of his deep distress; when he feels that he has lost all. "The Arabs among themselves seldom say a man was drunk. If they wish to convey the meaning that he was simply drunk, they make a gutteral sound, like the first interjection, but if they wish to show that the man was very drunk, they put their hands sympathetically on their stomachs and bending forward spasmodically utter an inarticulate sound like the second interjection." These simple expressions of the drunkard may indicate woes and privations of all kinds—loss of intelligence, will-power, heart-power, friends, family, fortune, health, conscience. Manifold are the discomforts and the distresses of the drunkard, from his own involuntary testimony in the sounds that escape his unguarded lips.

(2.) Contentions. Peaceable by nature men are often quarrelsome when drunken. It destroys his wisdom, self-control, respect for others and for himself, inflames the passions and deadens the conscience. For there are "complainings" or babblings. The drunkard has no discretion. He tells secrets, speaks out his vile thoughts in vile language, boasts or complains as the mood takes him, or as he perceives his own condition. There are two results of all this viciousness, indiscretion and misuse of the body—causeless wounds received in drunken brawls or by accidents that might have been avoided, if he had not been drunk; a bodily and moral degradation seen in the dim, lustful eye. It is here called "redness," but it means the dimness that shows that the eye of the soul is being blinded. These things are inevitable to those who devote themselves to drinking wine. It is not a mere sip now and then, but the habit grows upon the man till he does two things, drinks much of it—"tarries long at the wine;" exercises his ingenuity in getting more stimulus out of it by mixing it, either with some other kind of wine or with spices and drugs. The effect of the drinking is to take much time and engage the mind's ingenuity. What a frightful use of time and talent! And the sorrow of it is that he who drinks at all may expect to come to that.

II.

"Its Seductions." (Verse 31.)

"Look not thou upon the wine when it is red,
When it giveth its color in the cup.
When it goeth down smoothly."

Its seductive power is so great that one should both abstain from its use, and banish it from sight and thought. No one can tamper with it at all and feel reasonably secure from becoming its victim. It appeals to the sense of sight, with a triple attractiveness. It "reddens itself," like the dark red wine of Lebanon and of Hebron, as if it were blushing a welcome to the eye; it "giveth his color," or rather "giveth his eye," the "beaded bubbles winking on the surface," merrily and saucily bantering the beholder; it attracts by its "pell-mell stream flowing pleasantly from the wine-skin or jug into the goblet or throat"—"goeth down smoothly." Thus through the eye, it appeals to the taste and awakens the drunkard's awful passion, the temperate man's desire for pleasant sensations, the troubled man's craving for sweet oblivion of his sorrow, and the youth's fondness for new and exciting experiences. To look upon the attractive thing appreciatively is to yield to it that far, to take the first step in the mad race, to death. Therefore "look not upon the wine," in any friendly way. Total abstinence is our only safety.

III.

"Its Sequel." (Verses 32-35.)

"At the last it biteth like a serpent,
And stingeth like an adder.
Thine eyes shall behold strange things,
And thine heart shall utter froward things."

Yea, thou shalt be as he that lieth down in the midst of the sea,
Or as he that lieth upon the top of a mast.
They have stricken me, shall thou say, and I was not hurt;
They have beaten me, and I felt it not;
When shall I awake? I will seek it yet again."

It is like a serpent that, though beautiful and attractive with its brilliant colors, its sparkling eyes and its graceful, gliding motion, stings and bites, bringing degradation and death. There is no bite so deadly as that of a serpent in general and no serpent's sting so venomous as that of the adder, in particular. The deadly result of drunkenness cannot be set forth in human speech more powerfully. The venom that comes from the adder's sting comes suddenly, unexpectedly, and is instantaneously diffused through the whole system. Suddenly the drunkard finds himself hopelessly the victim of deadly drink. "At the last" expresses, not time, but consequence, not the last days of life, but the final effects of drunkenness, even though it be in the young man's morning that ought to be glorious or in the matured man's hour that ought to be "high noon" of manhood's noble achievements. We have seen that "at the last" comes sometimes sadly early, to be followed by many years of a hopelessly poisoned life.

When once the serpent's sting has fully poisoned the drunkard, he passes through three stages that are here described. First, a stage of abnormal excitement, which we see in verse 33. He has hallucinations. He sees things that no one else sees—"strange things"—from double vision, from the diseased imagination that creates a world all his own, in which he reels and staggers as if it were real. He sees motives and actions in others, that do not exist; he sees physical objects in distorted relations; he sees objects that have no existence at all, outside of his own mind. This latter is true in the stage of delirium tremens, when he is driven to paroxysms of terror by the horrible objects that haunt his vision. He not only has hallucinations; he talks horrible and disgusting things—"utters froward things." Because he loses self-control and wisdom his tongue speaks out the sentiments of his maudlin and imbruted heart and mind. He pours out a stream of filth, profanity, contentiousness. Drunkenness powerfully stimulates the fountain of evil in the heart and makes it yield its "evil treasures" in abnormal and shocking abundance. By disuse and repression, with God's daily help, we may crowd out and kill out the natural vileness of human nature; by throwing conscience and self-control to the winds and laying the reins on the neck of passion, we are carried on to destruction by the forces of evil.

Next a stage of degrading stupor, verse 34. In that stupor he knows no more of his relation to truth and duty and of the conditions of physical safety than if a man should lie down "in the midst of the sea," or attempt to make his bed on the sharp top of the towering mast of the ship. The drunkard is as foolish as that. He is just as insensible as that to physical danger, as he flings himself around anywhere. As to the danger to his soul, what cares he whether God sees or not, whether God condemns or not? It is sad to sin and know and regret it; it is sadder to sin and neither care nor know. It is as stupid and unsuitable to be drunk as to go to sleep on the top of the mast or on the waves of the sea.

The last stage of the drunkard is his awful awakening, verse 35. The first thing he usually does is to lay it on others. They have stricken me and beaten me. Drunkenness produces lying. It leads him to lie to others about how he got his wounds and bruises; it leads him to blame others for tempting him or providing him with drink. He usually underestimates the effects of it—"I was not hurt," "I felt it not." He calls his spree a mere frolic, or at worst a little indiscretion. He thinks he will soon be over it, though for the moment he does feel as if some one had been striking and beating him, especially on his head. He is foolish enough to think his head will soon be well; he is insane enough to think there is very little injury to his mind and to his heart. Thus, we see the marks of the virus with which the adder has made him insane, bodily and in every way.

And the most marked sign of his moral insanity and slavery is that he wants to try it "yet again." "Whoso committeth sin is the slave of sin," said Christ, and the drunkard proves His words true. He forgets his own honor, the honor and happiness of other, the hellish experiences he has had, and the doom that awaits him, and returns to his debauch, under the power of a habit that has destroyed all power of choosing or even wishing freedom from it. And the whole story is not told in our lesson, for it does not speak of those who suffer with and for the drunkard; of those who add social attractiveness to that of the wine itself to tempt men; of those who are led into the same habit by his influence and example.

What the Masters Say.

O thou invisible spirit of Wine! If thou hast no name to be known by, let us call the devil.—[Iago.]

O God, that men should put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains; that we should with joy and revel transform ourselves into beasts.—[Iago.]

Temperance has done much in the last generation to oppose this mad passion, but even in America victory is still far ahead. Here in England the woes of intemperance may be judged by its sad commonness, for the consumption of strong drink in the States is not much more than half, per head, of that with us. Were our outlay on alcohol no higher than yours, it would save us no less than \$285,000,000 a year—and how many woes would that heal? Our drink bill for 1898 was nearly \$772,500,000, which comes to nearly \$33 for every living creature old enough to crave such drink. In my parish I found many workmen who drank over \$7 a week out of a wage of \$10. Workingmen are three-fourths of our population, and it is believed that they spend \$500,000,000 yearly on worse than useless drink. [Geike.]

Take, for example, the cost of strong drink to us as a nation, compared with what we pay for other and more needful things. According to the census of 1880, I find that we spend as follows: Bread, \$505,000,000; meat, \$303,000,000; sugar and molasses, \$155,000,000; public schools, \$96,000,000; cotton and woolen goods, \$452,000,000; iron and steel, \$296,000,000; ministers' salaries, \$25,000,000; strong drink, \$900,000,000.—[Schauffler.]

In return for this (expenditure for drink) the nation re-

ceives 500 murderers, 500 suicides, 100,000 criminals, 200,000 paupers, 60,000 deaths from drunkenness, 600,000 besotted drunkards, 600,000 moderate drinkers, who will be sois ten years hence; 500,000 homes destroyed, 1,000,000 children worse than orphaned.—[T. F. Parker.]

What a science to which to devote trained intellects and educated taste! There are seekers after wisdom, seekers after truth, seekers after God, seekers after noble and lovely things, but to be seekers after the daintiest, most palate-tickling way of mixing liquors, was indeed a lofty ambition. What an epitaph for a man, "He was a connoisseur in wines; he did not know much about science or history or philosophy or theology or art or commerce or morality, but he was a perfect master at blending whisky!" —[Maclarens.]

Truths to Impress.

(1.) That alcoholic drinks are never necessary, or even helpful, to healthy people.

(2.) That they are never helpful as a medicine if they are used as a beverage.

(3.) That total abstinence is the only safe course.

(4.) That, whereas only the drunkard's woes are told, in our lessons, the woes that he brings to others should deter any humane soul from intemperance.

(5.) That drunkenness becomes a disease, and is always a sin.

(6.) That if by the will of others the drunkard were brought to his woes, it would be very cruel; that, brought of them by his own choice, it is without natural remedy.

(7.) That he who provides the drink to make men drunk or induces them to use it, is the foe of man.

(8.) That there is only one hope for the drunkard, the blood of Christ that is able to cleanse from all sin.

LAY SERMONS.

WE ARE poor wanderers from Our Father's house in this wide wilderness of the world. And yet we need not be far from Him because He will walk with us, if we will. And O, the blessed angels that He sends to comfort us on our way—the angels of Hope and Love, whose shining wings are ever bearing onward toward the light. And if we accept of these to go with us how will our hearts be uplifted, and how soon will the sorrows of earth be lost in the blessed assurances which they will give of divine care.

Hope and love! These are our own heritage; if Christ be ours and we trust in Him.

There are so many delightful words that Christ has spoken to His followers that it would seem that there is no room for doubt and discouragement for those who truly love Him.

Let us gather up a few of the pearls that are hidden for us in God's word, and rejoice in them and hold them as our very own. Put them into the sacred casket of our faith, and if ever we are overcome by a sense of loneliness and doubt let them comfort us. These precious pearls of truth—here is a little handful of them:

"Whosoever will, let him come and drink of the waters of Life freely."

"Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"I will never leave nor forsake you."

"The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want."

"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life."

"Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you I will come again and receive you unto Myself, that where I am there ye may be also."

What more do we need for our comfort and joy than these blessed words of the Master? Here are life and love offered. Here are rest and forgiveness. Here the promise of an eternal home in one of the many mansions prepared for God's children. Why with the assurance of all these should we ever walk in the darkness sorrowing and afraid? O Earth! Earth! Blind not our eyes longer to the love of God, or to the fullness of blessing that He has in store for us. Let us walk by faith rather than by sight, then shall we see forever shining before us the glory and the gladness of the better life which awaits us if we are God's children.

Let our trust be strong and unfaltering, and what we do not understand of God's dealings with us here, let us leave in His hands, never questioning His goodness or His love, and waiting patiently for Him to make it plain.

Let us keep our faces toward the east, where the Morning Star of God's love is shining, and whatever may betide us let us rejoice that we are in the hands of Him who gave His life for us that we might be saved.

O Love divine, O all-embracing Love!

I rest content in it and unafraid,

And walk, upheld by Thee, for Thou hast paid

The ransom that shall ope for me above

The gates of Heav'n and I may enter in,

Blood-washed and stainless, free from grief and sin.

What though my little day be clouded here,

I'll wait and trust, nor yield to doubt or fear.

A WONDERFUL GRAPE VINE.

At Welleck, near Worksop, the Duke of Portland possessed one of the most magnificent vines in the United Kingdom.

One of his vines produced a luxuriant branch of Syrian grapes, the weight of which was estimated at 15 pounds, and when sent as a present to the Marquis of Rockingham, at his residence, Wentworth House, four peasants were employed in carrying it on a staff, sharing the handsome burden by turns. At Hampton Court there is still another very famous vine called the Red Hamburg. It produces on an average 1500 to 2000 branches and the number has even been known to amount to 2200.

Another remarkable fact concerning this vine is, that its age is equal to that of the oak, and a tree of 100 years' growth may be reckoned in its prime.

Woman and Home—Our Wives and Daughters.

MARY DEAN'S LETTER.

SKELETON HEARTS OF BRILLIANTS ARE WORN AS PENDANTS FROM THE NAPE OF THE NECK.

From a Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, Nov. 20.—“You can have no idea what a shock it was to my preferences and prejudices this morning when my tailor insisted that my new cloth walking gown must be finished off with a long cloak.”

“Yes,” continued the woman in the Morris chair, turning back her fawn-colored cloth skirt over her knees, to bring into view a bewitching petticoat of pale rose Pekin satin, garnished, like a silver willow tree, with deeply-fringed pearl-gray silk flounces. “Yes,” she insisted, “and the worst of it was I had to give in and order a long coat; not a coat to my hips or my knees, my dears, but clear to my feet, a box body coat; and how my figure and my hill are going to look when it is all done I shudder to contemplate. But you see there was no appeal, for everybody, positively everybody, is going to wear, or is already wearing, a long coat.”

“However, we all have our burdens to bear, and mine is to be a box-shaped coat of gray, unfinished worsted, just wide enough at the foot to enable me to step, because it will be slit up four inches in the side seams. Smoke-gray satin will be the lining; I am to have a high up-turning collar and two little revers, folding to right and left, over the double-breasted front.”

“The one scrap of silver lining to this gray cloud will be my pockets. I am allowed a large one on the right-hand side—an inserted pocket that will really hold things, and I must wear one-button gray glace kids with my tailor suit.”

Copying Mrs. Burke Roche.

“How cruelly trying those one-button gloves are to be sure,” commented the hostess genially.

“Speaking of long coats, I admit that mine is a flagrant copy of one I saw worn by Mrs. Burke Roche at the collegiate football match early in the month. Hers was rather ample in the skirt and fell about four inches below her knees. The shoulders were so stitched that in the back and front a heavy pointed yoke was formed and the cuffs were stitched and turned back. Naturally there was a towering collar and she wore her fur boa outside the collar.”

“Civing her searching glances through my glass, I observed that when the day grew warm and the boa, a long tipped fox, was taken off, she pulled it through her muff so that the snubbed head hung out at one end and the tail

and feet at the other, and the beautiful skin was quite safe from all possibility of slipping away unawares.”

“What an eye you have for details, anyway,” commented the inhabitant of the Morris chair enviously. “Is there anything new lately in umbrellas?”

Bric-a-Brac Umbrella Handles.

“Really, now, you know,” interrupted the hostess kindly, “metal is not at all the prevailing idea unless it is an elegant antique gold or silver handle taken from an eighteenth century walking staff or verger’s wand. To have an umbrella handle that ornamented one of Sheridan’s Beau Brummel or Charles Fox walking sticks is a treasure indeed, but if you can’t have a fine bit of bric-a-brac for the purpose then buy a slim, sleek, slender silk-covered frame with a long ivory ostrich feather curling out for a handle, or one of ebony or teak wood similarly carved. The handle must be quite long and the feather effect is quite the newest thing. Another motif, much admired in ebony, is the carved head of a black poodle, one of the kind whose hair grows in long cords. Two star rubies, or star sapphires, imitations of the true stones, of course, are set in the eyes. Pretty Miss Stuyvesant Fish and the little McKay Twombly debutante I have seen carrying umbrellas with silver handles ending in broad, thin disks. When you touch a spring at one side of such a disk, a half of it slides back to reveal a little mirror set in the other half; a pretty idea for a debutante, I think.”

Seen at the Theater.

“Where I arrived at my conclusions concerning umbrellas the other day was at a crowded and distinctly fashionable matinee. At the best theaters one sees the women gowned in all the latest and most bewitching freaks of fashion. Sweeping the house with my glasses I observed two very momentous facts; firstly, that the small black liberty silk or chiffon, or net boa is no more. It has been obliged to give way to a graceful and quite as useful a substitute. By this I mean the boa made of white, gray or black duck’s down. My matinee friend informed me they were worn in Paris last, and instantly became one of the toilet fixtures, and if my eyes don’t deceive me they will become part and parcel of every wardrobe in America.”

“The deep feather down of an arctic duck’s breast is peeled off, cured and then mounted in a band that goes once about the neck, fastens under the chin and lets fall a bib of pretty pompons, that resemble nothing so much as newly-fledged chickens, on the chest, or clear to the waist line. This down has the tenderest most caressing touch to the skin as you can imagine, is warm as fur and just one-half as expensive; besides, I see that these black boas

are counted as mourning and white ones set off a young girl’s blooming complexion to the most dazzling advantage. New Way of Doing the Hair.

“My second find in the way of a fashion was the new way the women have of doing their hair. For the theater they roll it up in a pompadour in front and draw all the back hair far forward, to meet the pompadour on the tip-top of the cranium. The idea is to display a long line over the crown to the nape, and the farther forward, without appearing grotesque, that one can pin one’s hair the longer and, therefore, the smarter will the rear line be. But don’t make a grievous mistake of allowing the back hair to draw tightly up from the neck, nor must you let tags and uneven hairs straggle out behind. If your hair does not naturally wave, give a slight ondulation to the back hair, draw it up loosely but smoothly and insert some short-toothed combs in the base of the coil, in order to hold the rear sweep of hair firm and even.”

“I took some notes at the matinee,” gurgled a pretty pink and white thing, toasting her feet on the low brass fender. “It’s my contribution to the sum of the style that you have all been reckoning up. I saw the sweetest little actress in town do it, and I have already followed her suit with sterling success in my venture. She, poor dear, has a very thin neck, young, you know, but the collar bones do show; so that she is obliged to wind many strings of beads about her throat to hide nature’s niggardliness. Now her back is distinctly plump and pretty; so at the rear of her pearl collar she has hung a skeleton heart of brilliants. It is a lovely ornament that sparkles against the pretty pink shoulders, draws inevitable attention to the incipient dimples in the top of her charming shoulder blades, and makes you quite forget all about the provoking collar bones. That was a suggestion not to be overlooked and set one to wondering why, after all, women will hang their pretty ornaments upon their chests and have the shoulders bare. Well, at my next opportunity—a little dinner—I went proudly wearing my diamond heart hanging down my back, and if you will believe me, every other woman at that meal had evidently been to that play and reasoned as I did, for seven hearts twinkled between seven pairs of shoulder blades, and not one of us leaned back in our chairs the whole feast through, though we felt the charm of the effect fully repaid us for our discomfort, and I’ll promise you necklaces will be very much worn behind this winter.”

MARY DEAN.

THANKSGIVING TID-BITS.

A dainty to serve with one course of the Thanksgiving dinner is alligator or arreado pear. It may be served with the traditional roast pig, which, by the way, now has a small ear of red corn in its mouth, instead of a lemon. Cut the pear across in thin slices and lay on a glass



A Smart Toque.

From Suzanne & Barault, Paris, comes this elegant model of the very smartest toque of the season. The fur is of otter, soft as down and sheeny as satin, combined with velvet of a heavenly tone of silvery lilac. The design is the very perfection of simplicity, but is none the less rich and beautiful as a whole.

A Superb Toilet.

This superb French toilet from the atelier of Mme. Bon-

nai, Rue Louis le Grand, Paris, is of satin-finished ladies’ cloth, is black, and very elaborately trimmed with an applique of black velvet. The style is severe princess, fitting the figure closely, and where the collar flares slightly in front a touch of folded cherry silk appears. The train is quite long.

A Paris Reception Gown.

The splendidly-handsome reception gown photographed here is another model from Mme. Bonnaire of Rue Louis le

Grand, Paris. It is of cut velvet, a regal stuff, and both skirt and waist are broadly slashed to show the coral satin beneath. These slashings are filled with black lace insertion, applied at the edges with steel spangles. At the openings on the lower edge of the skirt, coral-chiffon frills edged with black spangles show, and the collar is a Parisian creation in coral, black lace and paillettes. A rosette of black tulle is fastened to the bosom with jewelled pins.



A Charming Hat in Gray.

Gray in all shades of ash, pearl and stone, is as popular as ever. The charming hat photographed here is of velvet, in a silvery-lichen tone, with a rather narrow round brim and heavily shirred and folded crown. Snow-white gulls are set close on either side of a tall velvet bow in front, and the combination of delicate white plumage and silver gray is very beautiful.

dish; dress with oil, salt and tarragon—a French dressing, and there you are. You both please your guests and astonish them, if the morsel has not before been tasted by them, and it will be quite safe to offer a small Klondike as a prize for the one who can tell what he is eating.

If afternoon tea is served before dinner, this pear may here be used with great success for sandwiches—indeed its mission seems to lie in this direction. Butter thinnest slices of bread—but do not spread it thick. Have a paste prepared of the mashed alligator pear, treated to the French dressing, and spread this upon the bread, but do not forget to add a trifle of nutmeg. Cut the sandwiches in diamonds, stars or squares, and serve with your cup of Bohea.

A hot morsel for the 5 o'clock function, is crisp, thin ginger snaps, the very best which you can make or buy. Put them in the oven to get toasted, butter, sprinkle with a dash of cayenne pepper and you have a toothsome trifle for a cold afternoon, when you come in from the golf links, say for your cup of tea. Served with "bones"—broiled marrow bones—these ginger snaps are quite chic for a late supper.

AIDS TO COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

QUEEN MARGARET URGED WOMEN'S RIGHTS AND A CUSTOM THAT ADVANCED MATRIMONY.

By a Special Contributor.

There is quite an interesting and little-known history connected with the introduction of leap year. In 1288, when Queen Margaret reigned over Scotland, this gracious lady decreed that during her reign every maiden in her realm, whether of high or low degree, should propose to the man that she loved; and that if the man were not betrothed already he must either wed the maid or pay a heavy fine.

On the death of Queen Margaret, the women were urgent in their demands that their new privileges should be continued. To appease them an act of parliament was passed which made it lawful for maidens to do the proposing every leap year.

Not all the romantic ideas of our ancestors have been thus perpetuated and comparatively few were transferred by our pilgrim fathers across the Atlantic. For instance, in the good old days, it was the custom in many towns and even villages in England to own a house where poor couples, after they had been wedded in church, could entertain their friends at small cost, the only outlay indeed being entailed by the purchase of such provisions as they chose to bring with them.

In Hertfordshire there was such a house, which had a large kitchen with a cauldron, large spits and a dripping pan; also a large room for merriment and a furnished boudoir. Dishes, table linen and bed linen were among its possessions.

In Essex there was a house very much like this, which was used by the poorer folks for dining in after they had returned from church.

In some of the old English histories one may read that in 1456 Roger Thornton granted to the Mayor and community of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the use of the hall and kitchen belonging to Thornton's Hospital for the use of young couples "when they were married to make their wedding dinner in, and receive the offerings and gifts of their friends."

At Hamelin there still exists a large building, which is known as the wedding house. It was erected during the second decade of the seventeenth century.

MARION DEPEW.

The extensive estate of the Countess Ravaschieri, in Pozzuoli, Italy, has been given by her to an Italian hygienic society for a hospital for incurable consumptives.

A Unique Winter Hat.

This handsome winter hat is a rather unusual combination of fur and autumn foliage. The frame is of golden-brown velvet, with a corded brim and crush crown. Sable tails are arranged to fall gracefully over the velvet, and mixed with bronze, green and brown leaves, touched with scarlet, the effect is beautiful.

DE MONVEL'S WORK.

AMERICA NOW THE ONLY PLACE WHERE PEOPLE SPEND MONEY FOR WORKS OF ART.

From a Special Correspondent.

PARIS, Oct. 27.—Boutet de Monvel, the distinguished French painter of children's portraits, returns tomorrow for a second visit to America.

"You see my studio empty," he said, "but many of my pictures have gone to Vienna—not Berlin; I would not exhibit in Berlin—to Vienna—where they are to have a room by themselves in a general exhibition."

But on his studio wall is one of the beautiful Doworemy frescos which in itself furnishes the room. All the brilliant court of Charles VII are assembled, the King alone in a simple velvet gown fur-trimmed, the only dark note in the picture, which disguise fails to deceive Jeanne d'Arc, who kneels unhesitatingly before the Dauphin of France.

"You can't imagine," said De Monvel, "what pleasure I take in executing all the details of these stiffs and tapes-tries. I have worked at this fresco most of the time since my return from America. My intention is to make them as decorative as possible and as much like old missals."

The result is so successful that but for the remarkable freshness of color they might be mistaken for some huge illuminations of the fifteenth century, recently discovered.

"America is now the only place where people are willing to spend large sums of money for works of art," De Monvel went on in talking. "But the picture dealers take advantage of this too often. Rosa Bonheur's pictures, for example, will not be worth anything in another twenty-five years, and Americans have paid big prices for them."

During the summer M. de Monvel has finished two portraits, one of M. Lazarde's son, and one of Reinach's son, the nephew of Joseph Reinach, who lost his decoration of the Legion of Honor because of his conduct during the Dreyfus trial. He takes with him to America a portrait of Emmons Blaine, a boy of eight or ten, seated with a volume on his knees of De Monvel's Jeanne d'Arc, whose varied colors make a pleasing contrast with the subdued delicate tones of the picture, which was begun last year in Chicago and finished in Paris.

Boutet de Monvel's most recent work is a group of Breton children in the open air. The boys lie about on the grass after the manner of the Brittany fishermen, who look upon the time spent on land as the resting time from the struggles and hardships at sea; and the girls stand about, their sober faces bent under their white coifs toward the roll of knitting in their hands—matrons already, preoccupied with womanly duties. This is one of a series of Breton studies which De Monvel is preparing probably to exhibit in 1900. In New York he is to paint, among others, the portrait of the granddaughter of Senator Clark of Montana, little Miss Culver.

B. M.G. VAN VORST.

PRESIDENT STEYN'S ROMANCE.

HOW HE MET AND MARRIED MISS FRASER OF BLOEMFONTEIN.

[London Mail:] President Steyn, whose proclamation "annexing a portion of Cape Colony north of the Vaal River" created mixed feelings of amusement and indignation in London recently, spent his earlier years with his maternal grandmother at Bloemfontein.

This good lady was the wife of the famous Boer leader and pioneer, Wessels—a man with some sterling qualities, whose memory the Boers hold in the highest reverence. Mrs. Wessels was a fit wife for such a husband—brave, determined, patriotic, gentle and loving.

The natives disputed every step the "trekking" Boers

took in their country, but they were hardly more dangerous than the lions which prowled about in large numbers. Many a time in the dead of night Steyn's grandmother, when a young married woman, had to fly from impending death in one form or another, one child in her arms, another running by her side, clinging to her skirts. In later years, when the Boers had settled down to cultivate their farms and the Wessels were able to look back on the stormy days that had passed, a phrase that Steyn and his brothers heard often from their grandmother's lips was: "You are free men. See to it that you remain free." Steyn dwells upon the memory of this noble woman with affection and pride.

The marriage of the President of the Free State is quite a little romance in itself. He was intended for a legal career, and when 19 years of age left South Africa to pursue his studies in Europe. On the same ship was a sweet, winsome lassie of 12, and the boy and the girl became boon companions to the end of the voyage. Steyn studied with diligence and success. Sometimes he thought of his little traveling companion, and wondered if he should ever see her again.

Six years passed, and Steyn returned to Bloemfontein a full-fledged barrister. He had only been home a few days when he attended a school function, and one of the first guests he was introduced to was a beautiful young woman of 18, in whom he quickly recognized his ship companion of six years before. Under similar circumstances young people are apt to call such coincidence "destiny," and Steyn and his sweetheart were no exception to the rule. His offer of marriage was accepted, but Steyn's financial position did not warrant him in setting up housekeeping just then. He had plenty of brains, but few briefs to exercise them on. There was nothing for it but to wait and work.

Steyn traveled a great deal in circuit, and the letters for his sweetheart he addressed secretly to a mutual friend, upon whom Miss Fraser—for such was the young woman's name—called every day for her billets-doux. Bloemfontein even now is no bigger than a decent-sized English village; in those days it was so small that everybody made a point of knowing everybody else's business. Consequently, people were quick to notice the friendship that had sprung up between Miss Fraser and Steyn's friend in the barrister's absence, and the general impression was that this friend was trying to steal Steyn's sweetheart from him, thus proving himself a traitor to Steyn and unworthy of recognition by any honest, fair-dealing resident of Bloemfontein! Friends deserted the unhappy man; where once he was met with smiles he saw nothing but frowns, but he stuck loyally to his trust despite it all.

When Steyn returned to Bloemfontein people received him with veiled expressions of commiseration. Steyn could not understand it. He hastened to the residence of the man who had been acting as his "postman" and inquired the meaning of it all. He roared with laughter when he heard of the conclusion his fellow-townsmen had jumped to, and how surprised those good but misguided folk were when they saw the rising young barrister and "the base deceiver" walking arm in arm through the streets may be readily imagined. At last Bloemfontein learned the truth. They had much to ask forgiveness for from the man upon whom they had too quickly passed judgment, and he was feted and banqueted for many days thereafter. The marriage of Advocate Steyn and Miss Fraser rounded off a pretty little romance, but whether "the postman" acted as "best man"—if there is such an office at a Boer wedding—deponeat sayeth not.

In this wise did the man who is figuring so prominently in the Transvaal war meet, woo and win a charming bride.

FIRST NATIONAL THANKSGIVING.

DELIVERY FROM THE TREASON OF BENEDICT ARNOLD THE CAUSE.

By a Special Contributor.

"Forever be his name accursed of men and his crime be the associate of his memory," was the cry of the people of the United States upon the exposure of Benedict Arnold, 110 years ago. The story of his treason is known by every American, and always will be known in the years to come. The dead past cannot always bury its dead; the living past sometimes christens them.

Following close on the revulsion of feeling and universal contempt expressed for Arnold, came another emotion none the less sincere and genuine. It was gratitude to God that He had saved the country. Probably no event in American history has produced such universal excitement. The feeling was general that it was only by the intervention of providence that the army was saved and the future of this liberty-loving country made secure. Men and women trembled when they learned of the great danger they had been in. They cursed Arnold, and then prayed fervently and thankfully.

So great was the excitement and so intense was the feeling of gratitude to God that Congress appointed the seventh day of December, 1780 (eleven weeks after the capture of Andre) as a day of Thanksgiving for the whole people. The States followed the example of Congress, the Governors setting aside the same day as a holiday for the observance of the cause.

John Hancock was Governor of Massachusetts at this time, and his proclamation reflects the spirit of the time, calling particular attention to "the late remarkable interposition of His watchful providence in rescuing the person of our Commander-in-Chief and the army from imminent dangers, at the moment when treason was ripened for execution."

The message concludes with: "God save the people of the United States."

Americans have found much since this first proclamation for which to be grateful, but there is no parallel in history to such a gigantic treason as that of Arnold, and no occasion for such heartfelt gratitude as was felt by the first Americans fighting for life and liberty.

Ex-Queen Liliuokalani expects to leave Washington in December for her home in Hawaii. She has not been successful in any of her plans in Washington. Prince David is her guest, and will remain with her during the rest of her stay.

The Youths' Own Page—Our Boys and Girls.

THINGS ALL AROUND US.

NATURE SERIES—V. HOW PLANTS PROTECT THEIR FLOWERS.

By a Special Contributor.

A WHILE ago, I said that I would explain to you something about the manner in which plants protect their flowers.

I have told you how all flowers have two very important parts—one part that produces a kind of yellow dust called pollen, and another part, a sort of gummy knob-stick, on which that dust must be sprinkled in order that the seeds, which grow in a case down below the knob, may ripen. I told you, also, that, where the pollen is carried from one flower to another, the seeds are much better; that is, the plants that grow from them are much healthier and stronger than those that grow from seeds ripened with the help of pollen from the same flower. And I told you, further, how many of the flowers have little honey-sacks, with which they bribe the bees or other flying things to play expressman and carry their pollen dust from blossom to blossom. Not all flowers send their pollen by winged insects, however. Some send it by the wind, though he is not so good a carrier, since he spills a score or more of the yellow grains for every one that he brings to their destination. These flowers that use the wind for carrier do not have bright colors. They are usually just green things, often so small, too, that you would hardly notice them. You probably would not call them flowers at all, for they are often made up of only the parts on which the pollen dust grows and the knob-stick with the seed case below it. But these parts, small as they are, generally hang far out so that the wind can not very easily help blowing off the pollen and taking it along with him, as he passes. At some times of the year, you may have slipped your hand over the heads of the pretty grasses that you have found growing in your yard or in the fields, and have yellowed your fingers with the pollen. Many of the trees, like the grasses, have green flowers, for whose pollen the wind is expressman. These flowers do not usually produce honey. This is found almost exclusively in the flowers that use winged insects for expressmen, and these flowers have also bright-colored flower leaves, or petals as they are called, so that the insects may see them easily, even from far off, and not pass them by.

But the flying insects are not the only ones that like honey. Very many creeping ones have a sweet tooth, also. Ants, for instance, love honey. But ants and other creeping insects move very slowly from flower to flower. Therefore, if any dust clung to their little bodies, it would be very likely to fall or get brushed off against the leaves and grasses long before they reached another flower. Thus they are usually of no use for carrying the pollen. Moreover, in crawling in and out of the blossoms to and from the honey-sack, they are likely to shake the precious dust out of its cases and scatter it on the ground; so that they not only rob the flower of the sweets with which it bribes its real helpers, but waste much of its pollen, also. Some of them, indeed, eat the yellow dust itself.

Therefore it is important that flowers should be protected from such creeping insects, if possible. And the plants have various ways of doing this. A very large number of them have their stems covered with hairs, which must seem like great, endless forests to the tiny insects. These hairs grow so close together that the little things can not get through them; or sometimes their points are turned downward, so that they are like a whole army of bristling bayonets to keep back the creatures that would creep up to steal the sweets of the blossoms. Some plant stems, on the other hand, are coated, either all over the plant or just below the flower, with a gummy liquid, which the stem gives out, and in which the ants and other creeping insects stick fast, as flies do on fly-paper. There is a plant with a little dark purple flower which grows in moist places here in California that has very sticky stems just below the flower; and if you look carefully, when you are out walking, you will soon find many other examples of both these kinds of protection that I have named.

But some plants carry the protection of their flowers even further than this. For the leaves of these plants are real insect traps, either coated with sticky liquid or having a cuplike form in which the rain and dew collect and drown any insect that gets into them. The cup-shaped leaves, some of them, have covers that shut down tightly when an insect falls into them, and the gummy leaves that are not cup-shaped curl over the insects that stick to their surface, holding them doubly fast.

There is another very remarkable thing, too, about these plants which catch insects in their leaves. That is, that they eat the insects which they catch. Not that they sit down at a table and carve them up with knife and fork, or even that they possess teeth or mouths. Yet they eat them. And I will tell you how, next time.

CORA M. WILLIAMS.

TALES OF YANKEE ENCHANTMENT.

"THE CAKE OF CHARITY" AND WHAT IT DID FOR THE BOY, HARRY.

By a Special Contributor.

HARRY, the boy who some time before had had an experience with escaped wolves, was in the habit of taking long walks by himself in order to acquaint himself with his native city, New York. Country boys generally know all the points of interest for miles around their homes, but city children often grow up without knowing much about their town beyond the few blocks that lie in their neighborhood. This is certainly to be regretted in a city like New York, which is full of the most interesting localities. But Harry, thanks to the protection of the lion

who so often accompanied him, knew New York from the Battery up to the Harlem River.

One day he was out walking on Fifth avenue, which, as you know, is the most famous street of residences in America. There are few shops on upper Fifth avenue, and so when Harry passed a bakery at the corner of Sixty-fifth street, he was much surprised, and turned back. He had passed the spot hundreds of times before, but had never noticed it. He happened to have some spending money in his pocket, and he went into the store.

"What sort of cake have you, if you please?" Those of you who have read the other stories will remember that Harry was extremely courteous. He always took off his cap when he met an acquaintance in the street, and he often took it off in the house without being asked to do so by his mother—and if you have any younger brothers you will appreciate that statement.

There was a very tall, thin, young woman behind the counter. She had flaxen hair and pink cheeks and blue

eyes, and Harry thought she looked like a doll come to life.

The counter was heaped with all sorts of strange-looking cakes, of pretty shapes and colors, and all of them were covered with frosting. Cake without frosting is much worse than an egg without salt, and this young woman knew it.

"I have charity cake, malice cake, good-nature tarts, and so forth."

Harry thought the names very amusing, and he bought two of each kind of cake mentioned.

"Are they wholesome?" said he, which was a funny question for a live boy to ask.

"Very," answered the girl, as she wrapped them up in a sheet of pink paper, with a beautiful fairy story on one side of it. "If you're stingy the charity cake will make you generous. If you're cross, the good-nature cake will make you pleasant, but the malice cake is not good for children, and if you like I'll buy it back. I'll give you 5 cents a cake for it."

As Harry had paid but a cent apiece for the cakes, he

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palace, and three servants in livery dropped from the coach to open the door. Then ten more came from inside the palace with a silken awning, upheld on golden poles, which they held aloft, so that the great man would not get sunstruck on his way into the house.

Now Harry had heard that the only way to the old man's consideration was through his vanity. He had invented his soap himself and had built his fortune up from one cake, which he made and sold when he was a boy, and he liked to think that it was the best soap ever sold. Well, of course, you know that all soaps are the best. If you don't believe it read the pretty advertisements in the back of the magazines.

Harry had a very engaging manner, and when the great man stepped out of his coach, he walked up to him, and, removing his cap, he said, in a tone of excessive sweetness, unmixed with servility: "Mr. —, I have always used your soap, and that is why I am such a clean little boy. (Which was the truth.) Please take a bit of my cake, which is the only way of showing how much I like your cakes of soap."

The millionaire was tickled. The boy had not asked him to give, but to take, and that is always an easy thing to do—for some people. The cakes looked so pretty and so fresh that he broke off a large piece from each one. First he ate the good-nature cake, and he had no sooner done so than his face beamed with sweetness, and he patted Harry on the head and said: "My little man, you are a good fellow to be so thoughtful. I never ate such delicious cake. If you will bring me some more tomorrow I will buy it of you—provided you sell it at the wholesale price. Then he took a bite of the charity cake, and in an instant he smote his forehead and said: "Mercy me, what suffering there is in this city. Bring me my bags of gold, and you, boy, jump in with me, and we will visit the poor and do what we can to relieve them."

Harry was overjoyed. He turned into the coach. The servants, who were too astonished to speak, hurried out with bags of gold until the floor and the front seat were piled up with them.

Then the millionaire told the coachman to go where Harry wished, and as the boy was familiar with the quarter of the city where alms were most needed, they were soon speeding down town.

As they came near to the squalid portion of the town the old man's face glowed with sweetness. "To think that I never realized what I could do with my money before," said he. "This is better than making soap or selling it, for it will be making happiness—by wholesale. Won't it, my boy?" said he to Harry.

"Yes, sir," said the lad, and, strange to say, his eyes glistened, although he was anything but a cry-baby.

Then Harry developed a new power. He found he could tell at a glance who deserved help and who did not. All the evening they drove from house to house, and Harry distributed the money until the last bag was emptied and the last woman had murmured her thanks.

And if they had done nothing else, the spectacle of the beautiful horses and the gorgeous coach would have been a good one for the poor people, who seldom saw anything finer than a junk wagon in the way of an equipage.

The beautiful thing about the cake was that its effect never wore off. The elephant to this day divides his peanuts with his companion. The big lion is still good-tempered, and the old man and Harry rode around New York night after night, until there was not a worthy poor person in the city who had not been helped. But I think that if the old man had given them all tickets to the country, and a small piece of ground when they got there, he would have done better yet.

One day I met Harry and I asked him why he didn't try to get a piece of cake that would make it impossible for people to be poor and miserable, and he immediately ran off to the bakery to try to find some. But there was no bakery there. If he'd ever had a chance to get such a cake he had lost it. He thought that the baker had moved somewhere else, but I think she had given up business. No one can buy at a heavy loss and be successful, and those malice cakes were her ruin.

CHARLES BATELL LOOMIS.

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SIMPLE MECHANICAL TOYS.

HERE ARE THREE THAT ARE EASILY MADE AND WILL "GO."

By a Special Contributor.

Boys who are fond of toys that will "go" can do a great deal with spools, rubber bands and cigar-box wood. A hot air wheel which when balanced is revolved by the heat from a lamp or stove striking against its slanting ends, is made simply by cutting out a round piece of thin pasteboard, or tin, and cutting slits as shown in the diagram "C," then bending the ends all one way.

Perhaps the easiest things "to run" by are the little wind-wheels which most boys make. To accomplish this, secure a large spool upon the end of the rod which (as shown herewith) passes through the top of the mill and turns with wind-wheel. A smaller spool is fitted tightly upon another small round stick, the lower end of which is sharpened to a point, and the hot air wheel is tucked upon its upper end. In order to be supported above the heat the pointed end is rested upon a narrow shelf built out from the mill, the wheel being held erect by the loop in a strong wire support from the top of the mill. A band of elastic braid is stretched over the two spools, but not too tightly. The heat wheel rapidly revolved will at the same time revolve the long arms of the wind-wheel. If the pointed stick bores into its support, it may be made to rest upon a small bit of glass.

In whittling out a simple boat a toy may be made by leaving two ends to project, like the shafts of a wagon, at the stern. Cut out two pieces of wood exactly as shown in A and B in the diagram and fit one into the other at the hollow notch in the center, made as wide as the wood is thick. This may be used as a propeller.

Stretch a strong rubber band across the two shaft-like ends of the boat, arranging the propeller in the center and between the two pieces of rubber. By twisting the little propeller around and around until the rubber is almost to

the breaking point, and placing the boat upon the water it will be forced along rapidly until the rubber has entirely untwisted. The farther the shaft-like ends from the water the longer the power will hold out.

A boy's toy mill constructed from a common box can be made an amusing ornament to place under the Christmas tree by means of sand from the seaside which will turn the mill wheel for five or ten minutes. The mill wheel consists simply of two circular pieces of thin wood cut the same size, (1 and 2,) with small holes through the centers. Eight or ten square pieces (3) cut exactly the same size and fastened evenly between the two circular pieces at even distances apart by means of cigar box tags (which do not split the wood.) From the side of the mill house

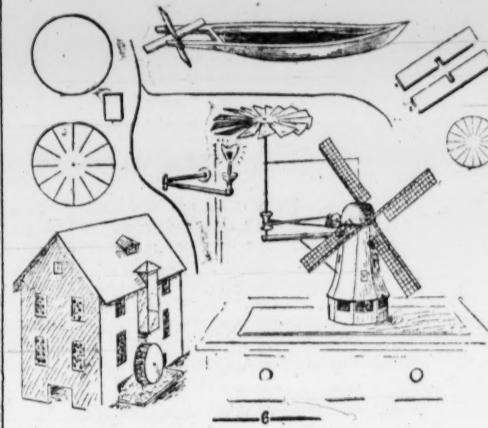
nance, and continued buried in thought long after the last strain had died away. Presently he took a little scrap of paper from his pocket, scribbled something on it and handed it to an usher. To the great surprise of the audience, after the speech making, Mr. Phillips came out and sang exactly the same song, verse for verse, as he had done before. It was only later that it became known to mutual friends that it was at the request of the President.

"The following stanza was the one that naturally most appealed to him and seemed to voice his opinion of the part he had to play in the great moving events of the times:

"If you cannot in the conflict,
Prove to yourself a soldier true;
If where fire and smoke are thickest,
There's no work for you to do,
You can cheer the broken hearted,
Strengthen those with courage fled,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead."

A NATIONAL STAR PUZZLE.

The figure represents what is known as a National Star, and has a square drawn about its center, the angles of this square touching the points L I J K. The small points are movable and may be shifted from any one point to another along any of the lines forming either the star or the square. For instance: The disc at N may be moved to the vacant point at A. Then the disc at O may be moved to the point N, and the disc at C to the point O, etc. The center discs are blue. These at the angles of the



DIAGRAMS OF TOYS.

a small round stick, or shaft is projected on which the mill is placed.

It is only necessary to add a little cupola to the outside of the mill, extending down toward the wheel, as a box in which to put the sand. A narrow slit is left in the corner of this sand box, just above the wheel; this allows a very small amount of the sand to flow out over the wheel which turns with its weight. The bottom of the box is slanted so the sand will run to the opening. From a receptacle upon which the sand falls it may again be transferred into the cupola box, fitted with a cover. The sand will flow more readily when warmed. The slow movement of the wheel is realistic to all young observers, and the toy is easily made.

LINCOLNIA FOR BOYS.

AN EMPLOYEE OF THE TREASURY REGIMENT TELLS SOME INTERESTING STORIES.

By a Special Contributor.

"I was born with an intense love for the Stars and Stripes whatever their condition or wherever they may float," said the captain; "but there is one flag that I reverence above all others, and that always seems to be a sacred, sentient thing. I was a member of the Treasury Regiment (a company made up of the employees of the Treasury Department) and it was the flag belonging to our regiment that was borrowed to decorate President Lincoln's box at Ford's Theater, that fatal night of April 14, 1865. You will remember that in Booth's attempt to jump from the box to the stage, after the cruel shot had been fired, the flag moved a little forward, caught in his spur, and was thus responsible for the fall which resulted in his broken leg and consequent capture.

"I can tell you we boys never lost our reverence for that piece of striped bunting. It always seemed to us to have become momentarily clothed upon with life, and to have reached forth to do what it could to avenge the death of its beloved, martyred protector.

"It is something to have lived through those throbbing, pulsing days at Washington during the early spring time of 1865, when every moment was tense with excitement; but of all the emotional strains I ever experienced, none eclipsed that upon the occasion of what I have always taken to be Lincoln's last public appearance before the night of his assassination—although I have never seen it so set down in the books. That was on April 5, just ten days before his death. News had arrived of the fall of Richmond, and the ringing of bells and beating of drums had brought out an immense concourse of people before the White House. Lincoln appeared at one of the upper windows and gave utterance to a few simple words of thanksgiving and gratitude. Then some obscure person in the crowd faintly struck up the Doxology. Other voices joined in, and the simple old hymn soon swelled to a mighty chorus that seemed to fill all the intervening space between earth and heaven, and made one think of the music of the spheres. It was something more than singing—rather the spontaneous expression of the passionate sentiment of universal humanity, and moved the heart of the great President as nothing else could have done.

"Lincoln was, by the way, always fond of the simple homely songs that appeal directly to the common heart. In those days a little gospel hymn that had just come out, called 'My Mission,' was his especial favorite. I happened to sit very near him one evening at a patriotic meeting. It was during the very darkest days of '64, and he had preferred to sit in the audience, leaving other dignitaries to occupy the stage. As a preliminary to the speech making, Philip Phillips came out, and in his tender sympathetic voice sang:

"If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows
Laughing at the storm you meet;
You can stand among the sailors,
Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them
As they launch their boats away."

"and so on to the end.
"Lincoln listened with bowed head and solemn counte-

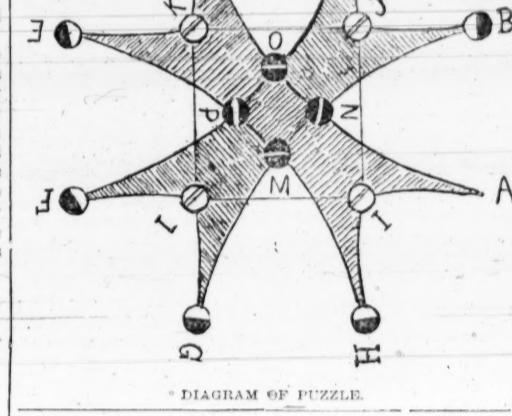


DIAGRAM OF PUZZLE.

square are white and these at the points of the star are red. There is no disc at point A.

The blues at M and N are first transposed, respectively with the whites I and J and the puzzle is to get them back into their original places in 17 moves.

I-A H-I M-H N-M B-N J-B I-J H-I
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
M-H N-B B-N J-B I-J H-I M-H N-M A-N
9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17

A THANKSGIVING GAME.

IT IS CALLED THE "BIRD FANCIER" AND IS WORTH INTRODUCING.

By a Special Contributor.

Hostesses of house parties, and mothers expecting their boys and girls home for the Thanksgiving holidays, are often glad to hear of a new game, or of an old one revived.

A game in which old and young and almost any member can join is the Bird Fancier. A cage of chairs must be made and arranged in the middle of the room; then a number of pieces of paper are cut, as many pieces as there are players. On half of the number, the name of a bird is written—canary, thrush, robin and so on. These pieces are then folded and put on a plate and passed around to the players. Those who draw a bird must walk into the cage, and those who draw blanks remain in their seats.

A merchant is then chosen, or bird fancier, who stands in the center of the cage, and the birds, from that moment must never take their eyes from him. If a bird is discovered to be looking away, he is instantly commanded to pay a forfeit.

The other players walk round and round the cage, doing all in their power to divert the attention of the birds by talking to them, calling them by name. Then the merchant cries out, "I have a good many fine birds here—a plump partridge, a flighty canary, a sulky bullfinch," and so on. "Who will buy?"

A player standing outside the cage, cries, "I will, describe your birds." The bird fancier then calls the birds by name, and tells of their good qualities. The fun is in the witty amusing descriptions given by the merchant. When the purchaser chooses a bird, he or she is at once released from the cage. All the birds not chosen pay a forfeit to the merchant, but the merchant is forced to pay the birds who have been sold a forfeit.

In London, Nona parties are the vogue—Nona replacing that old favorite Halma. Nona seems to be a very appropriate name for a game, because Nona was the hour in ancient Rome, when the business of the day ceased and recreation began. Nona is a contest of skill for two or four players—it is played on a board, and the pieces used are knights and men—the men, black, green, red and yellow, resemble those used for Halma.

Miss Edith Root, daughter of the Secretary of War, makes the tenth young unmarried woman in the Cabinet set at Washington, an unprecedented number.

The Times Home Study Circle.

Under Direction of
Prof. Seymour Eaton.

POPULAR STUDIES IN SHAKESPEARE.

Contributors to this course: Dr. Edward Dowden, Dr. William J. Rolfe, Dr. Hamilton W. Mabie, Dr. Albert S. Cook, Dr. Hiram Corson, Dr. Isaac N. Demmon, Dr. Vida D. Scudder and others.

VI.—THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

THAT Shakespeare did not write certain portions of several of the plays attributed to him is now a well-established fact; and "The Taming of the Shrew" is one of these pieces of mixed authorship, and one that presents peculiar difficulties to the critic who attempts to settle the date of its composition and the precise share that our dramatist had in it.

The History of the Play.

"The Taming of the Shrew" was first printed, so far as we know, in the folio of 1623. A quarto edition appeared in 1631, with the following title page, which I transcribe from one of the copies in the Boston Public Library:

A Wittie and Pleasant Comedie Called 'The Taming of the Shrew.' As it was acted by his Majesties Servants at the Blacke Friers and the Globe. Written by Will. Shakespeare. London, Printed by W. S. for John Smethwicke, and are to be sold at his Shop in Saint Dunstones Church-yard, vnder the Diall. 1631."

A minute comparison of this quarto with the folio proves that the former was printed from the latter. Mr. J. P. Collier (in his second edition of Shakespeare's works) maintained that the quarto was printed before 1623—perhaps as early as 1607 or 1609—and that a remnant of the edition was brought out by Smethwicke in 1631, with a new title page, but it has been shown that the title page forms part of the first sheet of the book and that the paper on which it is printed is identical with that used for the rest of the play.

In the folio the play was evidently printed from a manuscript copy, which had been used by the actors in learning their parts. The name "Sincklo" appears in the first scene of the introduction as the prefix to a speech of one of the players: "I think 'twas Soto that your honor means." Sincklo, Sinklo or Sinkler, as the name is variously spelled, was an actor of the time, who played in other of Shakespeare's dramas. Again, in "The Shrew," iii, 1, the servant who enters is called "a messenger" in the folio, and the prefix to his speech is "Nicke," which probably stands for Nicholas Tooley, one of the actors in Shakespeare's company, a list of which is given in the introductory pages of the folio.

The play is not mentioned in Francis Meres's famous list of twelve plays of Shakespeare in 1598, but those who believe that it was written several years earlier lay stress on the fact that Meres "affects a pedantic parallelism of numbers," and, while giving just six comedies and six tragedies, might not include all the comedies then in existence. Craik and Herzberg get over the difficulty by assuming that "The Shrew" is the "Love's Labor Won" mentioned by Meres, but the critics generally believe that play to have been an early form of "All's Well That Ends Well."

Suffice it here to say that the critics differ widely as to the date of "The Shrew." Drake, Knight and Delius put it in 1594, Malone (after first making it 1606) in 1596, Chalmers 1598, Collier (whom Grant White is inclined to follow) 1601-3, Fleay 1601-2, Furnivall 1596-7 and Dowden "about 1597." The internal evidence seems to me to favor a date not later than 1597, and certainly not more than a year or so earlier.

"The Taming of the Shrew."

In 1594 a play was published anonymously under the title of "A Pleasant Conceited Historie, Called the Taming of a Shrew," which had been "sundry times acted by the right honorable the Earle of Pembroke his servants." It was "printed at London by Peter Short" and "sold by Cuthbert Burbie at his shop at the Royale Exchange." A second edition was issued in 1596 and a third in 1607.

Of the first (1594) edition only one copy is known to be in existence. It is in the library of the Duke of Devonshire, who paid £97 for it in 1834. Of the 1596 edition also but one copy is extant, in the library of Lord Francis Egerton. Of the third edition three copies survive, one of which belongs to the Duke of Devonshire. The first edition was reprinted by Stevens in 1776, by the Shakespeare Society in 1844, and again in "Shakespeare's Library" (second edition, 1875); also in Halliwell's great folio edition of Shakespeare (1853-55) and the "Banksy" edition (1888).

Who wrote this play? A few critics have thought that Shakespeare was the author—or one of the authors, for it has some marks of a mixed composition—but this seems to me very improbable. One writer says that the resemblance between portions of it and the later play prove that the two must have come from the same hand; but they prove simply that Shakespeare did not trouble himself to rewrite these parts of the original, but left them pretty much as he found them.

The theory that Shakespeare wrote the old play has been ably defended by A. R. Frey in the introduction to the "Banksy" edition of the play. He lays some stress on the fact that Sly is the name of the tinker in the earlier induction as in the later; and both Christopher Sly and Stephen Sly are proved by ancient records to have been Stratford names in the poet's day. But Stephen Sly is found only in Shakespeare's play (ind. 2, 9,) and the sole evidence that the earlier tinker was called Christopher is his referring to himself as "Don Christo Vary" once when he is under the delusion that he is a lord. Even if he was a Christopher Sly, it may be a mere coincidence, as Sly was not an uncommon name elsewhere in England. The other Warwickshire allusions—to Winchcombe, Barton-on-the-Heath, etc.—are not found in the old play.

If Shakespeare wrote the old play, it is strange that in

revising it he changed the names of all the characters except Kate (which he Italianizes into Katherina) and Sly. The latter he very likely retained because it was a Stratford name. The scene of the old play is in Athens, but in the later one it is changed to Padua. Shakespeare was in the habit of making these changes in names and localities when dealing with the work of other men (as, for instance, Lodge's novel of "Rosalynde" in "As You Like It") except in historical or quasi-historical plays; but there is no evidence that he ever did it in revising or reconstructing work of his own. No critic, so far as I am aware, has referred to this wholesale change of names in "The Shrew" as bearing upon the question of authorship, but it seems to me to have some weight—at least in connection with other arguments on the same side. Even if Shakespeare had wished to change the scene of the earlier play, it was not necessary to change the names of the characters. Ferando (the original of Petruchio) was already Italian, and Aurelius, Alphonsus, etc., could have been made Italian by changing the ending—us to o. If all the old names had been retained it would not have been a worse medley than he has given us in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Twelfth Night" and certain other plays.

To my thinking, the inferior versification of the old play proves conclusively that it was not written by Shakespeare. He was a born metrist. His verse in the earliest work that can be ascribed to him is always faultless in structure, and generally smooth and musical. The earliest date that has been conjecturally assigned to the old play

in which Katherina and Petruchio appear, together with the general effect produced by scattering lines and words and phrases here and there and removing others elsewhere throughout the play."

This last point seems to me an important one; and it explains, I think, the difficulty that some of the critics have had in deciding just how much Shakespeare had to do with certain parts of the play. He rewrote considerable portions of it and retouched the rest.

The Sources of the Plot.

The story of the induction is very ancient, at least as old as the tale of "The Sleeper Awakened" in the "Arabian Nights." The author of the old play probably took it from an anecdote in a collection of short comic stories "sett forth by maister Richard Edwards, maister of her Majesties revels in 1570." Other old versions, besides that in the "Arabian Nights," are a story of the Emperor Charles V, recorded by Howard Staunton in his edition of Shakespeare; and a similar story of Philip the Good of Burgundy, narrated by Burton in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," 1621. Burton also quotes an anecdote of a Tartar prince, taken from Marco Polo, which is of the same tenor.

The story of Bianca and her lovers is founded upon Gascoigne's "Supposes," a translation of Ariosto's "I Suppositi," which was first acted in 1566. The Italian play was first published in 1524, and reprinted eight times before 1598. The Latin lesson was perhaps suggested by a similar scene in the play of "Three Lords and Ladies of London," 1575.

The Katherina and Petruchio part of the plot has not been traced beyond the old play of 1594; but somewhat similar stories of wife-taming had appeared earlier in English, Spanish and Italian. A humorous tale in verse, entitled "A Merry Jeste of a Shrewd and Curste Wyfe, Lapped in Morelles Skin, for Her Good Behavoir," was printed in London, without date, but probably as early as 1560. It became very popular. Lanham, in his famous "Letter from Kenilworth" (1575) refers to it as one of the stories which Capt. Cox had "at his fingers' ends."

Note—This study of "The Taming of the Shrew," by Dr. W. J. Rolfe, will be continued tomorrow.

Courses of Instruction.

(Autumn-winter term 1899-1900.)
Sundays and Mondays—(1) "Popular Studies in Shakespeare."

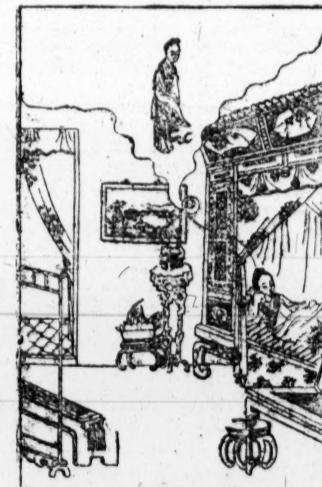
Tuesdays—(2) "Great American Statesmen."
Wednesdays—(3) "The World's Great Artists."
Thursdays—(4) "Home Science and Household Economy."

Saturdays—(5) "Desk Studies for Girls;" (6) "Shop and Trade Studies for Boys."

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CHINESE IN VERSES.

Here is a translation of one of the productions of Wang-Seng-Ju, who lived and died about the beginning of the Christian era, yet had some of the sensations not unknown



HELEN FAUCIT (LADY MARTIN.)
(Macready's chief associate in Shakespeare presentation.)

is, I believe, 1589, or almost exactly the same as that of "Love's Labour's Lost," which Grant White makes "not later than 1588," and the majority of other critics 1591 or 1592, at latest.

The Relations of the Earlier Play to the Later One.

If Shakespeare did not write the old play he was nevertheless considerably indebted to it, but it is not probable that his play is a direct adaptation of the earlier one. On the whole, it is more probable that he worked, not upon the original "Taming of a Shrew," but upon a revised and enlarged version of that comedy made by some unknown author and no longer extant. This is the theory of Furnivall, Dowden and others. As Furnivall puts it, "An adapter, who used at least ten bits of Marlowe in it, first recast the old play, and then Shakespeare put into the recast the scenes in which Katherina, Petruchio and Grumio appear." Dowden remarks: "In 'The Taming of the Shrew' we may distinguish three parts: (1) The humorous induction, in which Sly, the drunken tinker, is the chief person; (2) a comedy of character, the Shrew and her tamer Petruchio being the hero and heroine; (3) a comedy of intrigue—the story of Bianca and her rival lovers. Now the old play of 'A Shrew' contains, in a rude form, the scenes of the induction, and the chief scenes in which Petruchio and Katherina (named by the original writer Ferando and Kate) appear; but nothing in this old play corresponds with the intrigues of Bianca's disguised lovers. It is, however, in the scenes connected with these intrigues that Shakespeare's hand is least apparent."

Grant White also recognizes traces of three writers in the play. The author of the old play is to be credited with "the structure of the plot and the incidents and the dialogue of most of the minor scenes;" the second writer with "the greater part of the love business between Bianca and her two suitors," while "to Shakespeare belong the strong, clear characterization, the delicious humor and the rich verbal coloring of the recast induction and all the scenes

today. The poem and its illustration by a Chinese artist are interesting specimens of the mind of the Celestials. It is called "The Dream."

Ah, well I know that the realm of thought
Is source of all our dreaming,
Yet ne'er I deemed t'would be my lot.
Such a dream as this to fashion.

So faultless seemed she unto me;
I saw her, all so clearly,
In the white light, and naught in her
Save truth shone ever brightly.

It seemed as though when she came near,
And I stooped to snatch the kisses;
Her hand brushed passion to the wind,
Lifting it from my bosom.

That graceful carriage, and queenly gait,
How enticing! How ecstatic!
E'en though no syllable passed her lip,
She caught my heart forever.

But when she spoke—so soft she spake,
Without or haste or hurry!
I never thought it could be true
So soon I'd hear her never.

I waked, alas! The dream was o'er.
Around me darkness wasted.
And then I knew that all had been
One of love's tricks, no more.

CARE OF THE BODY.

VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR ACQUIRING AND PRESERVING HEALTH.

Compiled for The Times.

Malaria and Mosquitoes.

THE question of malaria, its cause and cure, becomes of greater importance to Americans since the United States has acquired a large extent of territory in which malaria is very prevalent.

During the past few years, the question of the origin of malaria has been brought to the front by a number of European physicians, including the celebrated Dr. Koch, who held that malaria is spread by mosquitoes.

Dr. Carl Schwalbe of Los Angeles, a physician who has had wide experience not only in the United States and Germany, but also in Central and South America, and other tropical regions, and who was attached to the German army as a surgeon during the Franco-German war, has, for several years, made a special study of the malaria question, with reference to the possible spread of infection by mosquitoes, against which theory his researches have led him to take strong ground. To the literature of this subject Dr. Schwalbe has recently contributed a pamphlet, published at Berlin in the German language, on the malaria question, under the title "Malaria and Mosquitoes."

Dr. Schwalbe shows that in few cases has there been such a difference of opinion among physicians in regard to the nature of a disease and so many changes in these opinions as in malaria. In Humboldt's time, the general idea was that malaria was a gas. Then a malaria microbe was discovered which, it was claimed, was the cause of the disease, and later, about eight years ago, a French physician brought forward the theory of infection carried by mosquitoes, which idea was rapidly taken up by other physicians. The most accepted proposition as to the means of infection was that the female mosquito, after laying its eggs in stagnant water, dies, whereupon the malaria germ survives, and is either taken into the human system in water, or is blown about in the air after the water dries up, and so inhaled.

As opposed to the stagnant water theory, Dr. Schwalbe shows, in his pamphlet, that in many parts of the world where pure water is used, malaria is very prevalent. As a proof that the drinking of stagnant or infected water is not the leading cause of malaria, Dr. Schwalbe cites his experience in New York over thirty years ago, at which time the upper part of the city was only thinly settled. In that section malaria was very prevalent, while in the thickly-settled part of the city, where the same water was used, it was almost unknown.

Again, taking up the question of infection through mosquitoes, the author of this pamphlet shows conclusively that in many sections of the world, where there are no mosquitoes, malaria is prevalent, while in other sections, where mosquitoes abound, there is no malaria. He also points to the well-known fact that sailors who anchor off a coast that is infected with malaria remain free from the disease, so long as they do not land, or go very close to the shore, although they may at the same time have to suffer from the attacks of swarms of mosquitoes.

An interesting point brought out is the experience of an American physician in the Southern States, where an old lady and her daughter were treated for malaria without success, until the house plants were removed from the rooms. The same thing was noticed in another place, and then this physician examined the blood of several gardeners who had hothouses, and in all of them found malaria germs. These people were not exactly sick, but were seldom quite well. In none of these cases was there any question of mosquitoes. It is pointed out that the danger of sleeping on the ground in malaria regions is always insisted upon, and it is recommended to sleep at an elevation of several feet above the earth. This precaution, however, would certainly not protect the sleeper from mosquitoes, although it might preserve him from the poisonous emanations that arise from malaria infested earth.

Dr. Schwalbe points out, further, that in Rome, Paris, New York and other cities, where a large amount of excavation has been undertaken for canals, or streets, or other improvements, there has been an outbreak of malaria, irrespective of mosquitoes. Yet another point is made, that sunflowers planted around a dwelling have been found beneficial in warding off malaria, yet mosquitoes have no objection to sunflowers, although they do avoid eucalyptus and castor beans.

In conclusion, Dr. Schwalbe recommends that a careful investigation of the air low down over the ground in malaria regions should be undertaken, for the purpose of ascertaining what noxious gases may lurk there. He thinks that in this way, we might arrive at a definite conclusion as to the cause of this prevalent sickness.

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Stimulants.

REFERENCE was made last week to the fact that Prohibitionists are somewhat one-sided, in that they confine their denunciations and efforts toward reform to over-indulgence of alcoholic liquors, ignoring other forms of intemperance.

An English physician, Dr. Harry Campbell, in a recent lecture before the Society for the Study of Inebriety, defined a stimulant as "something which, while it does not yield energy, yet renders it available." In the list of stimulants Dr. Campbell included not only alcohol, but drugs, tea and coffee. He showed, also, that meat is itself a stimulant, and that savages who have been raised on an exclusively vegetarian diet have manifested symptoms of intoxication upon having partaken freely of animal food.

* * *

Young Veal.

THE Jews are noted, among other things, for the care which they exercise in the preparation of their food. The hygienic laws of Moses, which are still followed to a great extent by modern Jews, are believed by many to be at the bottom of the exceptional health and vitality en-

joyed by the Jewish race. Still, there are some dietary habits of the Jews which appear somewhat strange and open to criticism by outsiders. A Jewish butcher in Los Angeles recently asked the Board of Health to modify a regulation of the law regarding the sale of meat, which provides that a calf must be four weeks old, and weigh sixty-five pounds, before it can be sold. On the other hand, the Jewish law allows veal to be sold seven days after birth. The applicant had sold veal within the prescribed age and it had been seized. The board refused to make the requested modification of the law.

Seven days certainly seems a small age for veal, but then, Christians, who regard sucking pig as a great delicacy, are scarcely in a position to criticise Jews who are fond of immature veal.

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Milk as a Drink.

IT IS astonishing how many people look upon milk as a drink, and ignore its food qualities. Milk is a good thing in its place and time, but, as the Medical Age says, bread and butter, or even pumpkin pie, are not capable of filling the small intestines with such immense indigestible boluses of substance as result from milk. It is also a fine culture medium, and it is marvelous to see how rapidly bacteria are propagated in it. Many "bilious attacks" and liver troubles arise from the unwise use of milk, especially in summer, when people drink large quantities of iced milk under the impression that it is more healthful than solid food. If milk is taken, it is well to put a little salt in it, or otherwise insure its breaking up in the stomach into a fine curd. Otherwise, it may set in a solid coagulated mass, and even cause death.

* * *

Doctors Who Carry Disease.

AN ENGLISH publication, the Hospital, recently had the following on the important question of disease being communicated by physicians in their visits:

"It would be quite unfair to argue from the elaborate methods adopted by the surgeon to secure asepsis that the physician who does not take all these precautions is a source of danger. The cases are not analogous, for when the surgeon in old days carried infection from operation to operation he did so by means of what was practically an inoculation; he actually inserted it into a raw wound. Still, that there is some risk of carrying infection in one's clothes, if one is careless and allows them to come in contact with an infectious patient, must be admitted. If cabs and omnibuses can be sources of infection, why not doctor's coats? So far as the hands are concerned, ordinary antiseptics and measures of cleanliness ought to be sufficient to prevent them ever becoming vehicles of disease. But the clothes are more difficult of control, and if dust is to be regarded as infectious it must sometimes be impossible to avoid transporting infectious particles from house to house. Moreover, there are other ways in which a person who is much exposed to certain infections may carry them about. It is pretty well recognized that certain pathogenic microbes, notably those of diphtheria, may make for themselves a home on the mucous membrane of the air passages, as, for example, in the nose and pharynx, where they may continue to grow without producing any sign of disease. Whether this is due to a gradually acquired immunity on the part of their hosts or to a loss of virulence on their own part it may be difficult to determine, but it seems clear that, however slight their virulence may be in regard to the person who carries them, they are capable of very quickly developing virulence if implanted in some one else, and this is a mode by which infection may possibly be spread by medical men, and still more probably by nurses, and one against which it seems almost impossible to guard. Indeed, we should look upon the nurse or the mother, who spends long hours in the sick room, as much more likely to become a carrier of infection than the doctor, who merely looks in now and again. Still, the risk is there. On the whole, it would seem that the danger of carrying infection from case to case lies principally, although not entirely, in the possibility of carrying dust from house to house. The hands can always be kept clean, the nails can always be kept well trimmed, and probably few doctors get so soaked in infection that their mucous membranes become culture media for its germs; but clothes are a difficulty. Clearly, a medical practitioner ought to be a very spruce and well-brushed individual. A frowsy doctor may become a danger. But then he ought to be an anachronism."

* * *

Valuable Vegetables.

PLenty of medicine may be found in the long list of vegetables and fruits that flourish in this section, without the necessity of having recourse to the drug store. Our bodies require a certain amount of mineral matter, or nourishing salts, for health. Chalk, iron, phosphorus, are all needed, and they are found in the best form in fresh vegetables and fruits. Lettuce is one of the most important of all, for it aids the cleansing of the blood, and refreshes the entire organism. It should not be used with too much vinegar, to obtain the greatest benefit. Sorrel and spinach are to be highly recommended for enriching the blood, especially in cases of anemia. It should be noted that sorrel and spinach ought not to be covered while cooking, as otherwise the poisonous matter in the leaves cannot escape. The value of asparagus as a blood purifier and agent acting on the kidneys is well known. The importance of mixing vegetables with the meat eaten is not the least important part in the use of the latter. They aid the digestion of the meat. Apples are rich in phosphorus and vegetables that have any red coloring matter in iron. On this subject, a professor in one of the medical colleges of Chicago recently showed how a judiciously selected diet will render unnecessary the consumption of tonics.

The professor says that spinach is richer in iron, which is the basis of most tonics, than even the yolk of an egg, while the latter contains more than beef. The ordinary dish of spinach and poached egg is a tonic as potent as one in which iron forms a part, without the harmful effect of other ingredients that enter into the medicinal compound. Plants imbibe iron, and it is through them that we should absorb it into our system. That mineral is present largely in apples, lentils, strawberries, white beans, peas, potatoes and most of the red fruits and vegetables. Stewed black currants, if taken daily in their season, will cure anemia that has become chronic. It is the experience of mariners that

while lime juice is a palliative of scurvy, potatoes are a specific. Nansen, in his voyage in the Fram, had no occasion to resort to the medicine chest. The concentrated form of all the fruits and vegetables that his men were accustomed to eat in Norway was worth a shipload of drugs. It is the first instance on record of the escape of Arctic explorers confined on shipboard from the ravages of scurvy and it was due entirely to the tonic effect of the food supplied.

* * *

A Food Reform.

IT IS believed by many that the next reform in food will be in the direction of greater simplicity. It is not strange that new and startling diseases of the digestive organs are developing with the consumption of new food and new preparations of old food. The demand for novelty has introduced a great variety of food upon our tables which is comparatively new, and has not yet borne the test of time. A writer in an eastern paper says:

"The mass of the manufactured desserts, canned soups and ragouts, canned meats and other dishes which are sold at attractive prices in stores throughout the land belongs to a class of food that has not yet been thoroughly tested. Steam-cooked foods belong to this class. While many of them, no doubt, are perfectly wholesome and nutritious, there are others of which there are doubts. A doubt where health is on the other side of the balance is something that should not be entertained. When we make and bake a loaf of bread or cook a measure of oatmeal straight from the mill we know that we are preparing wholesome food that has been tested since the Israelites fled from their Egyptian taskmasters, bearing on their shoulders their 'kneading troughs bound up in their clothes.' Since the ancient Scot defied the Saxon oatmeal has been a tested food, but it was freshly ground meal and freshly cooked. It was not meal preserved and already cooked so that it would keep indefinitely and be easy to prepare for the table. There is no doubt that what are called 'harmless acids' are used to soften the fibers of certain grain foods, as well as of certain meats, so as to render them ready for digestion. The so-called cooking of many manufactured foods is not always done by fire. It is safer and better, as well as cheaper, to cook meat for soups than to adopt broths of 'acid digested' meats. These manufactured broths may be 'proved' perfectly wholesome, but they have not been tested for thousands of years, as the older fashion of cooking meats has."

* * *

Reading Lying Down.

ONE by one the accepted medical and hygienic theories of early days are being questioned and refuted. One of the rules that have been dinned into us from infancy is that it is injurious to the eyes to read while in a recumbent position. A San Diego physician, Fred Baker, at a recent meeting in that city of the Southern California Medical Association, took issue upon this theory, claiming that we should not warn people against reading while lying down, but tell them how to read lying down. Dr. Baker said:

"It is common for people to lie down to read at a distance from a good light, and often the light is not only poor, but in such a direction that it is impossible to hold the book properly and illuminate it all. Sometimes the light is in front, which always throws the print in the shadow, necessitating a close reading distance which is liable to produce spasm of the ciliary muscles, congestion of all the internal structures, permanent Myopia and Posterior Staphyloma with its attendant dangers. Or in order to secure even fair light, it is necessary to tip the book so that both the ciliary and extrinsic are overworked, and eye tire soon supervenes.

"If, however, every one reading lying down will arrange his lounge or bed that the light comes over the head without striking the eyes, and falls well upon the page, if he will hold his book at long distance and with care that the line of letters shall be at right angles to the line of vision, all of which may require a book rest. He can be sure to do his eyes no more harm than if he were sitting up. More than this, there is a large credit in favor of reading lying down. The recumbent posture allows greater rest of all the bodily structures than the sitting posture, and then there is a greater possibility of resting and repair in this position.

"Those who have tried it know the benefits accruing after a hard day's work from the rest possible when doing a long night of reading which the press of business makes nearly an absolute necessity, and I have met busy practitioners who felt the need of this rest, but feared to take it because of a superstition that they might ruin their eyes."

Anita Cream

Does something that can
not be expected of any
other preparation.

*It
Coaxes a
New Skin*

All druggists sell it.

The Development of the Great Southwest.

IN THE FIELDS OF INDUSTRY, CAPITAL AND PRODUCTION.

Compiled for The Times.

(The Times will be pleased to receive and publish in this department brief, plainly-written articles, giving trustworthy information regarding important developments in Southern California, and adjoining territory, such articles to be confined to actual work in operation, or about to begin, excluding rumors and contemplated enterprises.)

Utilizing Grape Fruit.

ONE of the chief secrets of success in marketing products nowadays, when competition is so keen in all lines of human activity, is the utilization of by-products. In Europe, such scientific economy has been brought to great perfection, but in the United States it is only during the past few years that we have begun to move in this direction. Today, the seed of the cotton plant, which was formerly thrown away, is one of the most valuable products of southern fields, while more recently it has been found possible to utilize the stalks of the corn, which were formerly wasted. In this section, only a few spasmodic efforts have been made to utilize the by-products of our orchards and vineyards. A little citric acid and some toilet preparations have been made from cull lemons, and during the past year the pits of peaches and apricots have found a market at fair prices. It is evident that we are only on the outskirts of important developments in this line, which will largely increase the value of our orchards.

As the citrus fruit product of Southern California increases, by thousands of carloads, it is found that there is a very large amount of inferior fruit, which it does not pay to ship, and the problem of how to utilize this fruit has been a serious one. During the past few years there has been quite an extensive planting in Southern California of the pomelo, or grape fruit. For the small and thick-rind fruit it has been found difficult to find purchasers. Recently a firm in National City has been turning out a condensed product in the shape of a grape-fruit tonic, which, it is said, is so concentrated that the product of forty pounds of fruit can be condensed into three ounces of liquid.

Another, and more important development in this line has been made on the large and beautiful Windemere ranch of Andrew McNally, the Chicago publisher, at La Mirada, in Orange county, where that gentleman has several hundred acres of orange, lemon, olive and other fruit trees. Mr. McNally, through his expert assistants, has for some time past been conducting a number of careful experiments in regard to the utilization of by-products of the lemon and grape fruit, the result of which has been the perfection of what is called the "kitro grape fruit tonic," a pure fruit tonic made from grape fruit at La Mirada. It is a most delicious aromatic liqueur, and is recommended for use as a medicine as well as a beverage, it being claimed by some physicians that the grape fruit possesses similar medicinal properties to quinine. The tonic is manufactured on the Windemere ranch by the Neff Laboratory Company, and preparations have been made to place it on the market on a large scale. John C. Wray, deputy clerk of Internal Revenue for this district, who recently watched the process of manufacture for Uncle Sam, informs The Times that the oil is extracted from the rind of the grape fruit, after which it is mixed with grape fruit juice and lemon juice. The mixed product is then sweetened by the addition of pure sugar, and fortified with the best grade of spirits.

The object of the manufacture of this product is to utilize those grape fruit and lemons which, while sound and good, are too small for market purposes. There are on the Windemere ranch between thirty and forty acres of grape fruit, and in addition fruit will be purchased from the neighboring sections.

* * *

Kaolin.

GEORGE HOLCOMB, the principal owner of the large kaolin deposits, recently discovered in the Cajon section of San Diego county, returned a short time ago from East Liverpool, O., where he went to investigate the methods used in the manufacture of pottery from kaolin. He took some samples of clay with him, and, according to the San Diego Union, the pottery manufacturers in Ohio declare it to be equal in quality to the French product, and superior to anything yet discovered in the United States.

The chief difficulty in the way of building up an export trade in this product with the eastern factories lies in the high freight rates charged by the transcontinental railway companies, but in this case the high freight rate may prove an advantage to Southern California, as Mr. Holcomb says one of the Ohio manufacturers was hinting as to the possibility of establishing a factory in San Diego.

Meantime, Japan will be found the best market for Southern California kaolin, a sample ton of which has been ordered by a Japanese firm. The deposits of this material in Japan, where an immense quantity is used in making fine pottery, are understood to have been nearly worked out.

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Plants and Seeds.

THE plant, seed and flower business of Los Angeles is a very important one, and is constantly growing. One of the latest establishments of this kind is the Brose-Fleur Seed and Plant Company, which has opened a warehouse on North Los Angeles street, and a salesroom on West Fourth street. The company consists of Gustave Brose, who has been for several years manager of the Germain Seed Company, and E. Fleur, proprietor of the Oak Grove nurseries, near Alhambra. The company deals in trees as well as plants, bulbs and seeds, and also grows large quantities of flowers at its nurseries, making a specialty of carnations, roses, cyclamens and violets. Mr. Brose states that while large quantities of flower bulbs, such as fritillaria, calla lilies

and tuberoses, are raised in this section, some bulbs are still imported from Holland, especially tulips, which do not seem to succeed very well in Southern California, probably because the climate is too warm and dry to suit them.

There has been a great improvement in the house plants raised here during the past few years, and beautiful ferns, palms and other plants may now be obtained at a very reasonable price. The nursery of this company is a large one, covering ten acres.

* * *

Pelicans.

A SAN DIEGO paper reports that quite an industry has sprung up there in pelicans, a small schooner having recently brought 1800 of the birds from the lower coasts to be used in the millinery business. There are said to be millions of these birds along the coast of Lower California, and as they devour an immense quantity of fish, they can easily be dispensed with and sacrificed to the Goddess of Fashion.

* * *

A Big Orange Grove.

THERE are in Southern California many big developments in the line of land improvement that would create something of a sensation in Central and Northern California, but here receive little notice, because we are becoming so accustomed to big things in that line. For instance, an English company, the San Jacinto Estate, Limited, has nearly a thousand acres of orange grove in the San Jacinto Valley, Riverside county, and will plant 600 acres more during the coming season.

* * *

Lumber for Boxes.

THE orange industry in Southern California gives support indirectly to a large number of men outside of the actual cultivation of the orchards and picking of the fruit. A Redlands paper notes that the Brookings Lumber Company now has thirty teams hauling lumber from the mill near Fredalba, to the box factory at Molina. They keep the road pretty well filled, with loaded wagons coming down and empty ones going up. They are now delivering at the box factory from 50,000 to 60,000 feet of lumber daily. In the starting of the mill an important part of the lumber business has been resumed, after lying idle for many years, and a large force of men has found profitable employment.

* * *

Another Beet-Sugar Factory.

ACCORDING to a Las Vegas, N. M., paper, the American Beet-Sugar Company, of which Henry T. Oxnard is the president, has been investigating the prospects for a beet-sugar factory in New Mexico. The company is said to be favorably impressed with the possibilities of that section for the growing of the sugar beet. The site of the factory, should it be built, will probably be about twenty-five miles from Las Vegas, where it is said that thousands of acres of irrigable land may be obtained.

* * *

Clam Factory.

THE partial disappearance of the little clams from Long Beach, where they were formerly so numerous, has interfered with the operations of the clam extract factory at that place. The San Luis Obispo Press announces that W. J. Oaks has arrived in that city from Los Angeles, and is importing machinery for a clam canning plant at Pismo, in that county.

* * *

Up-to-Date Sewerage System.

A SYSTEM of sewerage, new to this part of the country, is being put into operation at Mrs. McCormick's \$100,000 country house in the Montecito Valley, Santa Barbara county. This is the system known as the Waring. The object is to use the sewage from the whole ranch for irrigation purposes by turning it into fresh water.

The entire sewage of the place is run into a big "cage," where it is churned up until it is thoroughly mixed. Such matter as still remains solid is then taken away in carts. When the cage is sufficiently full a No. 3 siphon, with a 4-inch discharge, acts. The foul water is then run through gravel and through pipes kept in motion and runs out of the tiles clear water to be used for irrigation purposes.

The system will undoubtedly save a large quantity of water for use in orchards and upon Mrs. McCormick's very large gardens. The expense of using the system is said to be small. Others are watching the plant. Should it prove the success it is hoped it will be, a number of other Montecito people will use the same system.

* * *

Active Gold Camp.

REAT activity is reported in the placer gold section of New Mexico, where the Edison Syndicate is about to commence operations for separating gold from sand by a new process. A New Mexican correspondent of a Wisconsin paper states that during the past three months over \$12,000,000 has changed hands there in the purchase of mining properties and in contracts for electric plants and mills for crushing and treating ores. Most of the interested parties are from New York, Boston and Denver. The placer fields are near Golden, and the name of the camp is Bland. It is said that United States experts have estimated the amount of gold in these fields at the immense value of \$800,000,000.

* * *

Mountains of Wheat.

THE enormous yield of grain in the great grain belt of San Luis Obispo county and the tributary territory has attracted the attention of people in all parts of the country. The stupendous returns obtained this season has aroused widespread interest. Never in the history of the State has there been such a crop raised under such conditions. Never, it is said, has such a yield with all the disadvantages that many of the farmers labored under, been known in any other part of the country. In an article descriptive of the

grain harvest of San Luis Obispo county, the San Luis Obispo Tribune recently said:

"Grain has been piled mountains high in the fields awaiting the appearance of the thrashing outfits. Every railroad station in the district has been buried beneath the sacks of grain that have been awaiting transportation. Every train that could be pressed into service was sent by the Southern Pacific and Pacific Coast Railway companies to help haul the grain to ocean steamers. From early August till late October an army of farm hands were kept working from dawn till the darkness of night made it impossible to continue harvesting the immense yield. The hum of two-score of thrashing outfits was heard in every direction, while the railroad engines were thundering along with trainload after trainload of the staff of life."

"Blocked were the stations along the railroads with grain; overflowing were the warehouses, while in the fields were stacks high as houses of grain that could not be stored away for lack of room. Great wagons, drawn by six and eight horses, were hauled over the roads to the railroad stations in one continual procession, until the onlooker was lost in wonder at the number. Freight sheds were hurriedly erected and temporary covering placed over hundreds of thousands of sacks of grain, because the ordinarily adequate storage facilities failed to meet the requirements this season. Warehouses in adjoining counties were utilized for storing the crop, and many sections outside of San Luis Obispo will have their warehouse receipts inflated with San Luis Obispo grain."

"The grain yield in the San Luis Obispo district (which is taken to include the northern side of Santa Barbara county on this side of the mountains,) will aggregate nearly 2,000,000 sacks, or close to 4,000,000 bushels. This is principally in barley, although the average of wheat is excellent, as is that of oats. More land was sown this season than ever before, owing to the utilization of considerable land that had heretofore been used exclusively for dairying purposes. There were 302,864 acres sown to wheat; 128,635 acres in barley; 8885 acres in oats; 60,250 acres in hay, and 920 acres in corn. Next year there will be at least one-third as much more land sown in grain."

"So great was the crop that although the thrashers were not interrupted in their work by rain until nearly the middle of October, it is estimated that about 275,000 sacks of grain were spoiled by rain. All during the season there was a demand for thrashers that could not be met. In almost every district the crop was underestimated and the farmers found themselves short of sacks. Usually twice the number of sacks ordered were required. The Santa Maria Valley produced the largest crop of any one particular section, although it did not begin to compare with the crop raised in the several valleys that touch the outskirts of the city of San Luis Obispo. In that fertile valley alone, however, there were produced 300,000 sacks."

"The grain, as a rule, was of the best quality, although in some sections it was rather dark and dirty. But such districts were noticeable because of their rarity. As near as can be estimated at this time, and from the best information on the subject that the Tribune has been able to obtain, there were very few ranchos where the barley yield per acre was less than twenty sacks. Wheat ran about nine sacks to the acre, and oats about twelve sacks to the acre."

* * *

Chino Beet-Sugar.

THE campaign at the Chino sugar factory this year was not a long one, lasting sixty-five days, but was complete in every respect and most successful. There was not a single breakdown or hitch in the work and the machinery was never stopped except for the regular cleaning. Besides this, every pound of sugar made was marketable, none having to be remelted. The Chino Champion says:

"The first pan made at the commencement of the campaign was first-class white granulated, and the last pan on Monday of this week was the same high quality. No yellow sugar, syrup nor any extraction in process is held over, but all cleared out of the factory in the form of first-class marketable sugar. This is a record never before made by this factory, and so far as we are able to learn, in any other American factory, there usually remaining some quantity at least of yellow sugar to hold over to the next campaign, or shipped to a refinery."

"The campaign commenced on August 26 and the last beets were sliced on Sunday evening, October 29, making a campaign of sixty-five days. During that time there were sliced per day an average of 725 tons of beets. The sugar percentage was high, running much of the time over 17 per cent, and keeping well up to the last."

"The following are a few items of the campaign kindly furnished us by the management:

Tons beets sliced.....	44,336
Pounds sugar produced.....	12,956,400
Paid for beets, over.....	\$225,000
Paid for labor.....	\$60,000
Men employed.....	350
Barrels oil used.....	50,000
Tons coke used.....	900
Tons lime rock used.....	9,000
Sugar bags used.....	129,664

"Besides these materials, the factory used thousands of yards of filter cloths and other necessities in the work. There was some molasses from last year and several cars of raw sugar also worked."

* * *

Box-Making Machine.

A N AUTOMATIC machine for making orange boxes has been perfected by George D. Parker and H. D. Clark, and the complete machine was recently set up in Redlands. It is stated by the Redlands Facts that this machine nails 2400 boxes a day, the materials fed to the machine on one side and coming out perfectly made boxes on the other.

SOU' BY SOU'WEST.

A SHORT time ago it was announced that Andrew Carnegie, who has a fad—and a very sensible fad it is—of presenting public libraries to American cities, had offered to give a library to San Diego, provided the citizens would give a site and maintain it. A dispatch to The Times recently stated that Mr. Carnegie has made a similar offer to Tucson, Ariz., promising to put up \$25,000 for a public library building, provided the city furnishes the site and agrees to maintain the institution, at an annual cost of \$2000. Is it not about time that some public-spirited individual, who has acquired a competence through the wonderful advance of values in this city, should show his public spirit by putting up a fund, or the nucleus of a fund, for a public library, and museum here? The present quarters of the Public Library are overcrowded, and we have nothing in the shape of a public museum, or art gallery, where young people—and older ones as well—may improve their minds, and combine instruction with amusement. Such an institution, on a convenient site, would become immensely popular, and there is no section of the United States where so many interesting objects for a museum may be found as in the great Southwest. Scattered through this section is a wealth of curiosities and art works in private hands, which the owners would be glad to loan or donate for the public use, if suitable fireproof quarters were provided.

* * *

One of the sections of Southern California that is much overlooked by visitors as well as residents is the archipelago of picturesque islands in the Santa Barbara Channel. Santa Catalina has a world-wide reputation, owing to its having been transformed into an attractive resort, but the northern islands of Santa Cruz, Santa Rosa, San Miguel and Anacapa, which lie in the Santa Barbara Channel, are a terra incognita to all but a handful of Southern Californians, while eastern tourists scarcely know of them even by name. Yet these islands, with their rock-ribbed coasts, and Indian relics, and ocean treasures, offer great attractions to the venturesome traveler who is not affected by mal-de-mer. The only way to reach them at present is by chartering a sailing boat or gasoline launch, but, in course of time, there will, doubtless, be regular excursions made to the islands, and before long we may see rivals of Avalon growing up there.

* * *

An interesting local fight is under way between Riverside and San Bernardino, the latter place claiming that Riverside is draining the water supply from its artesian wells. The contest in the courts will probably be a long one, but that is a small affair compared with the complicated series of disputes which would arise, should the State take up the irrigation system which a few enterprising San Francisco people are so anxious to have us plunge into.

* * *

The calculations of those who attempt to start small productive industries in this section are often upset by the great difference which exists between the selling and buying price of products, or in other words, the large margin exacted by the middleman for his services in bringing the producer and consumer together. Thus, a woman in Los Angeles, who recently started to raise some tuberous bulbs, inquired at a local seed store the price of the bulbs, and was quoted a price of 50 cents a dozen for large and small bulbs together. This, she thought, would leave a good margin of profit, but when a quantity was offered the firm for sale, it was found that they only paid \$1 per 100, and that for all large bulbs. So it is in many other lines, whether it is fruit, or fish or fowl. An unreasonable share of the profit goes into the hands of the middleman, and the producer is discouraged, while, at the same time, consumption is checked. We shall not make that rapid progress in settlement which the exceptional resources of this section warrant until dealers and transportation companies are satisfied with a little less than nine-tenths of the value of the product.

* * *

The question of summer climate is a delicate one to broach in the interior section of the great Southwest. A resident of almost any place between Fresno and Tucson will cheerfully admit that the summer climate of the other place, just over the hills, is an almost exact counterpart of that which is popularly supposed to prevail in Hades, but, at the same time, he will hasten to assure you that, owing to peculiar local conditions, the climate of the town he inhabits is delightfully cool and salubrious during the summer months. Yuma is generally credited with possessing about as warm a summer climate as is to be found within the confines of the United States, a reputation which is largely due to the hackneyed story about the supposititious soldier, who is said to have sent back from the lower regions for his blankets. All the same, the Yuma people will earnestly assure you that the people who live at Needles, up on the Colorado River, are in the habit of going down to Yuma in summer to cool off. In California, Fresno has a reputation for extreme heat in summer, but then, even in this favored section of Southern California, when one goes away from the range of the sea breeze, there are places where the summer heat is quite sufficient for comfort. There is Riverside, for instance. An ex-newspaper man of Riverside, who is also connected with a State institution, and who recently assumed charge of a paper at Fresno—it would not be fair to identify him more clearly, or the indignant Riversiders might assassinate him—was recently asked how he liked the climate of Fresno, to which he replied that it was just about the same thing as the climate of Riverside, only the nights were a little warmer. Now, let the Riversiders bring on their clubs and libel suits.

* * *

The news that Prof. Hayne of the University of California, who is regarded as an expert on olives, has arrived in Southern California for the purpose of making a thorough investigation of the industry here, and, if possible, to ascertain the cause or causes of complete or partial failure of the crop, will be received with pleasure by hundreds who have been induced to go into this business by glowing reports of its brilliant possibilities, and who are now disheartened and discouraged. Apart from orange-growing, there is no rural industry of California upon which so many

great hopes have been founded as that of olive growing. There is a glamor about this tree, which has played so important a part among the nations of antiquity, its fruit being used to nourish the bodies of the contestants, and its leaves to crown the victors in the Olympian games, while many nations have derived their chief revenue from this source. About twenty-five years ago, the press of the State began to publish rosy accounts of the great things that might be expected from olive culture. Then the nurserymen took it up, and a big boom in olive planting set in, although it is noticeable that, as a rule, the nurserymen were not extensive planters. Plenty of time has now elapsed to give the industry a fair test, as many of the trees have attained quite a reasonable age. In spite of all reports to the contrary, it must be admitted that, with a few exceptions, the olive groves of Southern California have proved a dismal failure. It is also claimed that the demand for olives and olive oil is not so great as was anticipated. This is strange, if true, as the taste for ripe pickled olives is one that rapidly grows upon one, and once acquired is never lost. As to the oil, the price at which it is sold prohibits its free use by people of moderate means, but in this country of millionaires there ought to be plenty of outlet for the present crop. However, the main thing just now is to find out whether we can grow olives on a commercial scale in Southern California, and if not, why not? The Berkeley professor's report will be looked for with much interest. Meantime, it is interesting to note that reports from the Salt River Valley, in Arizona, state that in the olive groves around Phoenix the trees are so loaded with fruit that some of the branches are broken.

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It is rarely that a week passes in San Diego without bringing forth some new rumor about a projected railroad. A few weeks ago Babcock of the Coronado Hotel started to fill up a piece of ground near the hotel in order to make a camping ground, when the San Diego papers immediately broke out in columns of surmises about the location of an immense train yard on the peninsula, for the use of a new transcontinental line. One of the evening papers of San Diego published a long yarn to the effect that no less than six new transcontinental railways are all racing with each other to get to San Diego first, and that unless headed off they are likely to all get there about the same time. From a careful investigation, it appears that this article is intended as a joke, from which it may be gathered that the San Diego newspaper men are not so entirely devoid of humor as some of us, in Los Angeles, have supposed. But what would the San Diegans do to a Los Angeles paper that should dare to joke on such a serious subject as this?

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A lynx was recently shot on one of the streets of Redlands. This will give the yellow journals of the East another excellent opportunity to show their ability in working up sensations. A full page illustrated article, printed in several colors, would be about the correct thing, and it should show a group of cowboys on horseback, in Mexican costume, lassoing a mountain lion about seventeen feet long, while the spectators look on from the balconies of eight or ten-story blocks. The suggestion is thrown out for what it is worth, and no charge is made for it.

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It is announced that two of the weekly papers published in Los Angeles have amalgamated. The result will, doubtless, be to give each of them more of a fighting chance of living. The Southwest has been prolific in attempts at semi-literary, semi-social, weekly publications, but few of them have experienced more than a butterfly existence. To the ambitious young journalist, with many friends and a little money, it looks like an attractive venture, to get out a publication of this kind. It is easy to figure up the financial results on paper, so that they are very flattering, but there is usually quite a difference "in the morning," or after a few months, when the balance sheets begin to show a decided inclination to lean the wrong way, after the few patrons who have given it a little preliminary encouragement, for friendship's sake, begin to drop out. The fact is that the modern daily paper is rapidly taking the place, and removing the reason for existence, not only of the weekly, but of the monthly as well, so that, to have a fighting chance, such publications must be able to show something more than a little judicious taffy sprinkled through their pages, or an occasional "roast" of some citizen who has no advertising to give out, or having it, refuses to do so. Moreover, there is no authentic instance on record where a journal, weekly or otherwise, which makes a specialty of thinly-disguised blackmail, has become a permanent success in this country, a fact which is creditable to the good sense of the American reading public.

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A remarkable decision was recently rendered in a San Diego court, in a test case brought by the people against a dealer charged with deception in selling cottonseed oil for olive oil, for which offense the dealer was found guilty and fined \$75 in a Justice's Court. In the Superior Court the judge held that the sections of the statutes making it unlawful to substitute any inferior or cheaper article whatever, in whole or in part, for another, or to sell one article under the name of another, is unconstitutional. If such is the law, then the law cannot too soon be changed, for it is certainly one of the fundamental principles of good government that dealers should not be allowed to injure the health of the public by selling adulterated foods and liquors, or, indeed, should they be permitted to substitute an inferior grade of goods, even though it may not be directly injurious. This principle is recognized in all civilized nations and the ruling of the San Diego judge seems to show a remarkable condition of affairs to prevail in so enlightened and progressive a country as this. The producers should see to it that a law is framed which will protect them as well as consumers against fraud and adulteration.

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There is a considerable amount of speculation abroad as to what Collis P. Huntington will do with his dominions in these parts, now that he owns or controls three-fourths of the stock of the Southern Pacific Company. It is hoped that he will not greatly increase the punishment that he is in the habit of meting out to those who commit the crime of trying to develop the country without handing over all the proceeds to the Espee. An encouraging note occurs in a recent interview with Huntington in New York, in which he states that he is thinking of putting up a cotton mill

near his Newport News shipyard, to give some light work to the women and children of the men employed in the yard. This seems to show a streak of benevolence on Uncle's part, but some will consider that it would be better if men were paid sufficient wages, so that the whole family will not have to go out and help to make a living, as they do in the overcrowded countries of Europe.

* * *

The servant girl question is a troublesome one in Los Angeles, as it is in other cities of the United States, and here, as elsewhere, it is a frequent subject of discussion when the ladies come together at a social gathering. To some extent, the Chinese and Japanese have helped housekeepers in this section over the difficulties which they encounter elsewhere, but these people are not so very plentiful here just now, and then, they have some drawbacks of their own. A shortage of servant girls in Los Angeles has suggested to some people the idea of importing Russian girls, from a colony which was started some years ago in Canada, by religious enthusiasts, on a co-operative plan, and which, like most enterprises of that kind, proved a dismal failure. It is said that these Russians do not speak a word of English, which would be somewhat of a disadvantage. Surprise is frequently expressed that girls will prefer to stand all day in a crowded, and frequently ill-ventilated store, ministering to the wants of capricious customers for \$5, or even \$3 a week, without board, when they can obtain plenty of good positions to do domestic work, for as much as that, with good board and lodging thrown in. It is, however, of little use to discuss this question, as the average American girl simply will not take up domestic service, unless she is absolutely forced to, nor is it likely that she will ever be willing to do so, unless the nature of the race should be entirely changed. In the first place, they want to have a certain part of the twenty-four hours to themselves, however short the time may be, or however hard they may have to work for it during the rest of the day. Then, again, it is an indubitable fact, however much it may be kept in the background, that the average American—in the cities at least—is inclined to look down, to a certain extent, upon a girl who does housework, as compared with another who works in a store or office, and the chances of the former to get married to a man of intelligence and some position are far less favorable. Again, it must be confessed that the fault is not entirely on the side of the "help." Many mistresses of American households are exacting and unreasonable, and do not have the first idea of how to manage household servants. A comparison is frequently drawn between the rate of wages paid here and in England, or other European countries, but in this connection it should be remembered that where, in a Los Angeles household, a single girl is kept to do all the work, a London family, in similar position, would divide that work up among two, or even three servants. We shall probably have to continue to depend chiefly for our household help upon recent importations from Europe and Asia, with an occasional American girl, by way of variety.

* * *

A Prohibition lecturer, talking in Pasadena, recently, congratulated his hearers on the asserted facts that Pasadena people have to come to Los Angeles to indulge in alcoholic consolation, and that in the State of Maine, the liquor people were driven to such straits, that they have to ship liquor into the State concealed in coffins. This shows that some people can derive consolation from what others would consider somewhat slender grounds.

THEY DESERVE KIND TREATMENT.

[Pittsburgh Dispatch:] Boys are sometimes tempted to think that to be tender-hearted is to be weak and unmanly. Yet the tenderest heart may be associated with the strongest will. Take, for example, the story told of him to whom we owe our wonderful railway system. George Stephenson went one day into an upper room of his house and closed the window. It had been open a long time because of the great heat, but now the weather was cooler, and so Mr. Stephenson thought it would be well to shut it. He little knew what he was doing. Two or three days afterward, however, he chanced to observe a bird flying against the same window and beating against it with his might again and again as if trying to break it. His sympathy and curiosity were aroused. What could the little thing want? He went at once to the room and opened the window to see. The window open, the bird flew straight to one particular spot in the room, where Stephenson saw a nest.

The poor bird looked at it, took in the situation at a glance, and fluttered to the floor, broken-hearted, almost dead. Stephenson, drawing near to look, was filled with unspeakable sorrow. There sat the mother bird, and under it four little tiny ones—mother and young—all apparently dead. Stephenson cried aloud. He tenderly lifted the exhausted bird from the floor, the worm it had so long and so bravely struggled to bring to its home and young still in its beak, and carefully tried to revive it, but all his efforts proved in vain. It speedily died, and the great man mourned for many a day. At the same time the force of George Stephenson's mind was changing the face of the earth, yet he wept at the sight of this little family, and was deeply grieved because he himself had unconsciously been the cause of the death.

THE COMMONPLACE GIRL.

The brilliant and unusual girl gets more than her meed of praise, but we just go on loving the commonplace girl for the nice little part she plays in life, and seldom think of telling her what we do. And the commonplace girl is so apt to underestimate her worth. You know that time and again she has come to you for comfort because she declared she was such a social failure, such a commonplace mortal.

My dear little commonplace girl, writes a Boston woman, it is the commonplace men and women who make up the greater part of the world, and it is the commonplace men and women who attend to the small but necessary matters that go to make up the great sum total of our lives and the world's affairs generally. The geniuses are too busy to look after small matters, and, besides, the geniuses are so few! Maybe out of a thousand folks there will be but one unusual one. The balance are just commonplace.

[NOVEMBER 26, 1899.]

HOW AMERICA SAVED CUBA.

Mary is a little country girl. She lives in that part of our grand Union where snow never falls, and where large oranges dot the trees like beautiful golden balls. The house she lives in was built many years ago, out of sun-dried bricks. It is a small house, with two rooms in it. But Mary makes it a happy home. Her grandfather came to this country, a great many years ago, with some of the mission fathers, and helped these brave men build the beautiful missions of Southern California. She is a little Spanish girl, and just as fond of fun as many of the little American girls that I know. You would laugh to see her skipping across the barley fields with her pink sunbonnet in her hand, chasing the butterflies, gophers and squirrels.

Mary can read and write English as well as any little girl, and one day as she sat under a nice shady pepper tree, reading "Grimm's Fairy Tales," she saw a large, gray squirrel at the edge of a gopher's hole. By and by the occupant appeared—a fine, plump gopher. Now, what do you think that squirrel was after? Well, as soon as young Gopher peeped his head out of the hole, Mr. Squirrel grabbed him by the collar. Then there was a struggle, as young Gopher did not approve of such treatment.

The squirrel was much larger than the gopher, and would perhaps have killed him had not Mary hastened to his relief. She was not any too soon, as the angry squirrel had already broken the poor little gopher's leg, and he lay on the ground panting and squeaking as if in great pain. When Mary reached him, his moist eyes looked into hers, as if to say: "Please, don't hurt me, will you?" Mary thought this, so she said: "No, indeed, I won't hurt my poor, little gopher." Then she picked him up carefully and carried him to the kitchen, where Juan, her uncle, set and carried him to the little leg, and told Mary that she must be careful and not allow him to use it for some time.

Mary made a little nest for her friend, and gathered fresh barley and fruit for him every day. It was not long until he became quite well under this kind treatment, and in a short time Mary and the gopher were fast friends. Now it came about that the gopher must have a name. But what would it be? Mary's mother suggested "Dewey." Mary said that would not do, as Dewey wasn't injured. After the gopher had gone three or four days without a name, Mary said to her mother: "Away off in Cuba the poor little boys and girls and their papas and mammas were starved and treated very cruelly by our country. The United States saw them, and stopped them, but not before the poor people suffered terribly. "And now, mamma, the little gopher is Cuba; our country, or Spain, is the squirrel, and I am America. Cuba was injured by Spain, but saved by America, and I always want him to think of me as America, because I will always love and care for him."

Cuba was a very clever little gopher. Sometimes, when he became frightened, he would hide himself in Mary's pocket. One day, when Mary was sleeping under a tree, Cuba caught a little field mouse, and carried it into her pocket. But Mary was not afraid of mice, and she thought this a very funny trick for a gopher.

When Mary goes to the store for her mother, Cuba must go to, and he trots along by her side like a little dog, scaring up any little lazy animals that may be in his way. But when he sees a real dog he scrambles up on Mary's shoulders. And Mary says that "Cuba can stand on America's shoulders without being felt."

A few days ago Cuba suddenly left his kind mistress, and was gone for several days. Mary felt very badly about this, as she loved her friend dearly. But early one morning, as Mary was lying awake in bed thinking of her misfortune, she was startled by a loud squealing at the back door. In one bound she was on the scene, and what do you think she saw? Well, there was dear old Cuba with one of his little brothers dragging a big, live, gray squirrel to the back door. Mary ran and told Juan, who lost no time in catching the prisoner for her. She put it in a cage. And cried for joy over the return of her little playmate. After the first meeting Cuba jumped down and walked around the cage as if to say: "Now we're even."

Mary says that it is the same squirrel that broke Cuba's leg. She also says that Cuba's leg will never be broken again, because America has adopted Cuba.

AGNES MONROE.

LONDON WOMEN SMOKE IN PUBLIC.

"While I was in London last month," said a New Orleans broker who has just returned from a trip across the big pond, "I was greatly surprised at the number of women I saw smoking in public. Of course, one can always see that sort of thing in the bohemian resorts and the cafes patronized chiefly by folks from the continent, but it was something of a shock to bump into it at such establishments as the Savoy and the Hotel Cecil. In both places, and three or four others equally aristocratic, I saw society women puffing cigarettes as coolly as chappies at a roof garden. The spectacle is so common that it has ceased to attract any attention, and it was tolerably evident that the ladies who were indulging did so because they liked it, and not merely to be eccentric.—[New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

ANCHOR OF ARMADA.

A few days ago the crew of a trawler engaged in lobster fishing near Kinsale had great difficulty in getting their anchor aboard, which was firmly fixed in some massive hard substance in the sandbank. With great trouble they succeeded in bringing to the surface a very ancient anchor of five tons in weight, the shank being over ten feet in length, and the bend of equal proportions, with a small antique cannon attached thereto. The anchor, which probably belonged to one of the ships of the Spanish armada, which was wrecked on this coast, must have been imbedded in the sand for upward of three centuries, and is covered with marine matter which, in the course of centuries, has been converted into a hard, rocky fossil substance. The anchor is, of course, considerably worn, but it still presents a very massive appearance, and must have belonged to a large ship. It has been brought to the lower slip of the Kinsale pier, where it is at present, and is an object of the greatest interest and curiosity.—[London News.]

The Triumph of Modern Thought

PROVES A REVELATION TO THE SICK, MAKING POSSIBLE A HIGHER, HAPPIER LIFE.

Ever since history began to be written it has been full of the records of human suffering and disease. The chief thought of the foremost minds in every age has been devoted to the investigation of means for overcoming the incessant warfare of disease and sickness against the human family.

Thus man's welfare has been the chief study of man. The universal desire for health and happiness has made it easy for unprincipled charlatans to practice their lucrative arts. This extensive study on the subject has also given birth to the quickly passing "isms" and other fads. Many of them possess features of real value. They contain a kernel or two of the real truth, around which a false system is built up; but none of them were complete. Some have been moderately successful while others are now known as rank frauds.

It has remained for Prof. Harris to give to the world what scientists have been searching for through the ages. By this great discovery the impossibilities of yesterday are the performances of today. He takes front rank among scientists as a benefactor of the human race.

The cures effected by him at his institution in Los Angeles at 921 South Olive street, have perplexed the most experienced physicians of the Pacific Coast. Nearly all the cases coming to him are chronic cases; helpless invalids given up by physicians as incurable, and the fact that he cures them is gradually breaking down the barrier of prejudice and carrying convictions to the minds and hearts of the physicians who have been interested in the condition of these patients.

Prof. Harris starts out by reasserting that disease with its countless pains and fears is not a natural condition. It is not born of nature or of God; it is the handiwork of humanity itself, handed down from age to age. He maintains that the manifestation of any diseased condition of the body or mind means simply a mis-adjustment of the complicated mechanism which God has placed within us to accomplish certain fixed results. The obvious conclusion is that if the machinery of these functions can be restored to harmonious action, the body will again take up the interrupted work and nature will restore it to strength and health.

This is just what Prof. Harris teaches and what he does. He is able, by his superior command of the functions of the body, to restore them to complete harmony, to force them once more into properly directed activity. The result is that disease is dispelled and a cure is effected.

When the sun shines we feel its warmth. It is not a phenomenon. There is no miracle. So, too, when every bit of the God-built mechanism of the body is performing its proper function, health is the natural result. It would take a miracle to produce disease. The wonder of it all is the ability of this master mind to re-establish these relations among the members of so complex an organism as the human body. But he does it every day, as hundreds are ready to testify. It does not matter what the disturbing cause may be, he enables nature to assert herself and avail of the energies within the body.



To be able to exert so immense an influence for the betterment of the human race, were sufficient to satisfy most men. It is the glory of this man's life that he is able to do it, but he has carried his investigations far beyond this point. He has so carefully systematized the immense fund of knowledge with which his investigations have equipped him, that he is able to impart a knowledge of this system to others. This means that he is able in a course of comprehensive lectures to convey to any one the knowledge which he has acquired through years of study and experimenting. It means, further, that anyone can grasp the subject in its every detail and quit these lectures just as well equipped to do this wonderful work as is Prof. Harris himself.

Were he less interested in the good of humanity, he would guard his knowledge as a veritable gold mine; but in his broad-minded liberality he desires to make its benefits available for as many as possible. This means that other teachers must take up the work—that other thinkers must help him to carry the subject forward to its ultimate conclusion—the banishment of disease.

To anyone addressing him at 921 South Olive Street, Prof. Harris will mail a copy of his publication, "The Agreement," which contains much information and the testimonials of many grateful patients.

TUBERCULOSIS

Treated by Tuberculin in Combination with Antiseptics.

The physicians of the Koch Institute in this city have submitted a report to the medical profession as to their use of a purified tuberculin which they term Improved Tuberculin, "T. W." a preparation that is prepared as follows: Koch's tuberculin is first subjected to the Kieb's modification in order to remove all objectionable toxines. To this is added a compound which is called "Boron-Ichthyol;" this is intended to meet the secondary mixed infection which is always present in the form of the Staphylo and Strepto cocci (pus germs,) beginning with the second stage (stage of softening) of lung and bronchial consumption.

This method of treatment has been highly successful, and a very large percentage of consumptive patients have been cured.

The report covers six hundred cases in all stages of the disease, and shows a total of over 80 per cent. of cures.

Very many of these patients were cured by using the remedies at their own homes.

All consumptives should call or send for booklet and other literature free.

Koch Institute Rooms 1 to 20 Zahn Block,
Entrance 43½ S. Spring Street,
Los Angeles, Cal.

The Charm
of Women.

THE LITTLE MISS must have pretty clothes and dainty laces; the young lady every aid to her toilet. The wife thinks long of that which will be most becoming, while the dear grandmother folds the white tissue over her breast with all the care and grace of her earlier years. The wish to be beautiful is woman's heritage; she never loses it; it brightens every day of her life. There is one charm within the reach of every woman—the charm of pure, healthy complexion.

Crème de Lis

will win this charm for you. It is perfect in its effect on the skin. It cleanses the pores of all impurities and restores the natural color of youth. Removes every trace of sallowness, eradicates and prevents wrinkles. It is sold by all druggists or sent prepaid on receipt of 50 cents.

E. B. Harrington Co., Manufacturing Chemists,
LOS ANGELES, CAL

Artistic Interior the Life of a Home.



Grilles and Fretwork.

We have just got out some new and original designs in grillework, making very pretty effects. We have grillework suitable for the most palatial residence or the modest cottage at popular prices.

PARQUET FLOORS—WOOD CARPETS.

Hardwood floors are the cheapest in the long run. No dust—no moths. We make floors at \$1.25 per yard up, and guarantee all our work. Nonpareil Hard Wax Polish, the best for keeping floors in order. Old floors repolished. We make office and store fixtures. Phone Brown 706. Established 1891.

JOHN A. SMITH, 707 SOUTH BROADWAY.

ANYVO Theatrical Cold
Healthy to the Skin. CREAM.
ALL DRUGGISTS

D. BONOFF,
Practical Furrier,
247 S. Broadway, Opp. City Hall.
(Tel. Black 3421.)

Furs made to order, remodeled and repaired. Sealskin garments redyed and reshaped a specialty.

A full line of skins of all kinds carried in stock. A perfect fit of every garment guaranteed.

D. BONOFF, Furrier, Formerly with Marshall Field of Chicago.

BEST EQUIPPED ESTABLISHMENT IN THE SOUTHWEST

Tortoise Shell Ornaments
FOR THE HAIR.

LADIES, we are offering the largest assortment of real Shell Combs and pins in endless varieties at manufacturers' prices for the next week only. Come and make your selection of holiday gifts.

Imperial Hair Bazaar, 224-226 W. Second St.

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RANDOM FIRE.

Distressful Disturbance.

JOHN RYAN, gentleman, on last Thursday evening, felt dreadfully bored, as through the rings of his cigarette smoke he read an invitation to attend a social gathering. A world-weary Bohemian is Ryan, who smiled a smile that was soft and bland, then called his valet to aid him in donning that somber garb called "full dress."

The millionaire sugar-king's daughter had engaged the parlors of that hotel we sometimes refer to as the Waldorf-Astoria of the Coast.

John Ryan arrived late. He spoke to his acquaintances, and meandered to the hostess' corner, then seated himself, where, with the elite on one side and the ultra on the other, amidst potted plants and ferns and bowers of roses, he listened to the dulcet strains of a delicately-tuned orchestra and the poetic splash of a perfumed fountain. It was there he sat and calmly watched blossom forth a night-blooming cereus. The flower was perfect by midnight, and when it unfolded its beautiful tendrils, concealed behind a banana plant was a stereopticon, from which was thrown upon its crystal leaves the most charming shades of light and color. It was gorgeous. Arising from his ennued stupor, he complimented the hostess. She in turn invited him on her yacht for a forthcoming cruise. She was so beautiful, so proud. Her shoulders were so full of expression. She wished an ice. He hastened to get it for her, and, tripping happily down the corridor, he smiled at a canary bird that seemed to try to burst its melodious throat in song. John Ryan displayed a happy soul as he hastened back to the charming hostess and unfolded and gracefully placed on her lap a doily. His heart throbbed like the fluttering of a sparrow's wing against a window pane as he nervously dropped a dish of delicacies to the floor, and—

When John Ryan awoke, Officer Talamantes had hit him full fourscore times with his club for sleeping in a boxcar; and when John Ryan, gentleman, walked to the patrol wagon he looked like an italic f.

EFFECT OF THE DRY YEAR.

Here is a new method whereby the rent can be paid, suggested by a liner advertisement that occurred in a recent edition of *The Times*. It is, indeed, novel, and it is also safe to say that the rent will undoubtedly increase, as thirst generally does. Read and speculate:

"For sale—A money-making saloon at a sacrifice; best location on Spring st.; neatly fitted; has the best drop-in trade in the city; owner will take out rent in drinks; good reasons for selling. Address S, box 17, *Times* office."

ALARMING.

A breadless tramp, of the two-cent stamp,
Stood staring at a wall.
One eye he used, as he silent mused,
To see a pliceman tall.
He stood and gazed, like one half dazed,
For full two seconds or more,
Then rent his shirt from collar to skirt,
And voted this life a bore.
Now, what was the thing that thus could bring
This man to part with hope?
It was this line, in letters fine:
"Have you used Bare's soap?"

CARMINE THOUGHTS.

Thus wrote the benedick to the maiden with the auburn hair:

In the palmy days and olden—
Days of the severe antique—
Locks like thine were known as golden
To the coldly-classic Greek.

Threads of sunlight, hearts ensnaring,
Crowning pride of woman's life,
But I would die of woe despairing,
Should you tell my frowning wife.

BEFORE AND AFTER.

I met a girl, when I was fresh and young,
Before my eyes got weak and my back and knees were sprung,
And two fat brats around my heart strings clung,
With grip tenacious.
We agreed to live and work for each other alone,
But now her voice has taken on another tone,
For I'm the busy, busy bee, and she's the miserable drone,
And that's outrageous.

A Magnificent Show of Ladies' Tailor made Suits.

Our first season on these goods, and we're making a record to be proud of. Already you hear the Unique quoted by the best dressed and most economical women in Los Angeles—and more, the closest buyers always come back after they look around.

Ladies' Suits

Of fine quality cheviot serge in navy blue, brown and black; fly front jacket with scalloped effect bottom; skirt cut extra full in the back; the jacket and skirt are lined throughout, full tailor finish and welt seams; this suit would indeed be cheap at \$10; the Unique price is.....

\$7.50

Ladies' Suits

The very best quality Venetian cloth in a handsome shade of castor, navy and black; fly front jacket with beautiful Roman lining; skirt lined throughout, cut extra full in the back; welt seams and altogether one of the most stylish, moderate priced suits that has been brought to town this season; would indeed be cheap at \$12.75; the Unique price is.....

\$12.75

Ladies' Suits

Beautiful Venetian cloth in castor or in light gray. Hemstitch cheviot, etc., are double-breasted. Venetian cloth is lined with taffeta silk to match the suit; the gray home-spun is lined with black taffeta silk; both have velvet collar of quiet contrasting shade; skirts are panel effect front, and the suits are full tailor-made throughout, with welt seams finished with the finest kind of tailor stitching; the skirts are full silk lined with a very fine quality of Swiss taffeta; The Unique price is.....

\$21.75

Ladies' Suits

An elegant quality of English camel's hair in a beautiful shade of blue; tight fitting waist; silk lined throughout; full tailor made, pressed and finished; this suit would be a splendid value at \$30.00; The Unique price is.....

\$19.75



UNIQUE
WOMENS
OUTFITTERS

245 South Broadway.

PLUM PUDDING FOR THANKSGIVING.



A PERFECT FOOD.

No Thanksgiving dinner will be complete without some of our Plum Pudding.

We have the reputation of making the best Pudding on the Coast. That is because we know how and have the facilities.

Better send in your orders early. We make all kinds of cake for parties, saving the housewife lots of trouble.

Aerated Bread is the best for invalids and convalescents, as it is made without ferment—acceptable to the palate and to the most delicate digestion. All our bread is stamped "M. B. C."



Bread not touched by hands

MEEK BAKING CO., Telephone Main 322, Sixth and San Pedro Streets.

RETAIL STORE—Telephone M. 1011. 226 West Fourth Street.

CABALA.

She lived in Ireland thirteen years ago, when she came to Los Angeles county, and married Mooney, the sheep boss, and has lived in the exhilarating atmosphere of the hills ever since. Yesterday the couple arrived in the city, entered the telegraph office and approached the affable clerk, stating that it was their desire to send a message to Ireland.

"A cablegram," was the clerk's enlightening remark. The ticking of the many telegraphic instruments excited

Mrs. Mooney's curiosity, and she asked the clerk to explain.

"Well," said the young man, "the ticking is what seems to you a complicated arrangement of sounds, but a system whereby your message will rapidly go over the Atlantic cable, and—"

"What's that?" asked Mrs. Mooney.

"I said the Atlantic cable, and—"

"Well, fur the love of havin, does it take all that to r-run the cable cars?"



Aloha!
Have you tried
Newmark's Hawaiian
Blend Coffee
for breakfast?

You can get it at the grocer's in a handsome, full weight, one-pound package for 35 cents. Never sold in bulk.

Imported, Roasted and Packed by Newmark Bros.

MAIZELINE.

Maizeline solves the problem of what to get for breakfast.

Most housekeepers invariably experience difficulty in getting a breakfast food that will satisfy the whole family.

Maizeline is a dainty, appetizing breakfast dish. Pure wholesome, nourishing.

A breakfast food produced right here in Los Angeles, and there is not an Eastern product that is as good.

If you have never used Maizeline try it for your breakfast. You will not be disappointed.

Capital Milling Co. At all grocers.
2-lb. package 15c. **Los Angeles.**



Rubidoux Chocolates

The presentation of a box of Bishop's Rubidoux Chocolates is an act as graceful as the minuet itself. They are the very finest confection that money will procure. Flavored with rich natural fruit flavors, packed in dainty boxes and for sale at confectioners, druggists and grocers.

BISHOP & COMPANY, LOS ANGELES



What Shall I Use Cream of Lemon For?

Use it as a cleanser instead of soap, it cleanses without making lather because it contains no alkali, grease or potash, which makes it better than soap because it makes the skin soft and smooth like velvet; while the alkali in soap makes it rough, and grease causes hair to grow,

Use it as a cream and healing balm for all skin irritations.

Use it for chapping and roughness,

Cream of Lemon also makes an excellent shampoo.

As a cream for gentlemen to use on the face after shaving, it is unexcelled.

3-oz tube, 15 cents; 6-oz tube, 25 cents. Dealers sell it. If your dealer does not happen to have it, we will send postpaid by mail upon receipt of price. Agents wanted. Send for printed matter.

